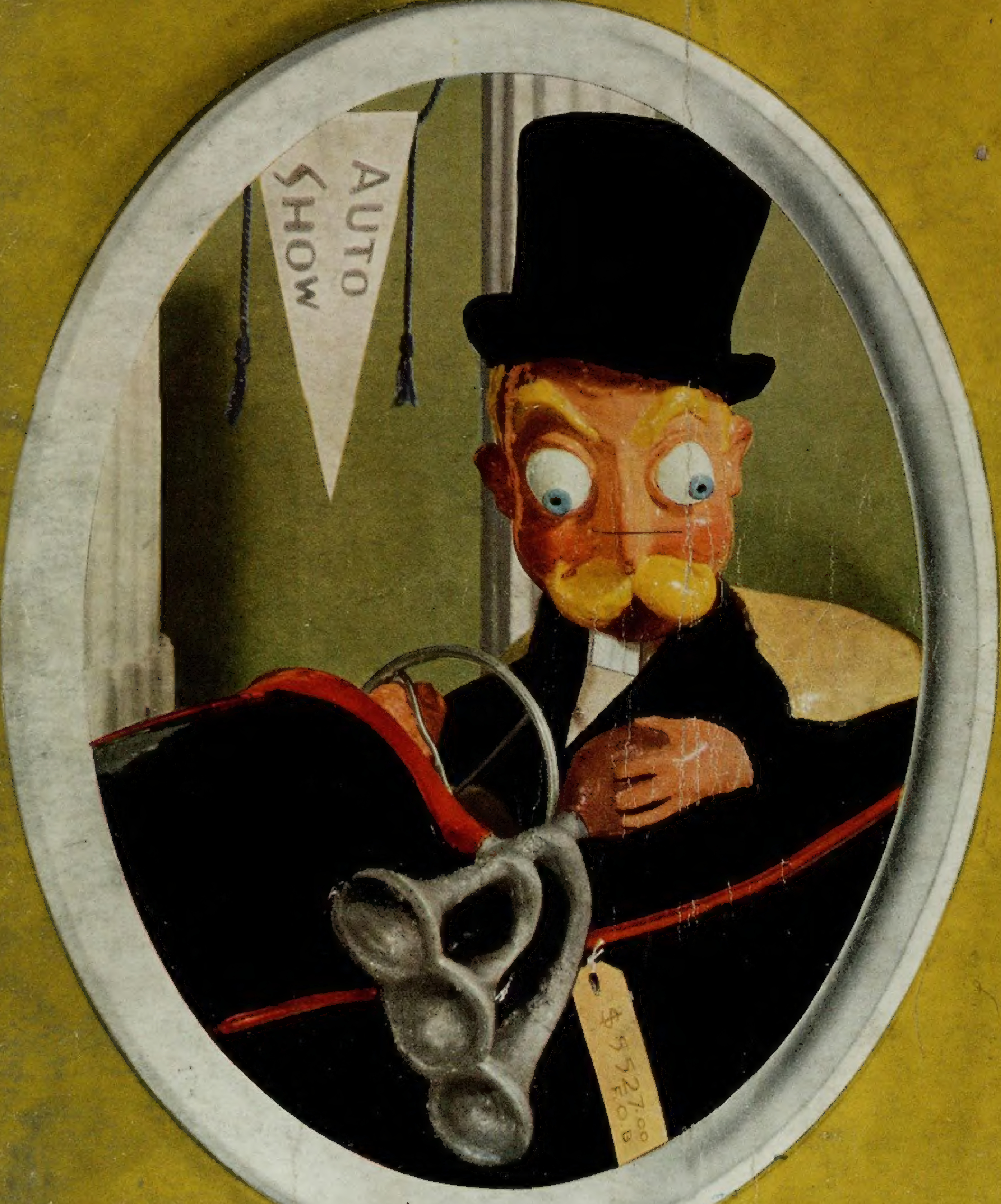
FEBRUARY

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



ARTICLES
ERNEST HEMINGWAY
JOHN DOS PASSOS
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
EZRA POUND
JAMES M. CAIN
JOHN GUNTHER
PAUL W. KEARNEY
HANSON W. BALDWIN
LESTER ZIFFREN
LAWTON MACKALL

FICTION
F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
FELIX SALTEN
ERSKINE CALDWELL
MANUEL KOMROFF
ANTHONY GIBBS
ALAN MARSHALL
LOUIS PAUL
EDWARD L. McKENNA
MICHAEL FESSIER
ROBERT SMITH

SPORTS
TRAVIS HOKE
WALTER C. MARTIN
ROBERT S. DOWST

HUMOR
H. W. HANEMANN
DONALD [illegible]
GUS KAHN
DOUG WELCH

DEPARTMENTS
GILBERT SELDES
BURTON RASCOE
SIGMUND SPAETH
JOHN V. A. WEAVER
MEYER LEVIN
A. de SAKHNOFFSKY

CARTOONS
JOHN GROTH
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
R. VAN BUREN
GILBERT BUNDY
SYDNEY HOFF
D. McKAY
HOWARD BAER
RODNEY de SARRO
EVERETT SHINN
PAUL WEBB
JAY IRVING
GEORGE PETTY
SAM BERMAN
(COVER)

INDEX ON PAGE 9

1935 AUTO PREVIEW

FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
20
LUCKY STRIKE
Luckies
They Taste Better

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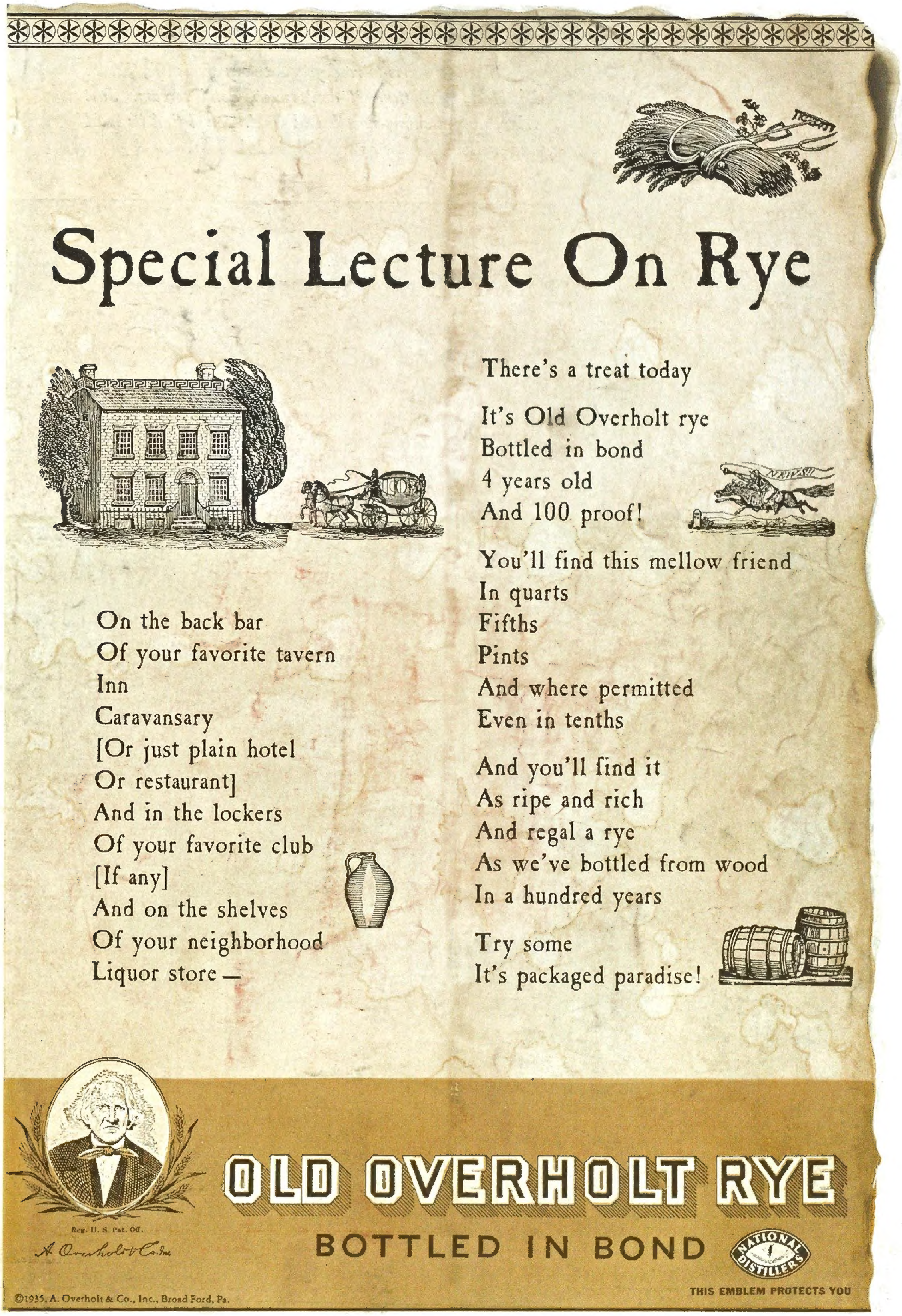

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Of your favorite tavern
Inn
Caravansary
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Or restaurant]
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Of your favorite club
[If any]
And on the shelves
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ESQUIRE
February, 1935

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Vol. III, No. 2
Whole No. 15

One of the Five Finest Cars in America

THE 1935 President is not a new Studebaker model. It is an entirely new automobile. It arrives on the scene at a time when many are wondering whether it is any longer smart or necessary to pay more than the brilliant new President's moderate price.

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President
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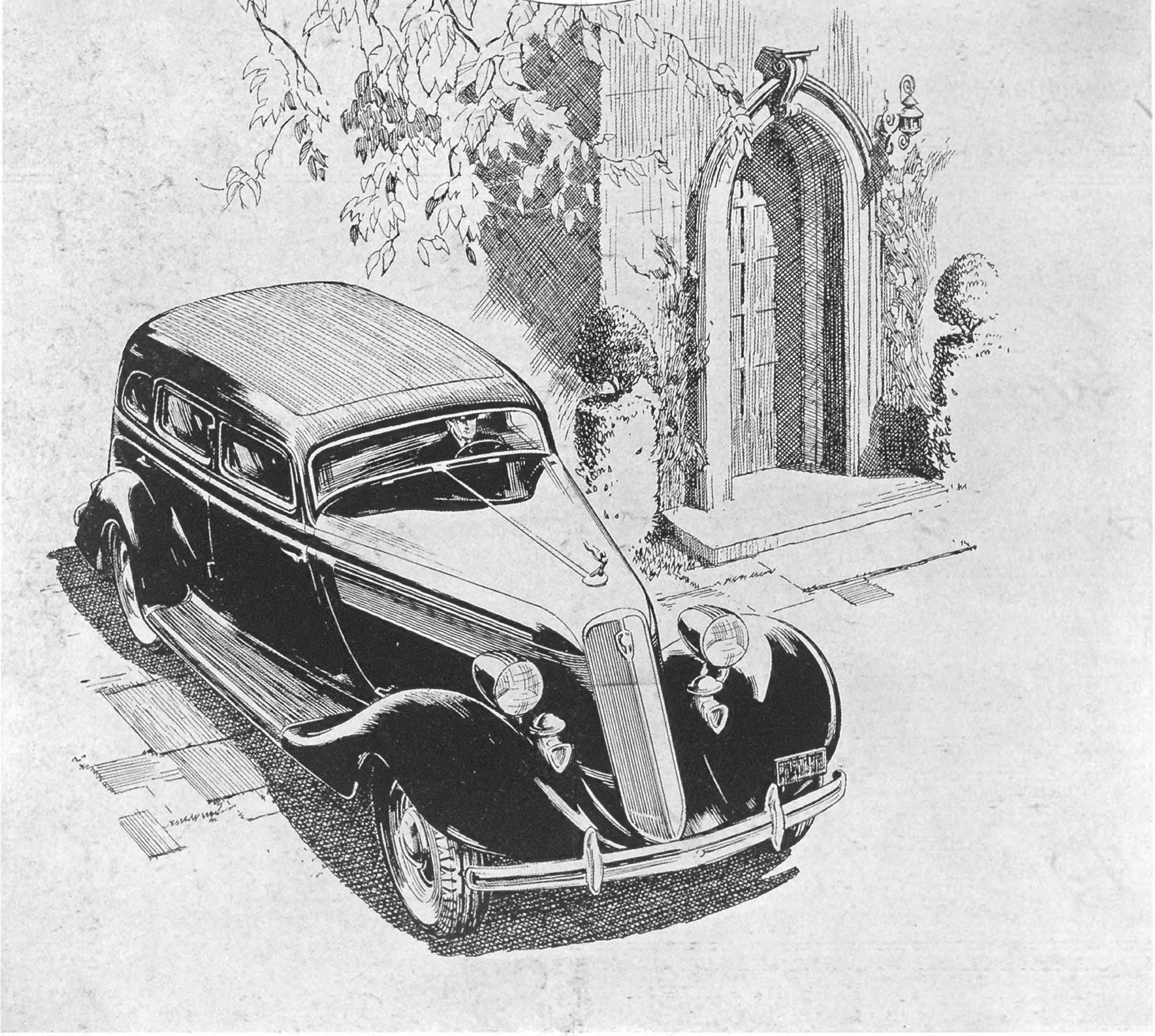
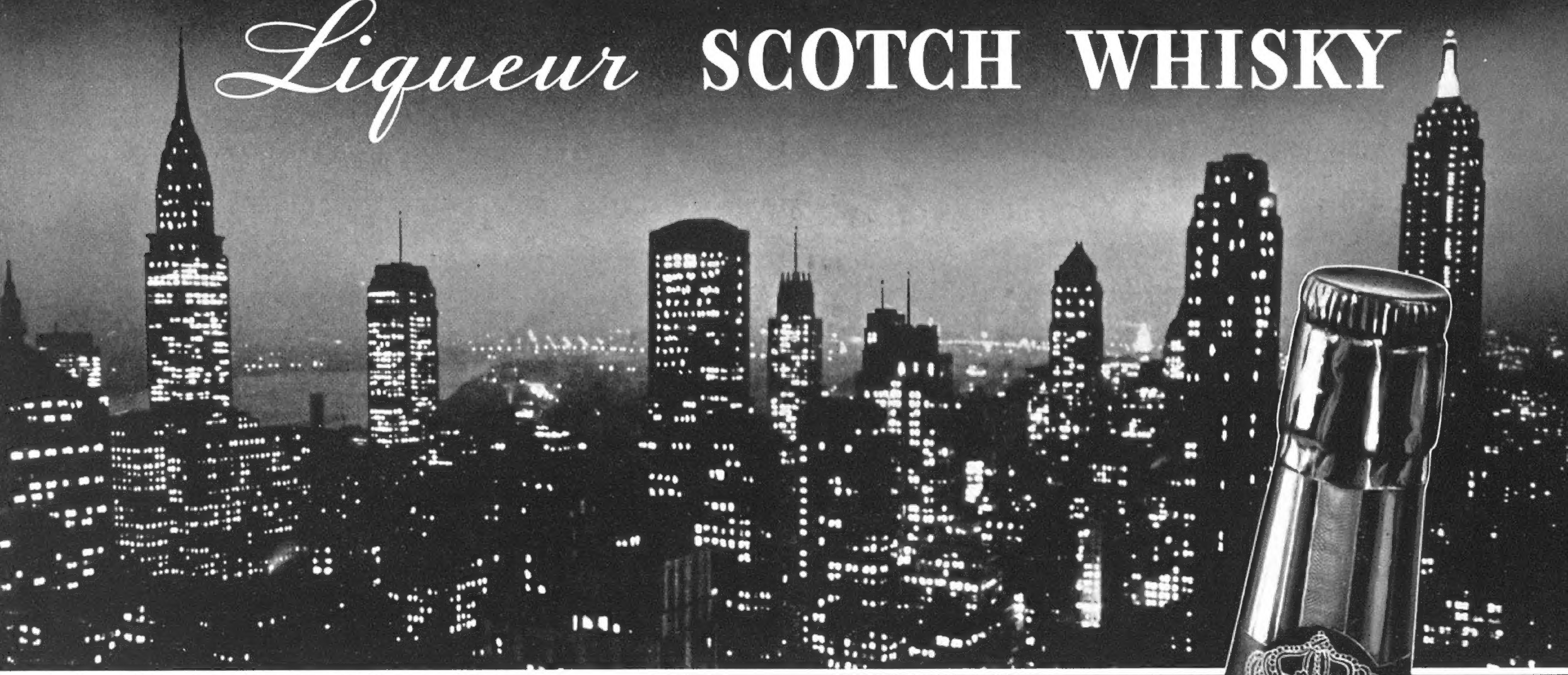
$1245 *and up*



VAT 69

Liqueur SCOTCH WHISKY



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VAT 69
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IN AMERICA—AS THE WORLD OVER—THOSE WHO KNOW INSIST ON

VAT 69

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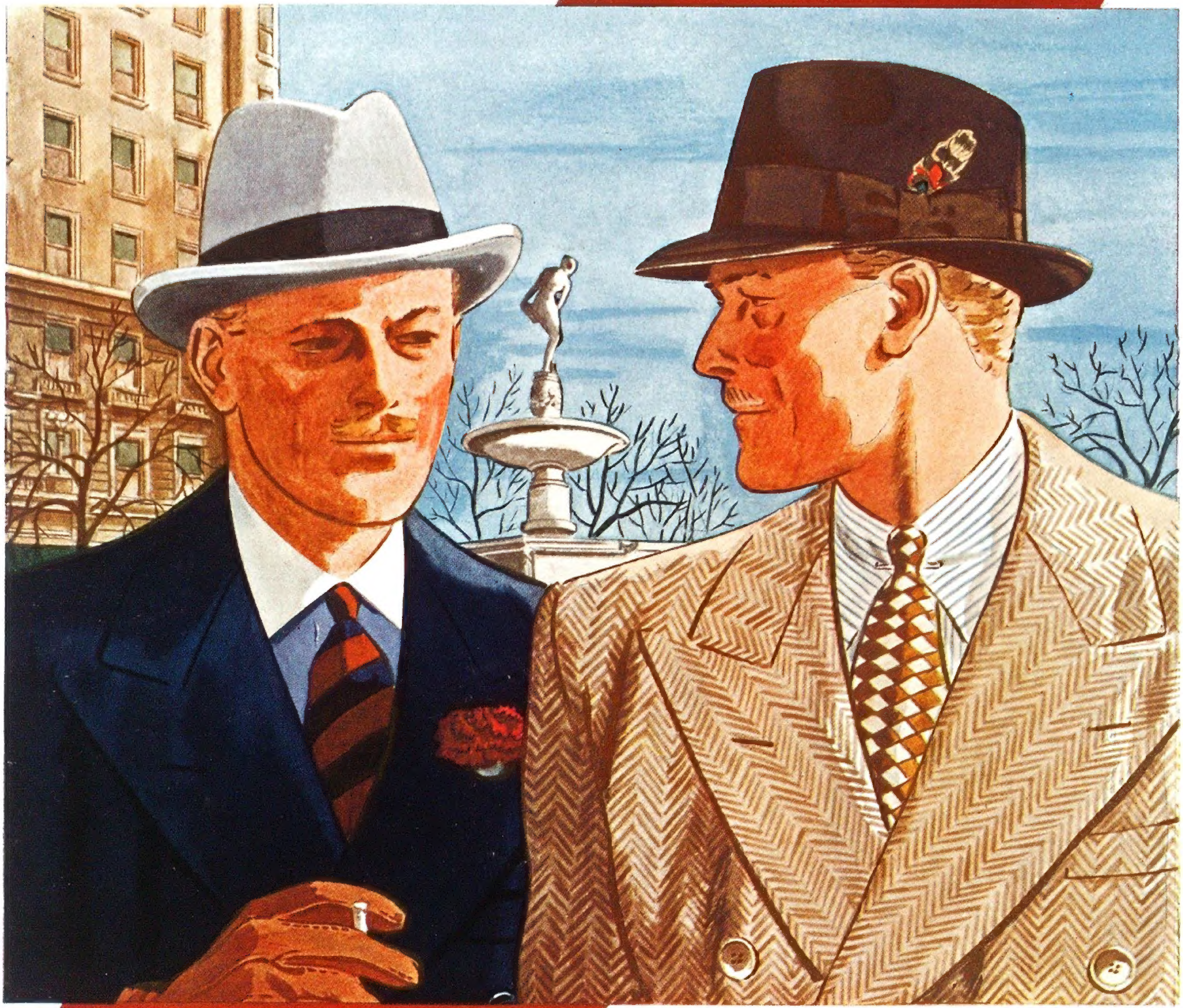

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*TRADE-MARK

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Edited by
Arnold Gingrich

Publishers:
David A. Smart
Wm. H. Weintraub

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Contents for February, 1935

ARTICLES

Page

Remembering Shooting-Flying *by* Ernest Hemingway 21
The More Presentable Sex *by* George Jean Nathan 30
Oh, les Crêpes Suzettes! *by* James M. Cain 33
Mug's Game? *by* Ezra Pound 35
Lost Sheep *by* James A. (Patt) Patterson 40
Strong Stomach in Spain *by* John Gunther 70
Deserter from the Legion *by* No. 14,192—George Seiters 78
Yo-Ho and a Bottle *by* Lawton Mackall 86
The Greatest Invention *by* Walter Scott Meriwether 95

DEPARTMENTS

Correspondence: The Sound and the Fury 10
Contributors: Backstage with Esquire 14
The Lively Arts: Professor, I'm Through *by* Gilbert Seldes 64
Technical Fashions: 1935 Auto Parade *by* Alexis de Sakhnoffsky 87
Music: The Listening Post *by* Sigmund Spaeth 96
Theatre: Stage-Door Johnny, Esq. *by* John V. A. Weaver 140
Movies: The Candid Cameraman *by* Meyer Levin 142
Books: Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf *by* Burton Rascoe 145

FICTION

A Shot in the Forest *by* Felix Salten 22
The Night Before Chancellorsville *by* F. Scott Fitzgerald 24
I, the Lord, Love Judgment *by* Alan Marshall 29
Candy-Man *by* Erskine Caldwell 39
Home! Home! *by* Robert Smith 45
Pot of Gold *by* Michael Fessier 48
Tony Takes to the Pavement *by* Charles W. Lawrence 54
Henry Takes a Holiday *by* Howard Collins 57
Rice Pudding Cold *by* Anthony Gibbs 60
The Five Soldiers—Part II *by* Manuel Komroff 68
Lucky Charm *by* Edward L. McKenna 73
Two Hours Late *by* Louis Paul 103
The Machines *by* G. R. Stevens 106

HUMOR

Page

Sports of Merrie England *by* Donald Charles 36
Little Red Ridinghood *by* H. W. Hanemann 42
Lo, the Poor Lyric Writer *by* Gus Kahn 47
But is it Art? *by* Doug Welch 83

PERSONALITIES

Man with Outthrust Chin—Juan Belmonte *by* Lester Ziffren 74
A Merry Young Soul—Rex Cole *by* Paul W. Kearney 76

PICTORIAL FEATURES

Cover Design *by* Sam Berman
(Direct Color Process by Rosenow)
Facing a Bitter World—A Portfolio of Etchings *by* Luis Quintanilla 25
Enemies of Man No. 10 *by* Howard Baer 38
Cradle of Punch-Drunk Dreams—A Portfolio *by* Maurice Freed 58
Winter Sports at St. Moritz *by* Leslie Saalburg 66
Join the Navy—and See the Girls *by* E. Simms Campbell 84
Preview of the 1935 Auto Parade *by* Alexis de Sakhnoffsky 87

SEMI-FICTION

No Escape *by* P-173 52
These Too Shall Live—Part II *by* Hanson W. Baldwin 62

SPORTS

Hockey—As You Like It *by* Travis Hoke 51
Skiing: Swiss Style *by* Harry Tipper 67
Less Game and More Glory *by* Walter C. Martin 80
Horse Champions of This Century *by* Robert S. Dowst 112

TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches
by Fellows, Hurd and Goodman, beginning on page 109

Art Directors: John Groth, Maurice Freed

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

An end to explaining the story endings In each month's heavy mail there are always a few-score "fiction-squawkers," who can't figure out the story endings. Either despite, or as a result of, our explanation of Esquire's fiction policy, we've had more yowls anent the endings of our stories this month than last. (One word from us and the squawks redouble.) We used to think the customer was always right. You pushed us around a lot, after each of our first few issues, and we took your word for gospel every time you kicked. Now we're beginning to wonder. In fact, we're beginning to make a few tentative wriggles in the routine of the turning worm. Because if our editorial policy is as wrong as you say, then damn if we aren't tempted to make it wronger! This gives us a slight inkling of how bad the stuff has been so far: this issue is going to press with a print order of a quarter of a million copies. You know what that means? It means fifteen carloads of this glossy coated paper.

A fair warning on the fiction Now after the success of our little lecture on fiction we think we'd better explain the illustration policy. Then perhaps you'll quit kicking about the fiction and start picking on the illustrations. (Getting to know some of you pretty well, hey?) But first we'll give you a break on this month's fiction. The following stories have definite endings: *A Shot in the Forest*, *Tony Takes to the Pavement*, *Henry Takes a Holiday*, *Rice Pudding Cold*, *Lucky Charm*, and *The Machines*. Read the rest at your own risk, and don't say we didn't warn you.

A word about illustrations About the illustrations, then. They're almost always small, and they're almost never illustrative. They aim not at the definite illustration of the text alongside which they appear, but at a translation, into pictorial terms, of its general mood or tone. This, too, is something of a departure, at least among large circulation magazines, where the trend seems to be toward larger and larger illustrations. We pick up magazines every day in which stories are begun on two page spreads that have fully 80% of their area occupied by big poster-like illustrations, captioned by catch-lines taken from the high-spot of the text. Somehow, such illustrative treatment always strikes us as an affront to the reader's intelligence—as if the premise is that the average reader is such a lacklustre lug that he must be teased into making the enormous mental effort involved in concentrating upon the plain type long enough to spell out the words. It seems to us that in magazines addressed to the attention of adults, the *telling* of the story is the job of the author, not the artist.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

LET PANTS MAKERS CONSIDER

Sometime ago I wrote telling you I had invented a "Pickpocket-Proof-Pocket" and for which I had a patent pending. Since then, I have made many efforts to invite the interest of Clothing Manufacturers in this pocket, but to no avail.

Having in mind that your splendid magazine is devoted to "STYLES" in men's clothing, I have hit upon an idea which may be of some interest in stimulating subscriptions to your magazine.

My idea is; with every subscription or new subscription to your magazine, you will give a pattern of a "Pickpocket-Proof-Pocket," and the cost of installing this pocket into a pair of pants is practically nil.

My object is to invite interest in my pocket so that the Clothing Manufacturers will put it on the market.

This is submitted for your consideration:

"Pickpocket-Proof-Pocket"

It's just a little pocket laying snug against the hip,
Just a little pocket that's very hard to dip.
Now the Whizzies, they go weeping—
Cause they haven't got a chance
To ease up on a Sucker, and reef the pocket in his pants.

Respectfully yours,

Trenton, N. J. **Frank N. Cardelli**

CURTAIN CALL FOR THE OLD LADY

Ernest Hemingway is driving me nuts. I don't know what in hell he is trying to make us wondering readers of Esquire swallow this time.

In the December issue, Mr. Hemingway writes, "All the critics who could not make their reputations by discovering you (the would-be literateur), are hoping to make them by predicting hopefully your approaching impotence, failure and general drying up of natural juices."

Then, in the very next issue, Mr. Hemingway goes into a drunken tear, with more death in his eyes than a famished leopard, against William Saroyan, who, to quote your magazine, "is by far the most highly touted of this year's crop of new writers."

Oh, Mr. Hemingway (and Mr. Esquire), if you're trying to make a reputation this way, I want to tell you that you're badly misinformed: you already have one. But if not, then I condemn your drunken paroxysms in the name of that same sportsmanship that you tout so much in your writings.

I write this while sick in bed. But oh, Mr. Hemingway, you now have made me sick to my heart as well with mal de mer. (That's French, Mr. Hemingway. But hell, I'll let it go.) I had placed you along with Proust and Gorki and your pal Joyce. But, mark my word, Mr. Hemingway, you won't deserve such a place if you throw mud at *anybody*. I am one of your public, Mr. Hemingway (and one of yours too, Esquire.) So you ought to take my word for *something!*

Hemingstein: *Will you shut up? Or do you want me to push your puss in.*

The Boys: (*Viciously throwing dinosaur eggs.*) *To hell with Hemingstein! We want the Old Lady! We want the Old Lady! The Old Lady!*

Hemingstein: *I'm drunk! I'm drunk! I'm drunk! (Thunder and lightning and Hell belches out the—)*

Old Lady: *You wouldn't bring me back, huh! Now you got to bring me back. See, Mr. H. You got to bring me back! Or else—.*

The Boys: *Hurraaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah! (Triumphantly, they carry away the Old Lady on their shoulders.)*

Hemingstein: (*Jumps into Hell which promptly closes after him.*)

Hemingway: (*Sits down to write "A Farewell To Hemingstein." Calm.*)

Milwaukee, Wisc. **Leon Der Saag**

LITTLE GUY, WHERE ARE YOU?

Re: Little-Guy-on-the-Cover Who Puzzles Me.

Perhaps I should change the caption of this letter. I think I should use the past tense instead of the present. Little-Guy-on-the-Cover Who Puzzled Me instead of puzzles me.

Gentlemen; I have the scoop of the century. I have been granted an interview with His Royal Diminutiveness—Little-Guy-on-the-Cover. In all probability you think I'm crazy. You have a perfect right to think so. Nevertheless I will proceed to tell you of my startling find. What follows is pure honest to goodness fact. I am not ribbing you.

About a week ago I attended a cocktail party. After partaking of various fluids in rather large quantities I became rather groggy and slipped off into the arms of Morpheus. A few hours later I was very rudely awakened and found myself being prodded by a smallish gent who very closely resembled H. R. D.—Little-G-on-the-C. I stared at him intently for fully five minutes and then let go with the most spontaneous burst of laughter ever emitted from the insides of any human being. During the five-minute period preceding this outburst the following things dawned on me:

> He resembles so much your Little, etc., that I was sure I was still drunk and your cover had come to life. He has the pink rosy cheeks; the twirling, blondish mustachios; the high forehead capped by well groomed golden brownish hair; and the big blue eyes that look out on the world with such wonderment. Above all he is sartorially resplendent. He is without a doubt a perfect double for your artist's imagination.
>
> Why not engage him in conversation and find out all about this character of characters? Hadn't he plagued me long enough? Looking up at me so smugly for so many months, knowing well enough that he was becoming my pet enigma, yet arriving at the newsstand with unerring precision every month.
>
> Now I would get even with him. I would wring from him the story of his life and finally solve his formula for longevity, happiness, pink cheeks, and above all, how to haunt people.

After my laughter had subsided I did engage him in conversation for fully one hour (my repetitious phrases must be boring you, but that really can't be helped as I'm not a writer.) The hour of conversation was productive of more laughs than anything I can remember.

So, my dear editor of the brilliant ideas department, in the event that you are interested in the biography of your cover piece you may contact me. In case you do evince some interest in this epic of journalism I will attempt, with the aid of a newspaper photographer friend of mine, to secure a couple of shots of this rare personage.

Very truly yours,

New York, N. Y. **Lionel Lorenz**

A MISSIVE FOR MEYER

After reading The House That Adam Built, A Date with Jean, and remembering Mr. Saroyan and a couple of other things, I have drawn up my chair and am suggesting that you send me a rush telegram (prepaid), telling me to come to Chicago instantly. Because you certainly need someone to tell you what is a good story (yes, *for* Esquire), and what is just a lot of unbaked cubism in words.

Your picture in this January issue is what goads me on: you do look normal. I'm six years older than you, I've been a hell of a lot of places and seen some lovely and outrageous things, have lived in flop houses and on Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles when it was *the* boulevard, and, being an impressionable scape-goat, I have carried a great many things away with me. I'd like to get you into a hotel room sometime with the windows open to let out the smoke, and along about the start of the second pint of Rittenhouse or something we'd begin to see what is running around beneath our skulls. I certainly want to see what is beneath yours. Or is it Mr. Gingrich's skull we have to look into? Anyhow, you could tell me what you think, and I'd tell you what I think, and the first thing I'd tell you would be that I think Esquire's success is not due in any part to the publication of such junk herein aforementioned.

Here I've been grinding along under repressions for years, with Mr. Hemingway's Farewell in the back of my nut to guide me towards making people *feel* words, and you come along with a magazine smash-hit and print two or three of the aforementioneds in each issue, and then I stumble onto a best seller called An Appointment in Samarra, and when I get through with them all I lean back and gurgle to wit: "Well, for Christ's sake!" So now I'm in the middle of the fifth chapter of my first novel, titled One Man's Women, and it reads like hell and will sell like tinsel and artificial ice next Friday.

Sincerely,

Southampton, N. Y. **Robert H. Higgins**

Editor's Note: We just had an operation on our head last week, but we doubt that the resultant improvement (?) in Esquire's fiction will be noticed before April or May. We don't know when Meyer last had *his* skull looked into.

SUPERIORITY OF DICK POWELL

I am an occasional reader of Esquire, and fully appreciate the common law and statutory rights of "fair comment." However, in my opinion, your Candid Cameraman's criticism of my good friend, Dick Powell in a recent issue (Esquire, December, 1934, page 133), exceeded the limits of good editing and sportsmanship, and your malicious, unfounded remarks only pay homage to the superiority of Dick Powell, as a successful entertainer, and classify yourself as an unqualified would-be critic.

Evidently, due to your maliciousness, you do not see the many qualities that are "putting over" Dick Powell, from both a financial and popular standpoint, one of which is his "natural personality" as distinguished from artificial "gestures" so often and necessarily employed by various stars.

Dick is an all-round, regular fellow; an aggressive star, with an individual personality, and readily recognized as such by cinema executives, fellow-workers and a majority of the Theatre Public, although he has been in pictures but a very short time. Did *you* expect to change *their opinion?* No—Dick's popularity isn't a "hoax" and you are (as usual) just a little "green" when you question his popularity—and remember "if you are green, the geese will pick you."

Yours very truly,

Fort Worth, Texas **James E. Whitmore**

INFORMING C. M. OF ARK.

I think that C. M. of Arkansas (January issue), should be informed that Esquire is a sophisticated publication, not a plug-tobacco and gland-tablet journal. To the truly sophisticated man there is no sissy influence in Esquire. Though were there a dash of the lavender—that is not Yardley's—I doubt if there would be too much hellish squawk as to the fact that sex, like a drink, is either mixed or straight.

The fashion pages are swell. Come, you Fellows, and set up some more of those gabardine suit and colored shirt combinations. The Hollywoodians, this summer, with their walnut-shell complexions and it's-dramatic-to-be-casual tendencies, will be wearing lots of that sort of thing.

Loads of luck to the little fellow on the cover—he of the hard boiled egg eyes.

Most sincerely,

Hollywood, California **Jack Henry**

CHALLENGE TO CALIFORNIA

Never before in all my life have I written to a magazine. Never, for any reason. BUT, that BIG, BAD girl from Santa Barbara! Well, Gentlemen, something within me just swelled up and burst.

Little did I think that I would live to see the day when an old fashioned thigh-slapper could brazenly thumb her nose at the readers of a magazine of Esquire's caliber.

In spite of the sun and orange trees in California I don't believe that there are any men residing in that fruity old state. The tenet is incompatible to the existence of the lovely Carol.

Very truly,

Cambridge, Ohio **John Ross**

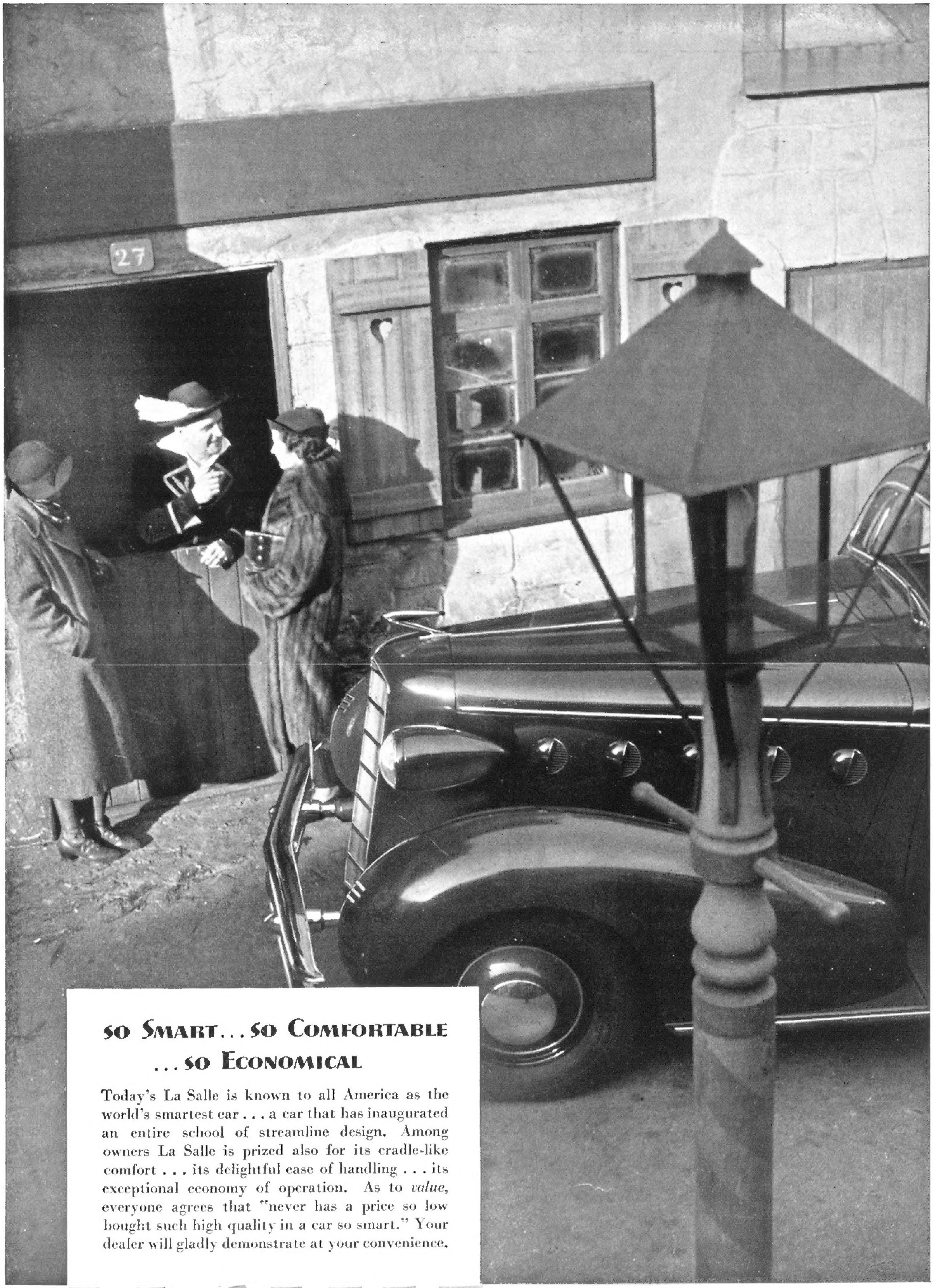
A PROFIT WITH HONOR

Good—Your variety of material; your format; use of color; willingness to venture into avenues of literature shunned by the Janus-like competitors who must look both ways and in between to avoid disturbing the equanimity of any one subscriber; your miraculous ability to keep your weight up; your habit of pulling anonymous literary rabbits from the editorial hat.

Bad— Your failure to insist on meaty material in some of your articles; the way you drop your guard by labelling items "humor," "article," etc.; and a few little matters not important enough to bother this addled brain of mine at the moment.

Referring to the first criticism—as a sports editor (night, to be exact), I am rather disappointed with your sports stories as a rule. All hail to you for including such articles as the one on Falconry. More, please. But for God's sake get somebody to write sports that knows the subject

Continued on page 12



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LA SALLE

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

and can make more than a pallid attempt. Gallico, McLemore, Jimmy Powers, my own superior Fred Ware, Pegler, Corum, Runyon, Bill Henry and a host of others. Leave Gene Tunney and Benny Leonard and the ghost-payers for the ruck.

To your book department, and movies, etc., a bow. I don't always agree, but at least they get away from the newspaper formula that any show offered by a big advertiser is super something.

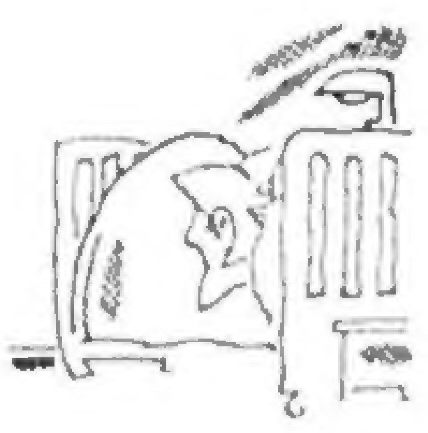
All in all it is the swellest five dollars' worth I've come across.

I'm proud of being a charter subscriber. And having been one for a year I can see nothing but profit in continuing the honor.

Cheer-o,
Omaha, Neb. William W. Davidson

STREAMLINE THE BED LIGHT

If I were a magazine editor, I know that I would surely be sued by Esquire for plagiarism; for I could not help but copy your style, make-up and lay-out. Being a newspaper man myself, I can really appreciate it to the fullest extent, and want to express my sincere congratulations on the fine magazine you publish.



If, on January 17, 1934, your Circulation Manager rushed into your office and told you that Esquire had just added another reader, it must have been me, for I started buying your magazine at that time, and have not missed a single issue since. It is with a sense of pride that I tuck the latest issue of Esquire under my arm and walk through the office or in the lobby of my hotel; and I can truthfully say that with reluctance I lay aside the magazine until I can get to it again.

However, there is one thing that I would like to call your attention to, in the hope that you will stop the presses and make a change. Did you ever attempt to read your magazine in bed at night with the overhead light burning at full speed? Try it sometime, and see what I mean. The stock your pages are printed on gives off a glossy glow of reflection from the light, and it makes it a trifle hard to read. I keep shifting around in bed at various angles and postures to see if I can discover some manner in which the pages won't shine. But up to the December issue I have had no luck. Perhaps you or your streamlined Count de Sakhnoffsky can figure out a way to alleviate this situation. All replies will be treated with utmost secrecy.

Sincerely,
Arlington, Oregon Charles S. Cohn

CHECKING UP ON CHARLES . . .

Donald Charles' story "A Man from Vienna" in your octobre-number certainly is a good one. But it reminds me a bit too much of my own early efforts, stories running through dozens of European newspapers in spite of the heroes from the Harvard-Club meeting at Minsky's Burlesque Show and terrible gangster-hangouts located in 67th street. Why must dear Mr. Charles talk about Vienna if he does not go to the trouble to find out what currency Austria is using, if he pays in Marks instead of "Schillings," why must he talk about "No. 345 Kartner Strasse" if there are only ninety buildings in this famous Viennese "Rue de la Paix"? He seems unfair to us fellows who are ever rolling around from one end of the world to the other to improve our "local coloring" by not trying to give exact surroundings to his interesting heroes. And to do so in as fine a magazine as yours.

Yours very truly,
Paris XVIIe France Anton E. Zischka

. . . AND ON CULLUM

Mr. Cullum's football article is quite entertaining, but you might inform him that Mt. Nittany is located near the town of State College, Pennsylvania, and not on Morningside Heights, New York City.

Furthermore, Princeton's football teams usually wear Orange and Black. I have never before seen it referred to as Gold and Black.

I am wondering whether he might not have witnessed a game between Penn State and some unnamed opponent, by mistake?

Sincerely,
Alliance, Ohio William H. Morgan

BOSTON BEAN-POP

In far-off Boston a bean has popped so loudly that the noise carried clear to The Sound and the Fury of your January issue. Mr. James Warren Sever's letter says he is not going to buy Esquire any more because, well, he says, "I have bought it each month, and I find the last number most offensive." Does Mr. Sever mean he's going to quit because he thought one single number offensive ("most" meaning very, very), or does he mean the December number was *the* "most offensive"? If the former, he shouldn't get sore at Esquire for one offense. If the latter, he should be good and ashamed of himself, for he "bought it each month" although he smelled something fishy all along. Or maybe Mr. Sever meant it literally when he said he wasn't going to buy Esquire again, which is something different from reading it.

And that crack about Continental-sex-conciousness has a provincial cluck like me stopped. I thought it was all sort of the same the world over, except that the West wasn't supposed to tangle with the East, and vice versa . . . and a couple other exceptions.

Anyway, I'm on C. M.'s side, of Osceola, Kans. The Boston contingent can pick up their Lodges and Cabots and Cod and go home.

New York City Wm. D. Houser

SURE, WE LIVE ON HOPE

This letter is to wish for you a Happy New Year and the continual enjoyment of those talents which have brought success to Esquire. That I find much to enjoy in each issue is praise enough.The little that bores or offends me may greatly please another, so why should I, or others, expect a magazine built to my order.

As a center of controversial interest Sound and Fury is unsurpassed, and serves as a very good clearing house for praises and blame. What is the sum of it to date? A couple hundred thousand in circulation?

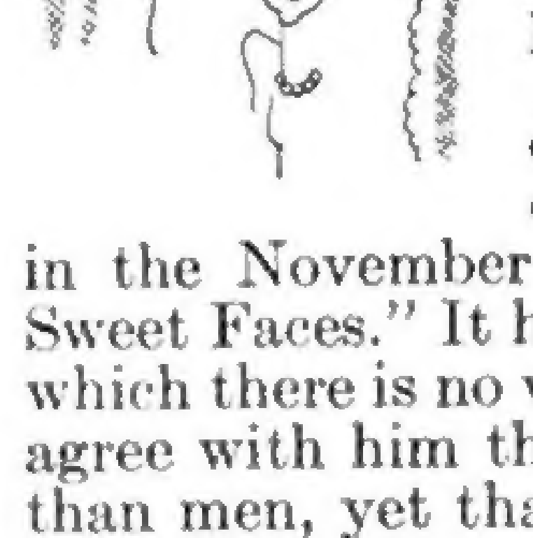
Concerning Type III, the character integrated story, and the fine craftsmanship therein which is admittedly appealing—don't you hope sometime to find a writer who can show the intellectual stature needed in creating great characters and their great actions?

I am bored with this exquisite portrayal of the usual mediocrities like myself and some others. The sorry balances we show at the end are admitted and old stuff. It seems that any good workman of the most ordinary gifts ought to write most of the stuff easily without leaving Podunk. Does an explanation lie in the hazard that only a really great writer can create great characters and make them perform persuasively?

Yours sincerely,
O. D. Hogue

LAST LETTER ON SWEET FACES

As a forewarning, I shall put my cards on the table and tell you right off the bat that I am not a subscriber to your very-much-alive magazine, but I save my spare cents and during the month, I splurge with Esquire. With me, buying Esquire is a ritual, just like taking a bath, so, all rituals considered, please consider me one of the fold and print my epistle so that all, far and near, my sentiments can hear. (Putrid, of course, but then, am I paid to be bright?)



To balance things (see above compliment), I have to comment on George Jean Nathan's article in the November issue, titled "Foul Minds and Sweet Faces." It handed me a fit of chuckles, than which there is no whicher and though I thoroughly agree with him that women are more sex minded than men, yet that is no bright and shining idea, they should be according to the present system of bookkeeping. There is one little question that I should like to ask Mr. Nathan—men, as you know, are the direct opposite of women and if women are "Sweet Faces and Foul Minds," is it safe for me to take it to mean that men are, conversely, "Foul Faces and Sweet Minds"?

Somewhere along the line, Mr. Nathan is badly misinformed. The women readers are *not* the stalwart support of the sex novels. I run a full fledged library and I cordially invite Mr. Nathan to come in at any time and become one of the many cracks on the wall (to insure utmost secrecy in our little demonstration), and watch the *men* come into my illustrious establishment. I am not in business because my health demands it, but because of the financial security I gain therefrom and so I carry books of all natures and species—to the right let your glance fall on the Better Books and to the left you find a battalion of sex novels. Take a peek at the titles—Early to Bed, Illegitimate, Born to Sin, to say nothing of Donny Henderson Clarke's Female, Young & Healthy and John Bartel, Jr. All salacious, all licentious, all junky. And the men are my most prolific readers of these immortal and immoral classics of literature. They amble in and shamble out with a sex novel under each arm so that if one doesn't live up to expectations, they will not want in vain. The women folk, on the other hand, read So Red the Rose, I Claudius, Dusk at the Grove and While Rome Burns. Kathleen Norris' epics, as well as Faith Baldwin's, also share honors as money bringers. But that is beside the point. What I am trying to get at, is that when it comes to reading, enjoying and supporting the publication of the sex novel, it's Eve's Adam that takes the cake—pardon me, he takes the pie—men prefer pies, you know.

Genially yours,
Denver, Colorado Elizabeth Golden

IF YOU SAW IT 12 TIMES—OH, WELL

I noticed your review in Esquire on "One Night of Love" and all I can say is you're the first person I've ever heard of that didn't rate this picture A-1. Personally, I think you need an examination. Furthermore, if you don't enjoy opera, especially the class of opera which was sung in "One Night of Love," I'd keep it to myself and not mention it—let alone print it.

I saw this picture twelve times.

Very truly yours,
San Francisco, Cal. (Mrs.) Irene Klein

NOR YET FOR CAKES AND ALE!

I prefer my Esquire a la carte. Fifty cents doesn't seem like so much, but five dollars . . . !

You've heard all the nice things about your magazine from hundreds of others, so will you take them for granted here? I haven't exactly a kick, but a suggestion.

I can do without practically all of the Saturday Evening Post authors 24 hours a day and 7 days per week—with about two exceptions—William Faulkner and Richard Macaulay. If it weren't for these two, my weekly Post would go the way of the old Sears Roebuck catalogue. So how about seeing these two in the pages of Esquire once in awhile? I suppose they're kind of expensive for a young magazine like Esquire but on the other hand you use Fitzgerald and Hemingway (who was drunk or plain lousy or both when he wrote his piece for the Jan. issue), so that shouldn't be a consideration, because I'm sure you don't get their stuff for coffee and cakes.

Faulkner is absolute master at his own kind of stuff, and I and a lot of my friends think that Macaulay is the funniest writer in the country right now. He kids everyone and everything in his stories and does it so delightfully and with such good nature that I imagine even the people he rides get a kick out of it.

That's about all. I like Levin's screen stuff, and Seldes' stage stuff—would like it more if I ever got around to New York. Berman's covers are great. Don't you think that deliberately branding something on your pages as "humor" is a little dangerous? Sometimes some of the stuff doesn't seem very funny, but maybe that's my fault. Rascoe is swell, and I'm impressed with the general high intelligence of the letters in the Sound and the Fury.

Sincerely,
Chicago, Ill. Edgar Wilson

IN PRAISE OF BLONDE ARTICLES

I've read all thirteen copies from cover to cover and may again sometime.

My opinion in general is favorable, in fact enthusiastic over certain things, such as Petty's Blonde Articles, which have appealed to me more than the fiction. The ads and styles are fine. Skip politics and religion. My idea of a fine piece of humor would be an obituary of Raymond Knight, by Joseph Schrank, illustrated by John Groth. Let the resurrection, if any, be in Boys' Life. And how about something on golf, next spring or anytime?

Sincerely yours,
Chicago, Ill. O. H. Ryall

Continued on page 162

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Manuel Komroff

When *Coronet* made **Manuel Komroff** famous, a lot of people thought (and we know some who still do) that it was a foreign novel, a translation from the Russian. But Manuel Komroff was born on East 54th Street, New York. He went to Yale and says ain't—perhaps just a reflex.

•

Ernest Hemingway is in Piggott, Arkansas, for the quail season.

•

Illness has kept **John Dos Passos** out of our pages for many months but we expect to carry several pieces by him this year. Meanwhile, there is the program note for the Quintanilla etchings on page 25. Incidentally, whether your motive be that of helping a man in a jam or that of acquiring an etching at a bargain price, you couldn't do better than invest in a Quintanilla or two right now. The etchings average about thirty dollars apiece—some are twenty-five and some are thirty-five—and while the December exhibition was a big success, we imagine that the Pierre Matisse galleries, at Fifty-seventh and Madison, New York City, can still accommodate your order.

•

Felix Salten became well-known to American readers as the author of *Bambi*. His newest book is *Florian*.

•

If you have ever wondered how the eloquent, if inelegant, feminine noun "hooker" came into the American language, you will find the answer in **F. Scott Fitzgerald's** story, *The Night Before Chancellorsville*, on page 24 of this issue.

•

Alan Marshall is one of the comers in the field of the short story. Edward J. O'Brien dedicates the *Best Short Stories of 1934* to him, and his *Death and Transfiguration* is one of the high spots of that collection.

•

If **George Jean Nathan's** article on page 30 provokes as much response as his article in the November issue, on which the mail is still pouring in, we'll probably have to build an annex to the Sound and Fury.

•

If you let the subhead kid you into thinking that **James M. Cain's** article on page 33 is just a "How To" piece on the art of making *Crêpes Suzettes* and pass it up for that reason, you'll be cheating yourself out of one of the most enjoyable five-minute sessions ever spent with an Esquire author.

•

James A. "Patt" Patterson was born in Texas. His father, a well-known physician and stockman, had as his hobby the breeding of standard and thoroughbred horses, and Patt inherited a natural love for fine horseflesh. For years, Patt has been considered an authority on both the breeding and judging of horses, and he is one of a very few men who can accurately read from one glance of a horse's head, its disposition and traits. At an early age Patt left home to become a rep-hand and followed the cattle trails from Canada to several miles below the Mexican border, cowboying for many outfits. He first came east four years ago for the World's Series Rodeo at Madison Square Garden, New York City, from which he was picked by the Theatre Guild to take the leading part in the dramatic production of the west—*Green Grow the Lilacs*. He is composer of many western songs, as well as being a recording and radio artist. After twenty-seven years on the range as cowboy and hunter, Patterson has sacked his saddle, and chooses now to write the west as he lived it.

•

Walter Clare Martin, Missouri reporter, Kansas editor, New York advertising manager, likes arrows, hawks, airplanes and everything else that flies. A condensed collection of his editorials and addresses recently has been published. Is now down in his native Ozarks to rusticate for a year or so and block out a heavy piece of fiction.

•

G. R. Stevens is a Canadian, born in the 90's, who soldiered throughout the Great War with the Princess Pats. For the past fourteen years he has represented the Canadian government abroad.

•

Lester Ziffren began newspaper work as a golf writer; attended Augustana college; degreed by University of Missouri; with United Press since 1927 in Kansas City, Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, New York, Washington and Madrid; traveled with Prince of Wales and the Duke of Kent on their lengthy tour of Brazil, but was among those not invited to the Duke's wedding; fascinated by bull-fighting since his first glimpse thereof; regards it as most thrilling spectacle outside of six revolutions he covered in South America and Spain; Ernest Hemingway and Sidney Franklin encouraged bull-fighting propensities by teaching him rudiments of capework; still hopes to enter bullring some day; met Juan Belmonte through Eleanor Boardman and Harry D'Abbadie D'Arrast and they've been close friends ever since.

•

Anthony Gibbs is English, the son of Sir Phillip Gibbs. That makes him a member of the famous writing family whose names are only slightly harder to keep straightened out than are those of the various Vanderbilts.

•

Michael Fessier's first published short story was sold to Esquire just about a year ago. He has just completed his first novel.

•

Howard Collins says:

"I was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1928, worked for three years in the newspaper business, and am now teaching journalism at the local high school. I am 27 years old. I have been writing stories since early last spring, and *Henry Takes a Holiday* is the first one to be published, but not, I hope, the last one. I read Esquire from cover to cover every month, and I especially like stories with plenty of plot."

Howard Collins

Robert Sanders Dowst

Robert Sanders Dowst was born in 1890, practiced law in West Virginia and then was engaged in legal editorial work and various law publishing activities for a number of years. He now makes a specialty of what was formerly a hobby—race-play, handicapping and turf-writing. In collaboration with Jay Craig he is the author of *Playing the Races: A Guide to the American Tracks*, published last September, and now is working on a large book exhaustively covering the art of figuring winners, entitled *Flat-Race Handicapping*, to be published in the spring.

•

Gus Kahn started writing lyrics in his thirteenth year. He has had over a thousand songs published, has written the lyrics for three musical shows, and has made lyrical contributions to the following pictures: *One Night of Love, Flying Down to Rio, Whoopee, Peg O' My Heart, Stingaree, Bottoms Up, Caravan, Hollywood Party, Operator 13, The Gay Bride, Storm at Daybreak, Reunion in Vienna, Kid Millions*, and *The Great Ziegfeld*.

•

George Seiters says:

"Born Chattanooga, Tennessee, October 14th, 1901. Educated Baylor Military Academy, Kentucky Military Institute. College—University of Virginia and Cornell University. World tour and contact with French Foreign Legion. Returned to States and then to France and enlisted in French Foreign Legion in 1922, served until last of 1923. Since return to States have been active in some of the country's largest plants as engineer."

•

Dossier on **Doug Welch:** "Born Boston, Mass., June 21, 1906, educated Boston and Tacoma, Wash., schools and the University of Washington, class of '28. Worked as reporter for the *Tacoma News-Tribune*, Cleveland (Ohio) *Plain Dealer*, Seattle *Times*, and, at present, with the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*. Six feet two inches and I don't know my own strength."

•

Walter Scott Meriwether is the publisher of *The Mississippi Sun*, Charleston, Mississippi.

•

Travis Hoke was born in St. Louis where he went to work as a reporter in 1909, thereafter holding a number of editorial positions, among them the associate editorship of the *Dial*, editorship of *The American Weekly*, and of *Popular Science Monthly*. Since 1930 he has spent most of his time abroad.

•

Charles W. Lawrence says of *Tony Takes to the Pavement* which appears on page 54:

"This is the first fiction I have written to conclusion, and will be the first of my literary efforts published in anything but a newspaper since, when a student at Oberlin College, I wrote a serious poem for the college magazine and had it published in the humor section. Born in a Methodist parsonage at North Collins, N. Y., in 1903, I have been a reporter for seven years, three on the Elyria (O.) Chronicle-Telegram and the last four on the Cleveland Plain Dealer."

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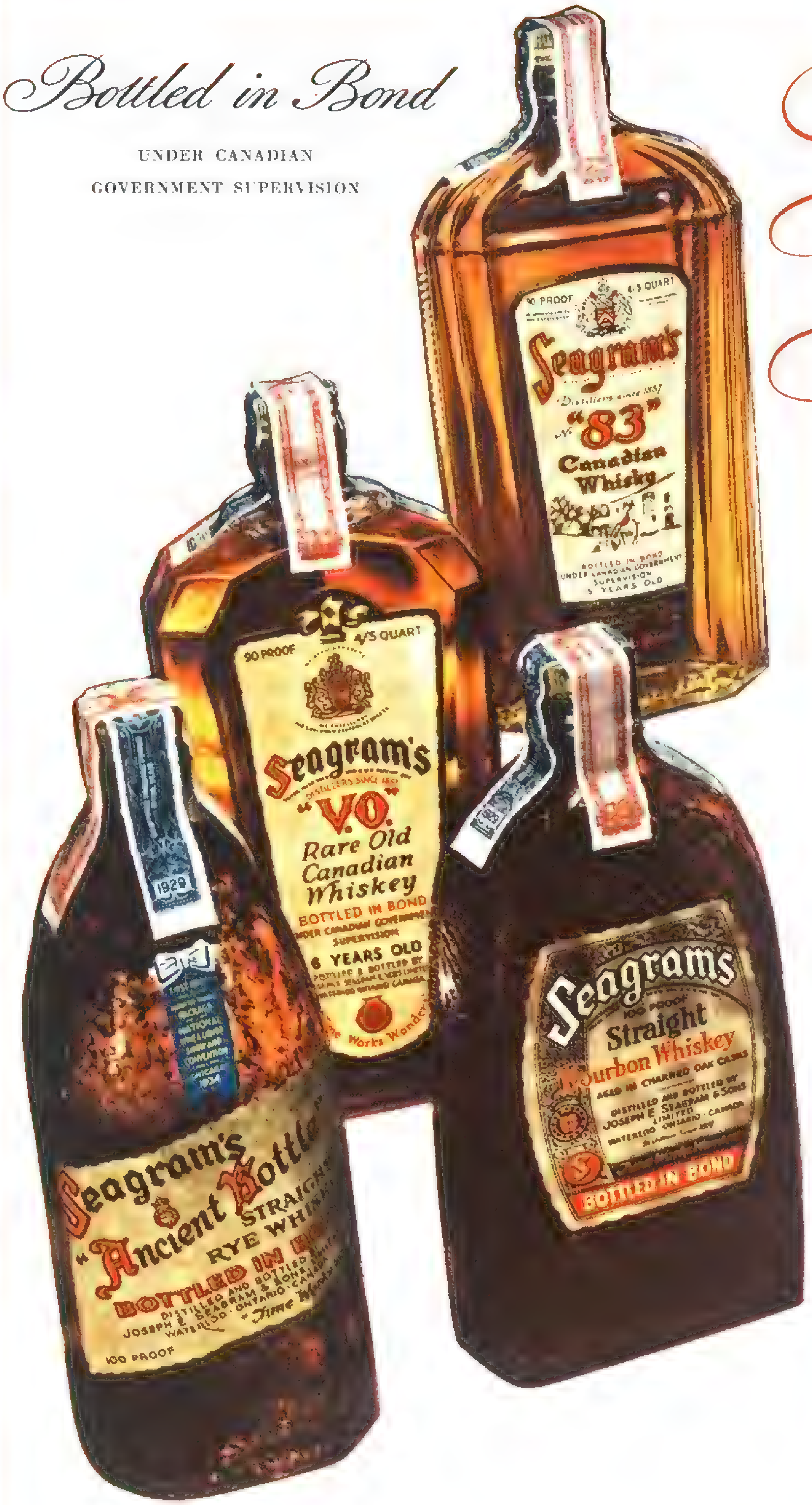
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We have finally unearthed a shop carrying a supply of riding aprons; although there is a very slight demand for this type of article they are always a problem to locate when needed, and generally have to be made to order. This should solve someone's problem.

Here is something new—rattlesnake meat packed in Florida. This is reputed to have a delicate, fragrant taste that will appeal to the jaded palate, and it is appearing on hors d'oeuvre trays at smart gatherings.

Those who have visited the British Isles always carry away with them remembrances of the marvellous Scotch salmon that turns up on English tables as often as tomato juice on our tables. We have found a shop that imports real Scotch salmon regularly. They also carry a particularly nice green turtle soup made with real sherry.

Here is an item with heart appeal for the disciples of Izaak Walton; a shop known the world over for sporting equipment of the highest type has a line of hand-made skinning knives. The handles are of staghorn bone, leather or brass and they are made to order in any size.

From the Island of Hawaii, in addition to grass skirts, comes a brand new kind of nut which is enjoying a good deal of favor; this is good with drinks or after dinner.

For the ardent fly fisherman an English concern, equally ardent, has shipped to this country a limited supply of oval fly boxes of sterling silver.

Men who take their shaving seriously (and show us one who doesn't) will be interested in a shaving brush one of the finer shops is featuring, of which the handle is fashioned of an elephant ivory tusk that is approximately 2½" in diameter.

A well-known men's shop is featuring tie clips with individual cut-out initials. This should make a well-appreciated gift because of its practicality as well as its newness.

While on the subject of jewelry there seems to be, at the moment, a vogue for wearing a small pearl stickpin in one's neckwear.

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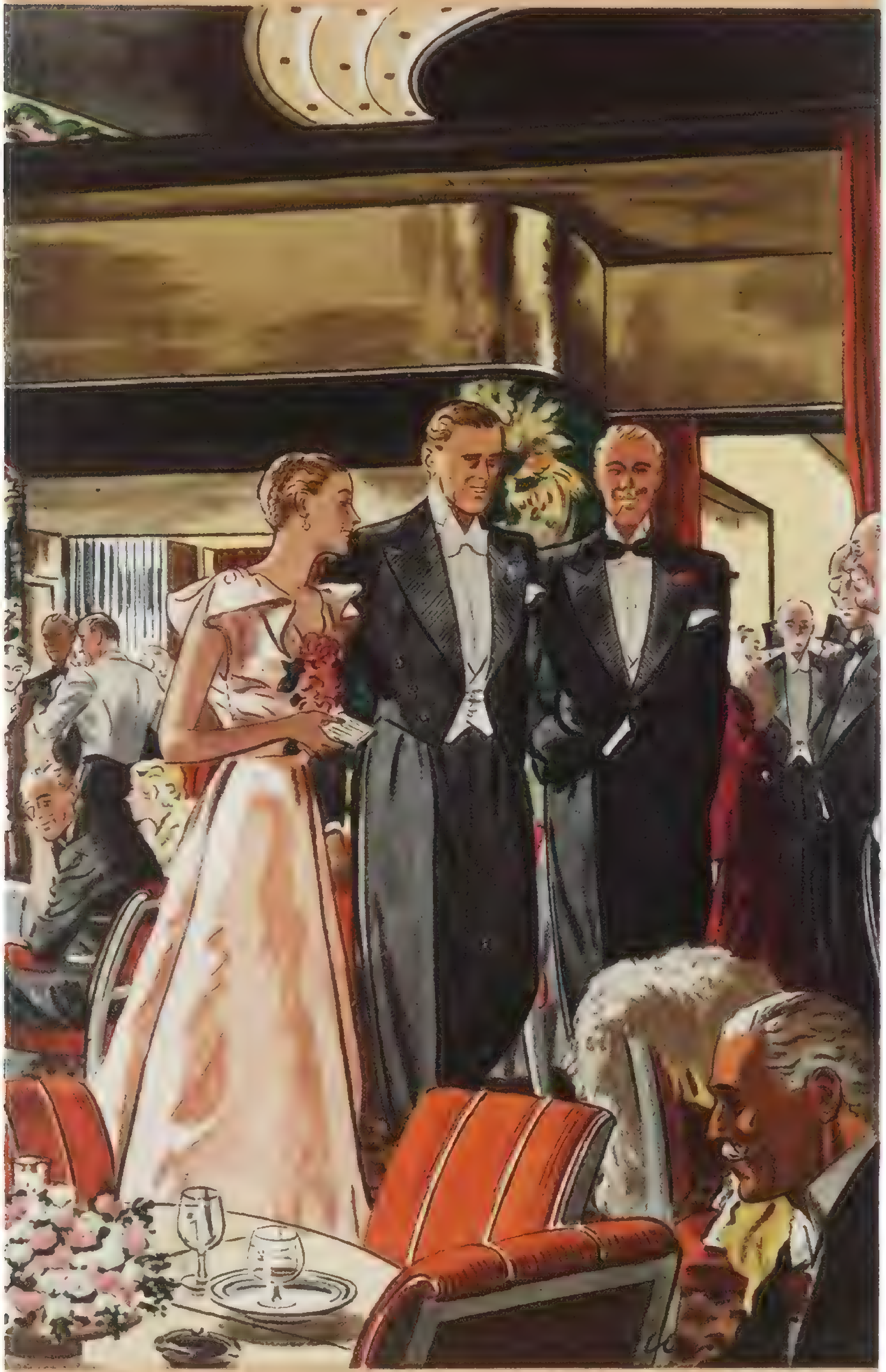

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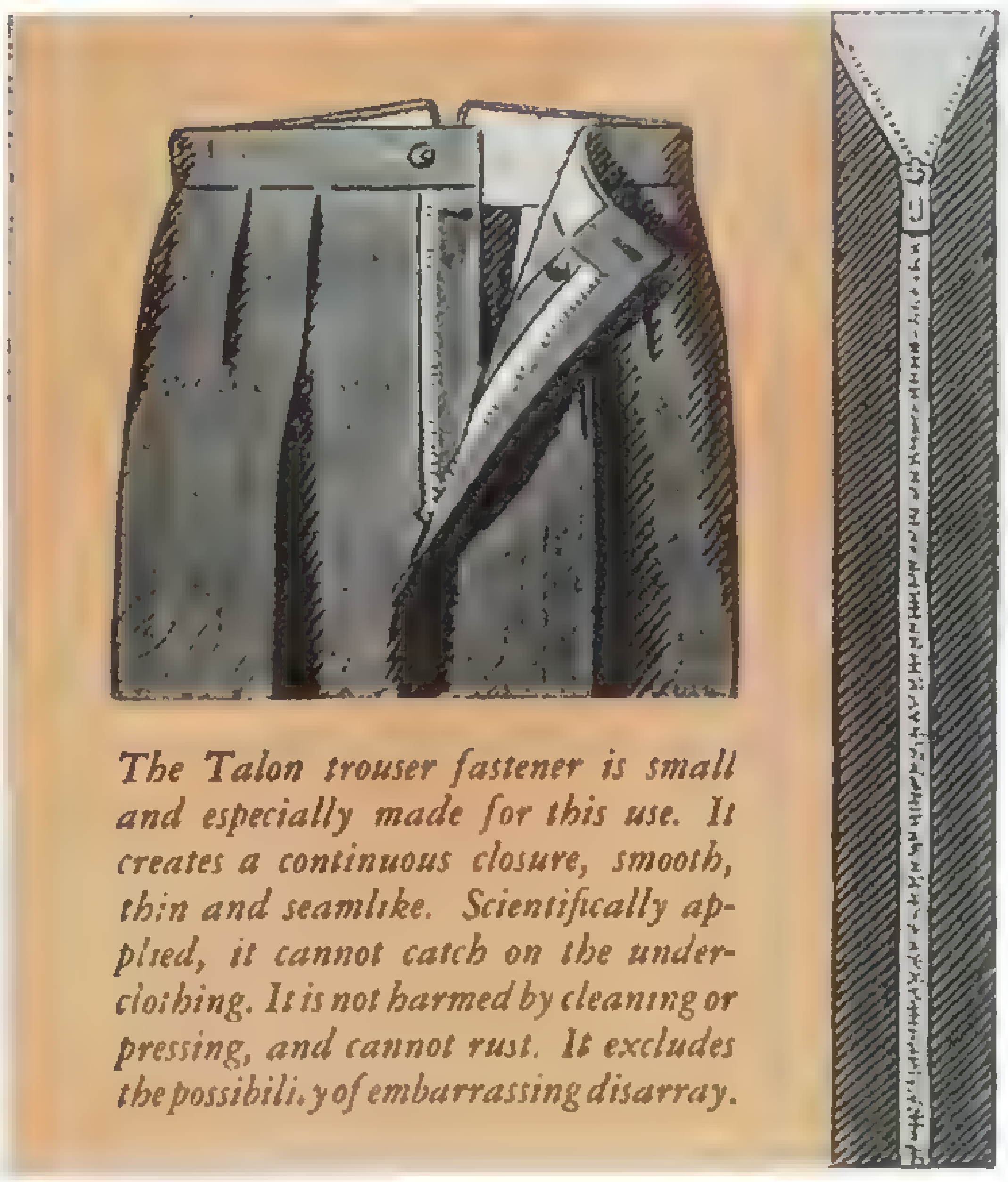

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FROM *WM. J. McANEENY,* PRESIDENT

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Turn to page 91 of this issue of Esquire and check this for yourself. Here's a visual reason why Hupmobile is going places in 1935.

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Remembering Shooting-Flying

A Key West Letter

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

THERE is a heavy norther blowing; the gulf is too rough to fish and there is no shooting now. When you are through work it is nearly dark and you can ride out on the boulevard by the sea and throw clay targets with a hand trap against this gale and they will dip and jump and rise into strange angles like a jacksnipe in the wind. Or you can throw them out with the gale behind them and they will go like a teal over the water. Or you can get down below the sea wall and have some one throw them out high over your head riding the wind, but if you puff one into black dust you can not pretend it was an old cock pheasant unless you are a better pretender than I am. The trouble is there isn't any thud, nor is there the line of bare trees, nor are you standing on a wet, leaf-strewn road, nor do you hear the beaters, nor the racket when a cock gets up and, as he tops the trees, you are on him, then ahead of him, and at the shot he turns over and there is that thump when he lands. Shooting driven pheasants is worth whatever you pay for it.

But when you cannot shoot you can remember shooting and I would rather stay home, now, this afternoon and write about it than go out and sail clay saucers in the wind, trying to break them and wishing they were what they're not.

When you have been lucky in your life you find that just about the time the best of the books run out (and I would rather read again for the first time *Anna Karenina*, *Far Away and Long Ago*, *Buddenbrooks*, *Wuthering Heights*, *Madame Borary*, *War and Peace*, *A Sportsman's Sketches*, *The Brothers Karamazov*, *Hail and Farewell*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *Winesburg, Ohio*, *La Reine Margot*, *La Maison Tellier*, *Le Rouge et le Noire*, *La Chartreuse de Parme*, *Dubliners*, Yeats's *Autobiographies* and a few others than have an assured income of a million dollars a year) you have a lot of damned fine things that you can remember. Then when the time is over in which you have done the things that you can now remember, and while you are doing other things, you find that you can read the books again and, always, there are a few, a very few, good new ones. Last year there was *La Condition Humaine* by André Malraux. It was translated, I do not know how well, as *Man's Fate*, and sometimes it is as good as Stendhal and that is something no prose writer has been in France for over fifty years.

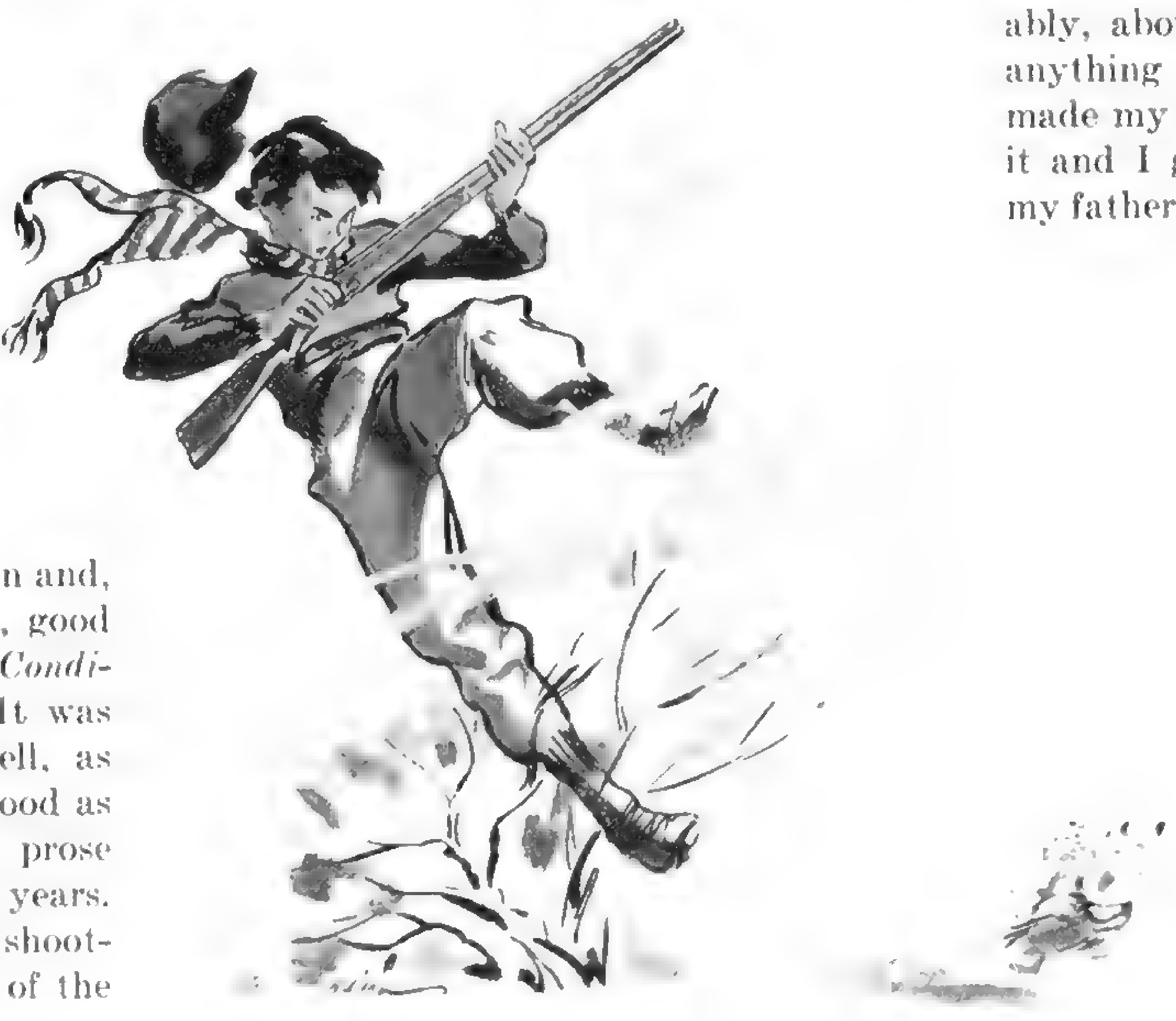
But this is supposed to be about shooting, not about books, although some of the best shooting I remember was in Tolstoi and I have often wondered how the snipe fly in Russia now and whether shooting pheasants is counter-revolutionary. When you have loved three things all your life, from the earliest you can remember; to fish, to shoot and, later, to read; and when, all your life, the necessity to write has been your master, you learn to remember and, when you think back you remember more fishing and shooting and reading than anything else and that is a pleasure.

You can remember the first snipe you ever hit walking on the prairie with your father. How the jacksnipe rose with a jump and you hit him on the second swerve and had to wade out into a slough after him and brought him in wet, holding him by the bill, as proud as a bird dog, and you can remember all the snipe since in many places. You can remember the miracle it seemed when you hit your first pheasant when he roared up from under your feet to top a sweet briar thicket and fell with his wings pounding and you had to wait till after dark to bring him into town because they were protected, and you can feel the bulk of him still inside your shirt with his long tail up under your armpit, walking in to town in the dark along the dirt road that is now North Avenue where the gypsy wagons used to camp when there was prairie out to the Des Plaines river where Wallace Evans had a game farm and the big woods ran along the river where the Indian mounds were.

I came by there five years ago and where I shot that pheasant there was a hot dog place and filling station and the north prairie, where we hunted snipe in the spring and skated on the sloughs when they froze in the winter, was all a subdivision of mean houses, and in the town, the house where I was born was gone and they had cut down the oak trees and built an apartment house close out against the street. So I was glad I went away from there as soon as I did. Because when you like to shoot and fish you have to move often and always further out and it doesn't make any difference what they do when you are gone.

The first covey of partridges I ever saw, they were ruffed grouse but we called them partridges up there, was with my father and an Indian named Simon Green and we came on them dusting and feeding in the sun beside the grist mill on Horton's Creek in Michigan. They looked as big as turkeys to me and I was so excited with the whirr of the wings that I missed both shots I had, while my father, shooting an old lever action Winchester pump, killed five out of the covey and I can remember the Indian picking them up and laughing. He was an old fat Indian, a great admirer of my father, and when I look back at that shooting I am a great admirer of my father too. He was a beautiful shot, one of the fastest I have ever seen; but he was too nervous to be a great money shot.

Then I remember shooting quail with him when I do not think I could have been more than ten years old, and he was showing me off, having me shoot pigeons that were flying around a barn, and some way I broke the hammer spring in my single barrel 20 gauge and the only gun down there at my Uncle's place in Southern Illinois that no one was shooting, was a big old L. C. Smith double that weighed, probably, about nine pounds. I could not hit anything with it and it kicked me so it made my nose bleed. I was afraid to shoot it and I got awfully tired carrying it and my father had left me standing in a thickety patch of timber while he was working out the singles from a covey we had scattered. There was a red bird up in a tree and then I looked down and under the tree was a quail, freshly dead. I picked it up and it was still warm. My father had evidently hit it when the covey went up with a stray pellet and it had flown this far and dropped. I looked around to see nobody was in sight and then, laying the quail down by my feet, shut both my eyes and pulled the trigger



Continued on page 152

A Shot in the Forest

A stirring and beautiful story using, as most of its locale, the secret places of a woman's mind

by FELIX SALTEN

• FICTION •

The train pulled in at the small country station. Hermine followed her husband out through the car and watched him as he jumped down the steps and waited to help her down. He was tall, slim and straight, in spite of his snow-white hair; now he lifted his hands to Hermine with a solemn tenderness which always enchanted her.

Very lightly, she placed her hand on his arm and smiled at him. "I am terribly happy to be here again!"

Nicolaus asked gayly: "Hunt fever?"

"Yes, of course, that, too." Then, softly: "It will be marvellous, two weeks here in the forest, alone with you!"

He nodded a grateful acknowledgment.

A reception had been prepared for them: the station master was there, the head-forester who handed Hermine a bunch of flowers, and the steward of Nicolaus' estate who stammered a short speech of greeting. Meanwhile, the baggage was stowed away by the servants who had arrived on the same train: Conrad, the valet, a tight-lipped, withered old man, and Nanni, Hermine's pretty young maid. An open four-in-hand, with a beautiful, yellow wickerwork body was waiting for the master, while the servants were to ride in the trap. The horses were restless, pawing the sand and champing at the bit.

As soon as the reception was over, Hermine hurried over to the carriage and gayly greeted the coachman: "How do you do, Mr. Brown!"

Mr. Brown was a stately figure on the box, holding the reins of his four horses in one hand, and his whip in the other. In response to Hermine's greeting, he lowered his whip in approved style. Once upon a time he had driven the wedding carriage of a king, but he had been forced out by the automobile to which he would never lower himself. It was a long time since he had last driven through the streets of a big city. His was a greatness of the past; yet, he was still a master.

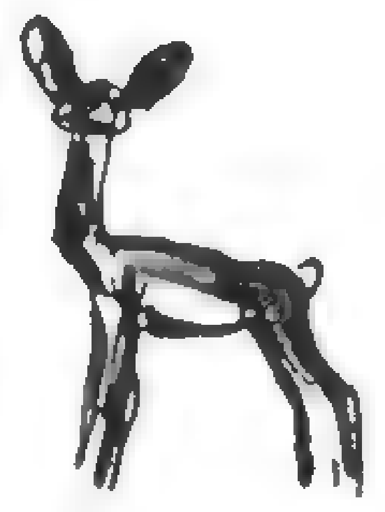
The carriage rolled away smoothly, driven at a beautifully even, fast clip.

Hermine had not even noticed the gamekeeper who had spread a warm rug over their knees and who was now sitting on the box beside the coachman. She reached for her husband's hand, pressed it affectionately and whispered: "Isn't all this magnificent!"

Nicolaus returned the pressure of her hand. His "Thank you, my dear!" was spoken so softly that it was hardly audible.

They passed through the small town and acknowledged graciously, like sovereigns, the greetings of the people who lined the main road, bowing and waving to the carriage. Soon they left the town behind them and drove out on a country road, between wooded hills whose rich foliage steeped the countryside in the warm light of autumn colors.

Hermine felt a feeling of deep gratitude surge up in her, intermingled with pangs of conscience. She had flirted a great deal all summer, at all the fashionable places where they had stayed. She could not break herself of it; she always had to play up to men, allowing them to make love to her, even inviting it, and she gloried in the tribute which her beauty evoked everywhere. When she caught herself at this game in the midst of an admiring crowd, intoxicated by the visible effects which her beauty produced in men, she tried to console herself with the assurance that she was not being really unfaithful. And she always attempted to justify herself with the thought that her husband was so much older than she was. But now, sitting beside Nicolaus on this beautiful drive, she again felt something akin to remorse. And remembering the tremendous height to which life had lifted her, a dizzying sense of happiness overcame her. Born the daughter of a poor school teacher, she had trained her voice, had achieved triumphs as an opera singer and had finally arrived at a comfortable and secure life. But it was only since she had been married to Nicolaus that she came to know the possibilities of life which only really immense wealth can afford. She had had her automobile, her villa, a box at the theater, jewelry and expensive clothes — all the extravagancies of city life which now seemed banal and cheap compared to the truly regal style of living, to the indescribable luxury which Nicolaus had brought into her life. Riding through endless forests which belonged to him, along farflung fields whose harvest would soon fill his vast barns, living in century old castles in which the best that past and present could offer, was combined for the owner's joy and delight—all this brought to Hermine the sense of living in a fairyland, but one that was permanent and secure. Gone were the battles with directors and conductors, the deadly jealousy of her rivals, the fickle favor of critics—her whole struggle for a few poor scraps from a rich man's table at which she was now permanently enthroned. Her triumphs on the stage which had to be wrung every time anew from an indifferent public, seemed like worthless tinsel. She shuddered to think of the constant terror in which she had been living for fear that a cold might ruin her voice, of the dreadful realization that some day surely time would tarnish the tinsel of her life.



Hermine turned her face to the forests. Dimly outlined in the distance, the undulating hills with their soft contours appeared like immense cushions, embroidered by the soft autumn colors like rare old tapestries. The bracing air carried a scent of moist earth and dried leaves, of damp wood and late-growing herbs.

In her ears, the rhythmic pattern of hoof beats sounded a sweet music against the background of creaking leather, the occasional snorts of a horse and the luxurious sound of soft cushioned wheels rolling over the dirt road.

And that would remain always, Hermine thought. The magnificent rides through forests, the castles and hunting lodges and town house, the happy, effortless travel through a beautiful world would always be hers, whether she could sing opera arias or not. It was permanent and dependable like Nicolaus and his love.

He had married her three years ago, disregarding every objection, and had become an affectionate, loving and trusting husband, full of kindness and admiration for her. She had accepted him in spite of the great difference in their age, in response to a vague instinct which had turned out to be correct. At the time she had believed she was making a sacrifice, but now she slowly realized how wise she had been to end her career at its peak, to leave her former life behind her and submerge in the carefree luxury of a free and tenderly-sheltered existence in which there was no place for the worries of her career and ambition.

Nicolaus interrupted her reverie by addressing a question to his gamekeeper Hermine was too preoccupied to listen and the sound of words only fell upon her ear as a muffled, unintelligible noise.

But suddenly she felt

that a pair of eyes were resting on her. A pair of strange eyes. She looked up to the box and noticed to her surprise that the man sitting beside Mr. Brown had turned his face to her. It was an unusual face, cold and pale, with an ivory color that looked even paler under the green hunter's hat. Out of that face, two light grey eyes were reaching for her, stinging her, burying themselves in her own eyes. It lasted only for the fraction of a second, but from then on Hermine felt a vague sensation of danger, and of being carefully watched.

She was afraid and remained silent for a while, then she asked in an undertone: "Who is that man?"

"Don't you remember him?" Nicolaus wondered. "Why, this is Martin, my gamekeeper and general factotum here!"

She shook her head. "I have never seen him before."

Nicolaus smiled. "But Hermine, you met him last year!" He called up to the box in a jocular tone: "Martin . . . it seems my wife doesn't recognize you."

Again Hermine felt upon her the light grey eyes that reached for her with such an impudent, avid desire. She tried not to falter under his gaze, but did not succeed and had to look away.

Later, when his back was turned to her again, she watched him out of the corner of her eye, the nape of his neck, the part of his pale cheek which was all she could see.

He turned back to her once more just as the carriage entered the gate into the park.

By that time Hermine had regained her composure and she had almost expected his glance, so she smiled a hardly noticeable smile. Suddenly she blushed to her temples—his eyes had spoken to her in a loud voice! They had spoken an impudently intimate word, a caress, in a loud voice! His eyes had said it loud enough for anybody to see, to hear even!

She lowered her eyes and thus missed the first glimpse of the baroque castle which she loved so much. The carriage stopped at the vaulted ramp and the gamekeeper quickly jumped down from the box to help her alight. Hermine anxiously avoided his touch, however, and hurriedly greeted the servants who were assembled in the great hall. Nicolaus stopped to say something to Mr. Brown and then joined Hermine in the drawing room. He took her in his arms and suggested with tender concern: "You will rest a little before dinner, my dear, won't you?"

Hermine assented readily. She was nervous and embarrassed.

Through the windows of her room, she saw the four-in-hand drive slowly up and down under her windows, but thought nothing of it at the moment.

Nanni drew Hermine's bath, unpacked the baggage and busied herself in the closets. The maid also seemed nervous.

As Hermine stepped out of the tub, she again heard the carriage drive smartly past the windows and stop at the ramp. The impatient stamping of the horses was magnified many times in the vaulted arcades. A moment later, the coach rolled out into the drive way, with Nicolaus in the tonneau.

"Where is the Master going?" Hermine asked her maid.

"He is going to the station, I believe," Nanni answered.

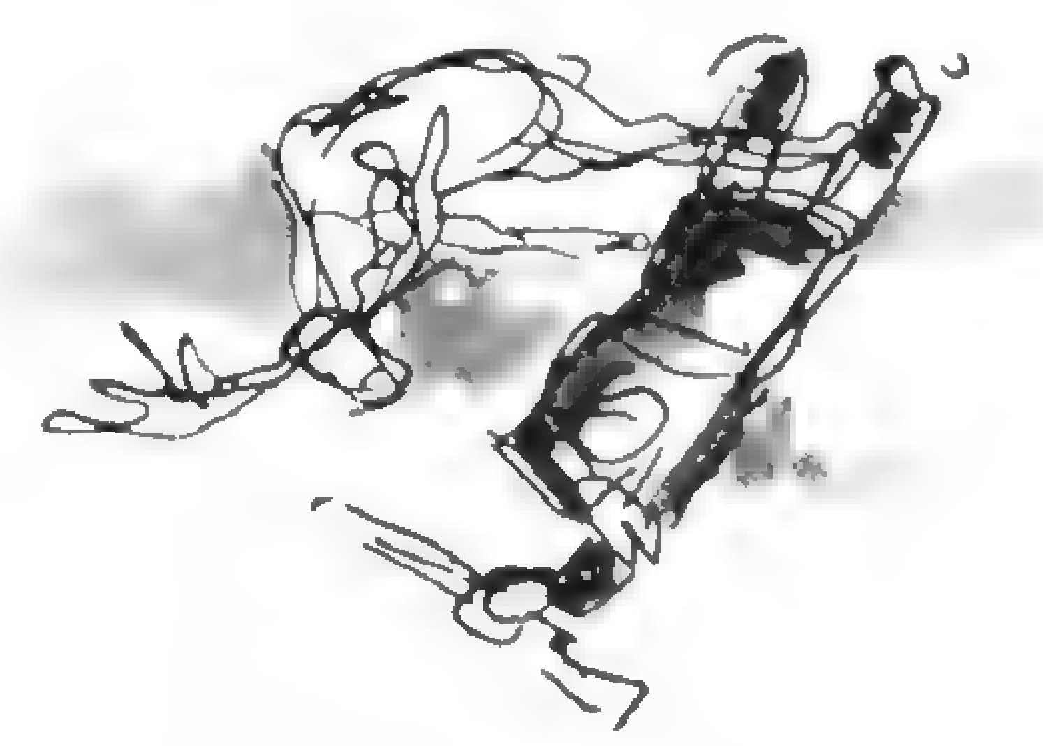
Hermine again thought of the man who sat beside Mr. Brown, of the pale face with the brutal, black moustache, of the aggressive grey eyes. "Nanni," she said suddenly, "do you know the gamekeeper Martin?"

Nanni shrugged her shoulders. "I don't bother with the men here in the castle."

"I hear he was here last year, too," Hermine persisted.

"Maybe." The tone of the maid was almost impudently curt.

Hermine dressed for dinner slowly and carefully. The carriage returned before she was ready but she paid no attention to it. When she was dressed, she sat down at the piano in her own small drawing room and sang: "L'amour est un oiseau rebelle. . . ." She was in magnificent voice.



II.

There was a knock at her door and Hermine again found herself face to face with Martin. He bowed low and announced: "The gentlemen are ready."

Hermine was about to ask: "The gentlemen?" but she suppressed the question because she did not want to talk to that man, did not even want to look at him. Quickly, as if fleeing from something, she went past him and hurried to the library.

As she entered, she found Nicolaus talking to a young man. They rose to greet her and Nicolaus smiled happily. "I have a surprise for you. . . ."

Now that the youth had stepped into the light of the chandelier, Hermine saw that he was a man of slight, graceful figure, no longer a youth, but with a face that made him seem younger than he was.

His delicate features were those of a medieval page, suffering from a beautiful, romantic sorrow.

"Tonio Raspi!" Hermine rejoiced. "Where do you come from and how did you get here?"

"He just arrived on the Paris express," Nicolaus explained. "Wasn't it lucky I could persuade him to join us here!"

"Why, this is simply charming!" she agreed, while Tonio Raspi kissed both her hands.

The great violin virtuoso could permit himself certain liberties. He continued to kiss Hermine's hands with an ardour as if he had arrived at last at the satisfaction of his greatest longing.

"Are you going to hunt stag with us?" Hermine inquired.

"I should like to try it, under your guidance!"

She disengaged her hands, protesting smilingly. "Not under my guidance. I am only a beginner myself!"

They sat down and chatted. Martin served cocktails, offering the first glass to Hermine. His impudent grey eyes invited her: "Why don't you drink, my darling!"

With an impatient gesture, Hermine declined the glass proffered to her and quickly looked at the two men. Fortunately they had not noticed the little incident.

At dinner, Conrad, the valet, together with Martin, waited on table. The latter stood during most of the meal a few paces behind Nicolaus' chair, facing Hermine, and his eyes never left her alone for an instant. Now and then, when he turned to reach for something, she looked at him guardedly, with a shy, hurried glance. His face seemed shrouded in sinister energy, his black moustache covering a mouth that spoke of brutal forcefulness. During the whole meal she was tormented by his eyes which sometimes caught her during one of her short quick glances at him when she believed herself unobserved. In the electric light, his eyes seemed green and cruel, forcing her to take notice of them, forcing her to read their fanatically repeated question: "Will you have me?"

Hermine was confused because she found herself afraid of this lackey who walked so quietly around the room and who dared to let his eyes speak to her so loudly and unashamedly. She tried to conceal her nervousness behind a forced gayety and talked a little too much, exaggerating a haughty attitude toward the servants. She was amazed that Nicolaus and Raspi did not notice anything, although the old valet appeared to have become suspicious. It seemed to Hermine that he was casting now and then a worried and disapproving glance from her to the gamekeeper Martin.

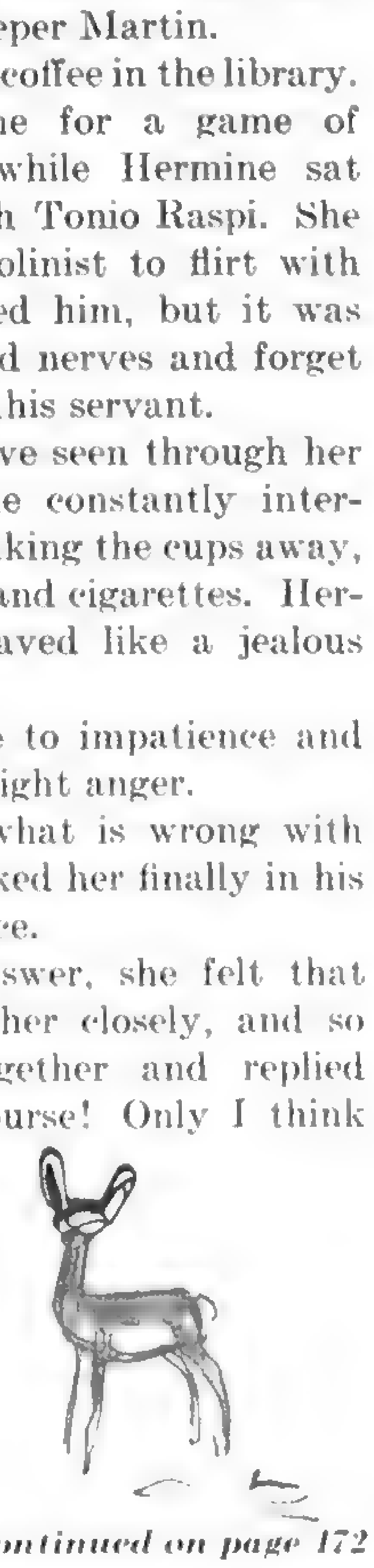
After dinner they had coffee in the library. The head-forester came for a game of chess with Nicolaus, while Hermine sat before the fireplace with Tonio Raspi. She permitted the great violinist to flirt with her, and she encouraged him, but it was only to calm her excited nerves and forget the impudent insult of this servant.

Martin seemed to have seen through her game, however, and he constantly interfered, bringing coffee, taking the cups away, offering liqueur, candy and cigarettes. Hermine felt that he behaved like a jealous lover.

Her nervousness rose to impatience and finally mounted to outright anger.

"Hermine, darling, what is wrong with you tonight?" Raspi asked her finally in his flattering, caressing voice.

Before she could answer, she felt that Martin was watching her closely, and so she pulled herself together and replied gayly: "Nothing, of course! Only I think we ought to get to bed early, since we have to get up practically at daybreak!" She rose, took a few casual steps toward Nicolaus and put her hand on his shoulder.



Continued on page 172

The Night Before Chancellorsville

One carload of the original Hooker girls is put to some annoyance by a great battle

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

• FICTION •

I TELL you I didn't have any notion what I was getting into or I wouldn't of gone down there. They can have their army—it seems to me they were all acting like a bunch of yellow bellies. But my friend Nell said to me:

"Look here, Nora, Philly is as dead as Baltimore and we've got to eat this summer." She'd just got a letter from a girl that said they were living fine down there in "old Virginia." The soldiers were getting big pay offs and figuring maybe they'd stay there all summer, till the Johnny Rebs gave up. They got their pay regular too, and a good clean-looking girl could ask—well, I forget now, because after what happened to us I guess you can't expect me to remember anything.

I've always been used to decent treatment—somehow when I meet a man, no matter how fresh he is in the beginning, he comes to respect me in the end and I've never had things done to me like some girls, getting left in a strange town or had my purse stolen.

Well, I started to tell you how I went down to the army in "old Virginia." Never again! Wait till you hear.

I'm used to travelling nice--once when I was a little girl my daddy took me on the cars to Baltimore—we lived in York, Pa.—and we couldn't have been more comfortable; we had pillows and the men came through with baskets of oranges and apples, you know, singing out:

"Want to buy some oranges or apples—or beer."

You know what they sell—but I never took any beer because—

Oh I know, I'll go on—You only want to talk about the war, like all you men. But if that's their idea what a war is—

Well, they stuck us all in one car and a fresh guy took our tickets and winked and said:

"Oh, you're going down to Hooker's army."

The lights was terrible in the car, smoky and not cleaned so everything looked sort of yellow. And say that car was so old it was falling to pieces.

There must have been forty girls in it, a lot of them from Baltimore and Philly. Only there were three or four that weren't gay—I mean they were more, oh you know, rich people that sat up front; every once in a while an officer would pop in his head from the next car and ask them if they wanted anything. I was in the seat behind with Nell and we heard him whisper:

"You're in pretty terrible company but we'll be there in a few hours and we'll go right to headquarters, and I'll promise you solid comfort."

I never will forget that night. None of us had any food except some girls behind us had some sausage and bread, and they gave us what they had left. There was a spigot you turned but no water came out. After about two hours, stopping every two minutes it seemed to me, a couple of lieutenants, loaded to the gills, came in from the next car and offered Nell and me some whiskey out of a bottle. Nell took some and I pretended to and they sat on the side of our seats. One of them started to make up to her but just then the officer that had spoken to the women, pretty high up I guess, a major or a general, came back again and asked:

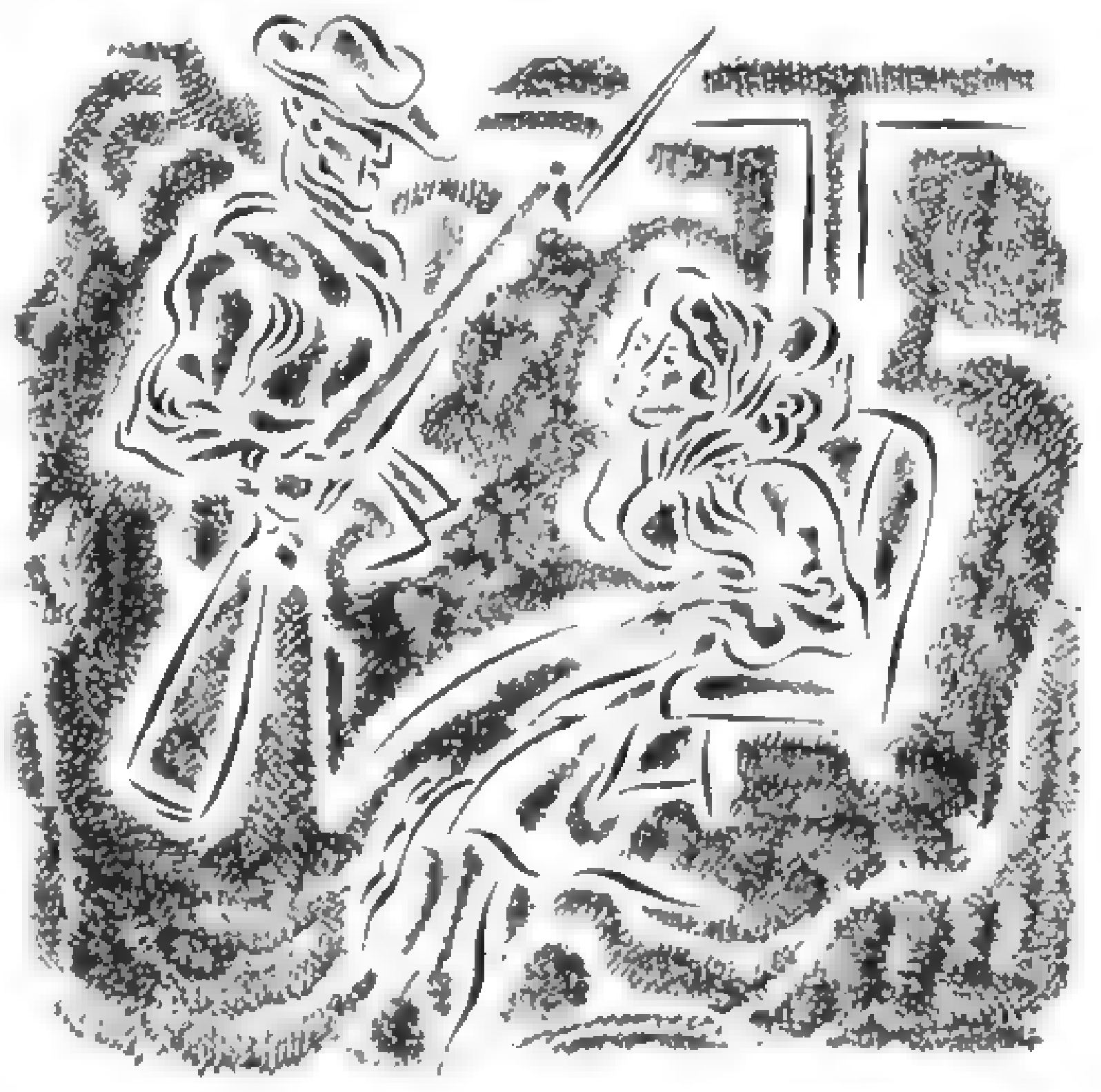
"You all right? Anything I can do?"

One of the ladies kind of whispered to him, and he turned to the drunk that was talking to Nell and made him go back in the other car. After that there was only one officer with us; he wasn't really so drunk, just feeling sick.

"This certainly is a jolly looking gang," he says. "It's good you can hardly see them in this light. They look as if their best friend just died."

"What if they do," Nell answered back. "How would you look yourself if you come all the way from Philly and then climbed in a car like this?"

"I come all the way from the Seven Days, Sister," he answered; pretty soon he left and said he'd try and get us some water or coffee, which was what we wanted.



The car kept rocking and it made us both feel funny. Some of the girls was sick and some was sound asleep on each other's shoulders.

"Hey, where is this army?" Nell demanded. "Down in Mexico?"

I was kind of half asleep myself by that time and didn't answer.

The next thing I knew I was woke up by a storm, the car was stopped again and I said, "It's raining."

"Raining!" said Nell. "That's cannon—they're having a battle."

"Oh. Well, after *this* ride I don't care who wins."

It seemed to be getting louder all the time, but out the windows you couldn't see anything on account of the mist.

In about half an hour another officer came in the car—he looked pretty messy as if he'd just crawled out of bed: his coat was still unbuttoned and he kept hitching up his trousers as if he didn't have any suspenders.

"All you ladies outside," he said, "we need this car for wounded."

"What?"

"Hey!"

"We paid for our tickets, didn't we?"

"I don't care. We need all the cars for the wounded and the other cars are about filled up."

"Hey! We didn't come down to fight in any battle!"

"It doesn't matter what you came down for—you're in a battle, a hell of a battle."

I was scared I can tell you. I thought maybe the Rebs would capture us and send us down to one of those prisons you hear about where they starve you to death unless you sing Dixie all the time and kiss niggers.

"Hurry up now!"

But another officer had come in who looked more nice.

"Stay where you are, ladies," he said, and then he said to the officer, "What do you want to do, leave them standing on the siding! If Sedgewick's Corps is broken like they say the Rebs may come up in this direction!" Some of the girls began crying out loud. "These are northern women after all."

"These are—"

"Oh shut up—go back to your command. I'm detailed to this transportation job, and I'm taking these girls to Washington with us."

I thought they were going to hit each other but they both walked off together, and we sat wondering what we were going to do.

What happened next I don't quite remember. The cannon were sometimes very loud and then sometimes more far away, but there was firing of shots right near us and a girl down the car had her window smashed. I heard a whole bunch of horses gallop by our windows but I still couldn't see anything.

This went on for half an hour—gallopings and more shots. We couldn't tell how far away but they sounded like up by the engine.

Then it got quiet and two guys came into our car—we all knew right away they were rebels, not officers, just plain private

Continued on page 165

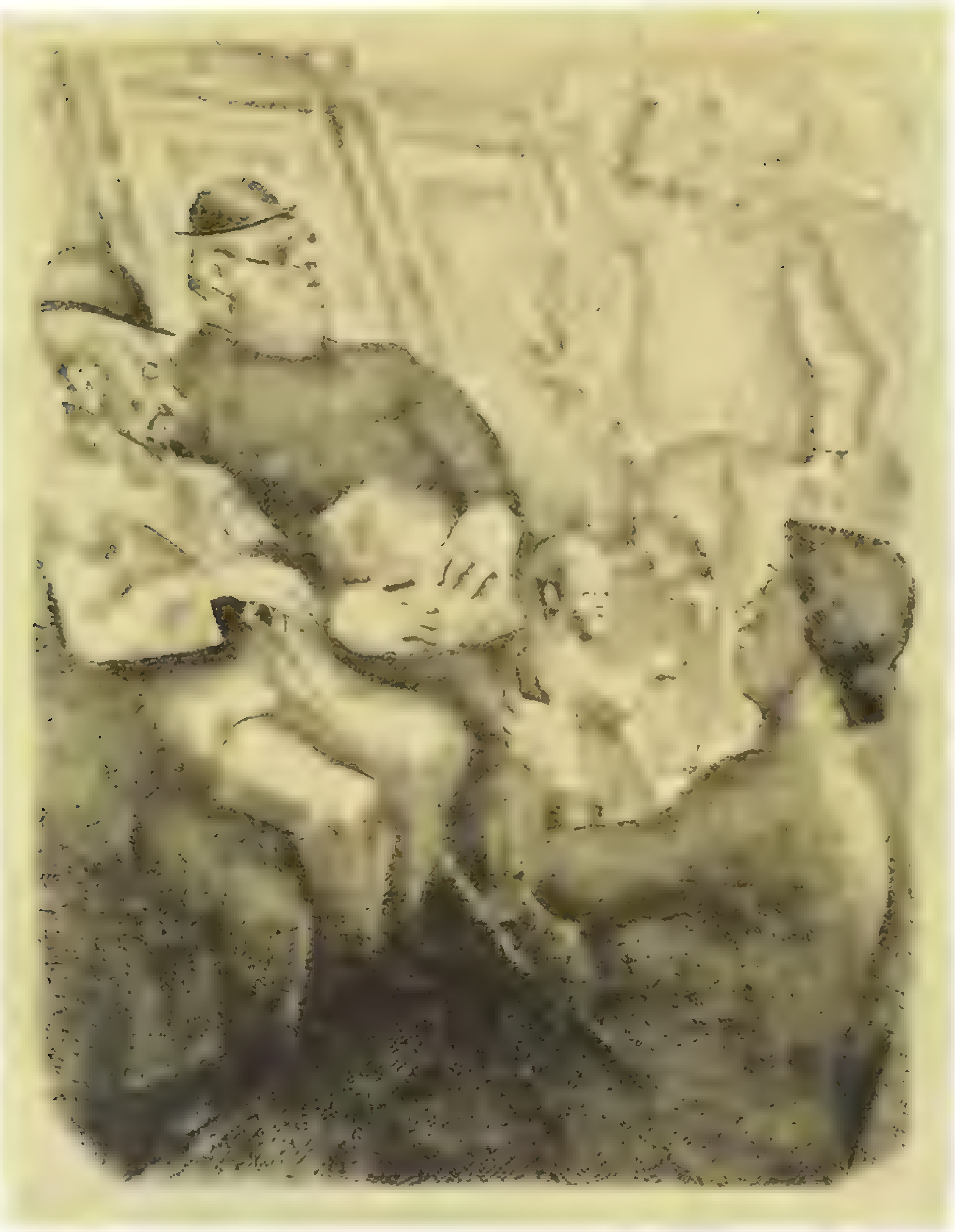
Facing a Bitter World

A PORTFOLIO OF ETCHINGS

by LUIS QUINTANILLA

EARLY in December, at the Pierre Matisse galleries in New York, Ernest Hemingway and John Dos Passos sponsored an exhibition of etchings by Luis Quintanilla, for the purpose of (a) making the Spanish Government realize the artistic importance of this man whom they now hold behind bars, and (b) raising money to assist Quintanilla in his present difficulty. Both these points are brilliantly covered by Hemingway and Dos Passos in their program notes which are here reproduced as textual accompaniment to a representative selection of the etchings from the exhibition. Space limitations necessitated some few excisions from the Hemingway script. The Dos Passos note is complete. The etchings are reproduced by the Bassani process, with tint block backgrounds.

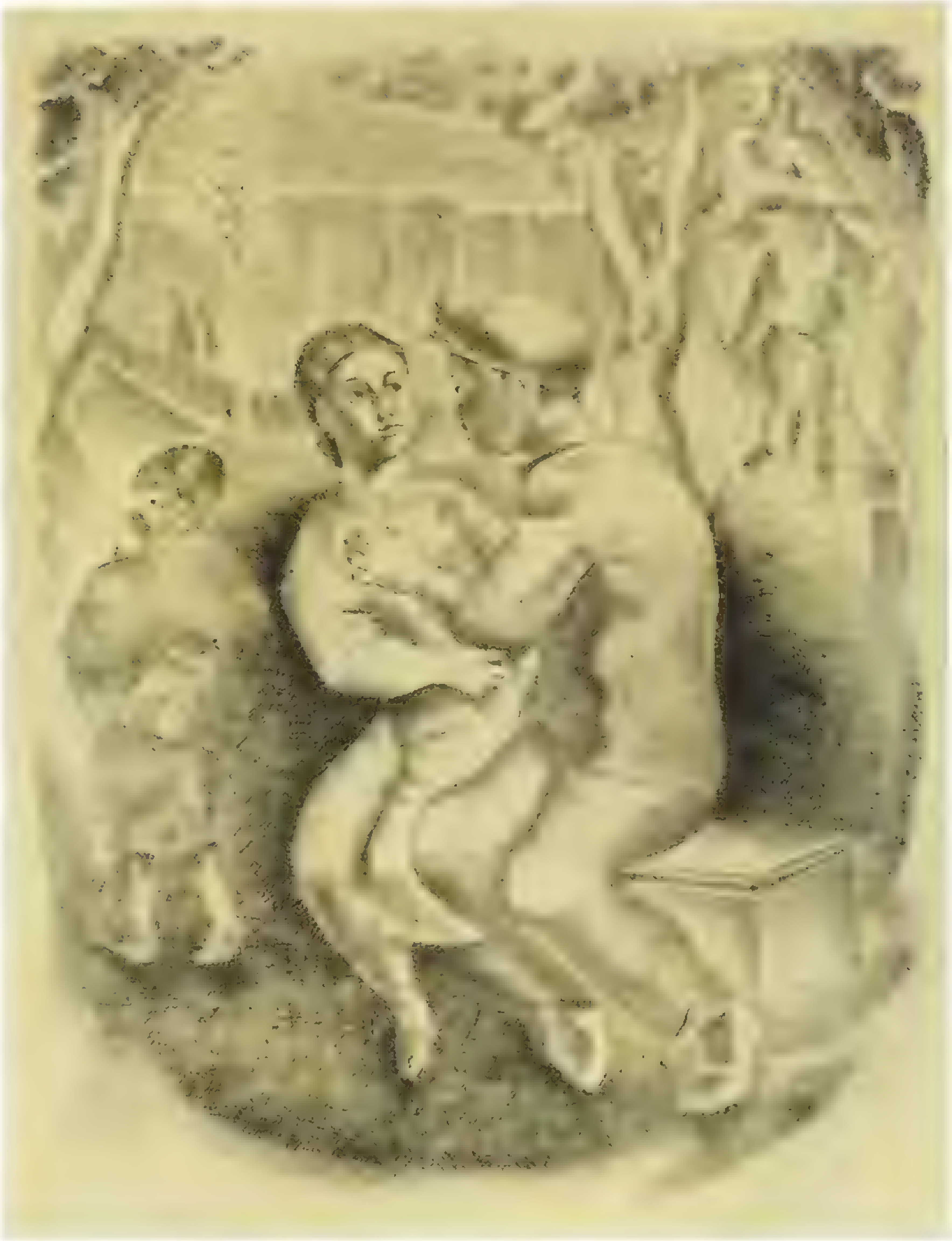
—The Editor



INTERIOR DE UN TRANVÍA

HERE'S something very different from the export-Spain of the art galleries and cruise folders. No high combs or modish mantillas or singers of LaVioletera dressed up for Holy Week. Here are the back lots, the cheap whores, the beggars and bootblacks, and the new business men greedy for power. This stuff of Quintanilla's is different, too, from the work of the brilliant Spaniards of the school of Paris. This is a Spaniard who stayed at home, instead of moving out to peddle the magnificent Iberian tradition of design in the safe world of international Ritz. For a man who can see and feel it's always more dangerous at home.

Staying at home it was natural that he should be a satirist; most of the best Spaniards have been satirists. There's a type of clear noontime logic in the Spanish blood that can only come out as satire. The sharp metal cleanness of etching is particularly attractive to the eye and hand of a satirist. A satirist is a man who can't see filth, oppression, the complacency of the powerful, the degradation of the weak without crying out in disgust. A great satirist can turn disgust into violent explosive beauty. Quintanilla has expressed his disgust in etching and as an active revolutionist. It is natural that the civil and religious bureaucrats, the landlords and industrial exploiters who have used the army, the politicians-on-the-make and particularly those faithful watchdogs of property, the Civil Guards, to get back power in Spain for property, should have put him in jail. Looking at his etchings it is hard to avoid drawing a parallel with Georg Grosz's early work in Germany. The political moment too is similar, a time of defeat of everything that gives men hope.

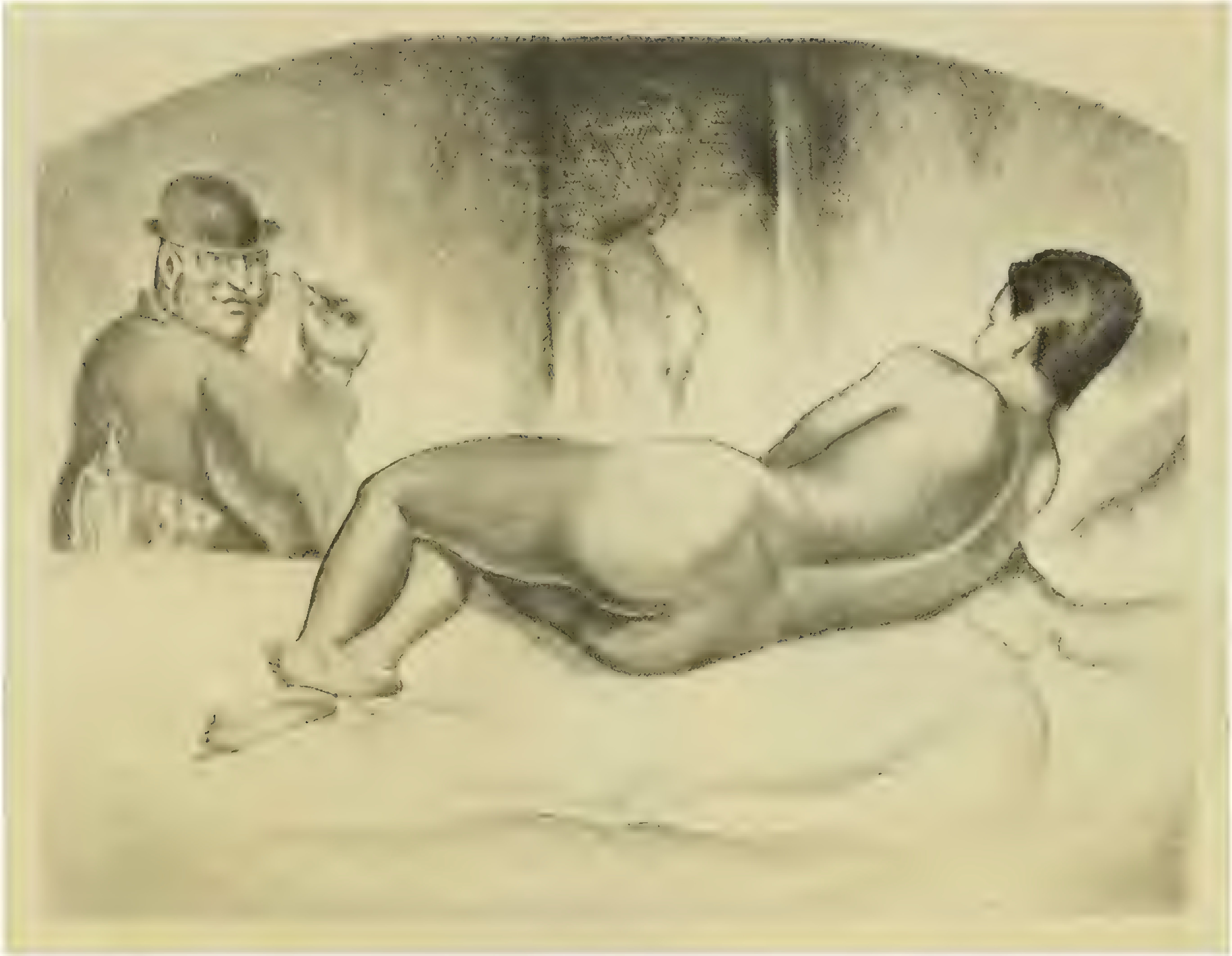


CALLE DE MADRID

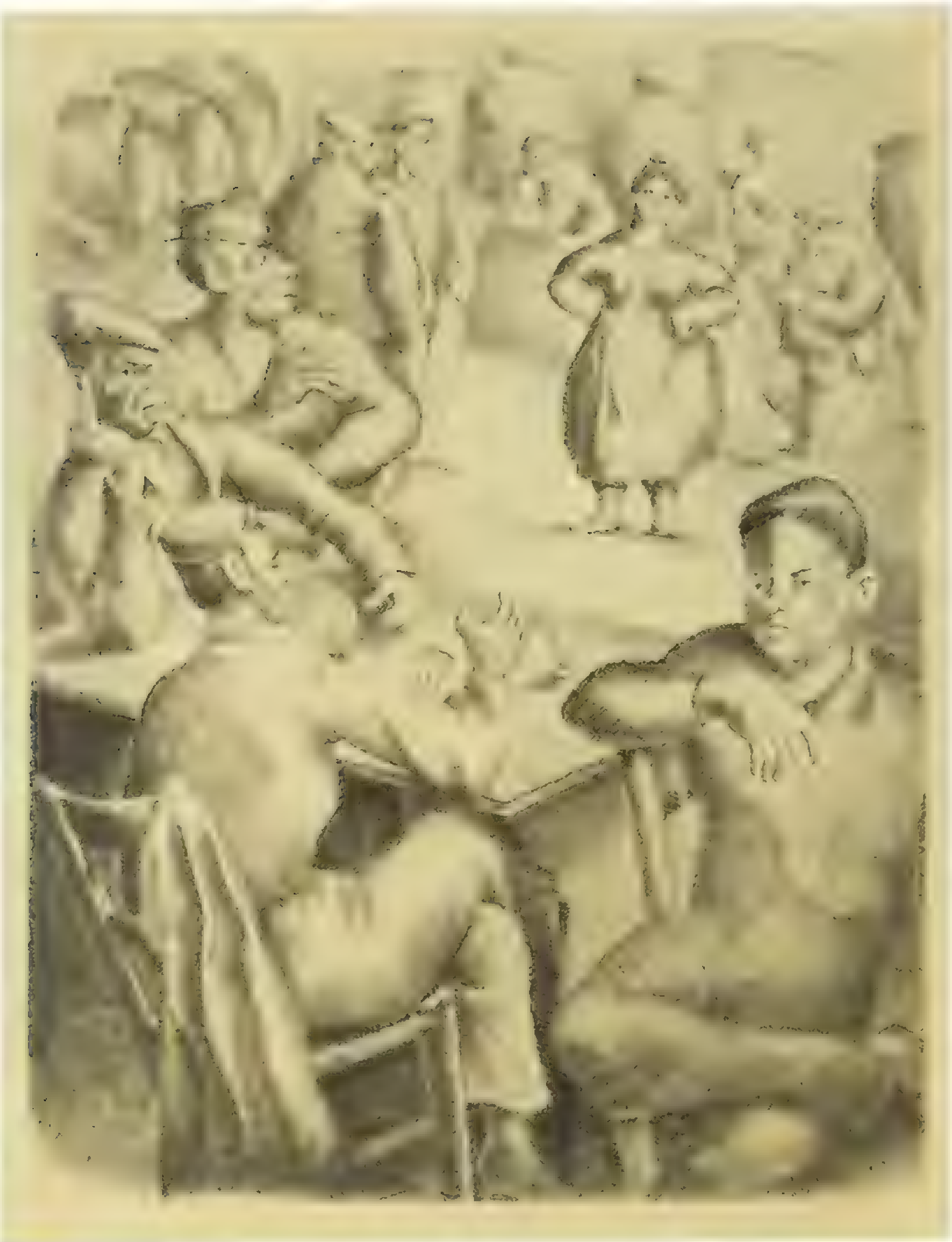
For inventors of images and designs for the eye or the ear or that amalgam of feelings and sensations that writing appeals to, defeat is sometimes better than victory. A good thing, too, because there's a great deal more of it. There's been many a good work started in jail. We can only hope that that honorable ex-republican, ex-radical, ex-firebrand, Mr. Lerroux, is letting Quintanilla have pencils and paper.

You can't add much to work that's meant for the eye by talking about it. There are the etchings themselves on the walls to look at. Good etchings are so rare that there's no mistaking them. You feel in them the sharpness of the tools and the acid, the clean elegance of the metal. In Quintanilla's there's a nightmarish fantasy about the contours that calls up the black Spain of Goya, and a new palpable balanced density that, unless I'm very much mistaken, is something quite fresh in etching. Perhaps it comes from having healthily digested the pure visual experiments of Cezanne and the cubists. The hardest thing to take, and the best quality in them, is their terrible sanity and clear balance. The few people who care for painting or drawing in our time have come to look for and enjoy childish fancy in an artist, entertaining twilight insanities in work that will look charming in a room decorated with modern furniture at the cocktail hour. The clear expression of a clean eye and an uncluttered grown-up mind is something much more dangerous and explosive. These etchings offer no amusing escapes to the tired artlovers. They are the statement of a grown-up man facing a bitter world in the sun at noon.

—JOHN DOS PASSOS



CURIOSIDAD



GUAPETONA

THERE are no patrons, the artist is in jail in Madrid charged with being a member of the revolutionary committee of the October revolt in Spain with the prosecuting attorney asking a sentence of sixteen years at hard labor for him, and the only excellencies are in these magnificent etchings.

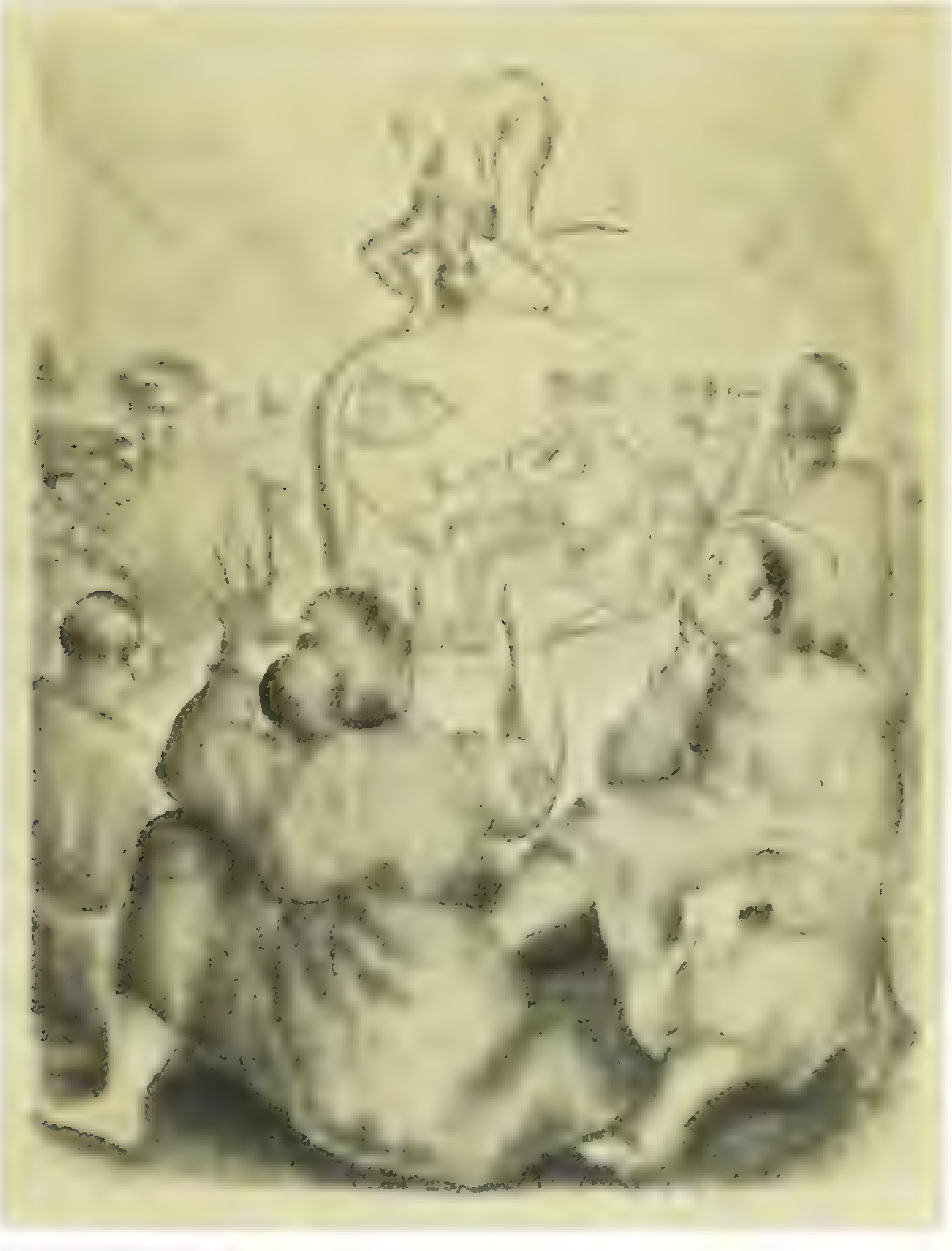
On the day, a not dull day, that I had a cable in Havana from two friends in Madrid saying in a clearly decipherable yet mystifying to a censor, impromptu code, "Luis hoosegowed," signed Ziff Allen, I received, forwarded in the mail, a mimeographed sheet entitled, The Event of the Year, which event was a literary tea to be given at the studio of someone for the guest pickets of the Macaulay Company. The invitation to be present, to picket and to proceed to the self-styled literary tea was signed by a man who, since two years, cannot write fifty consecutive words without using the word revolution.

Now this may possibly be a good time to suggest that a small tax be levied on the use of the word revolution, the proceeds to be given to the defence of, say, such people as Luis Quintanilla, or any of your friends who are in jail, by all those who write the word and never have shot nor been shot at; who never have stored arms nor filled a bomb, nor have discovered arms nor had a bomb burst among them; who never have gone hungry in a general strike, nor have manned streetcars when the tracks are dynamited; who never have sought cover in a street trying to get their heads behind a gutter; who never have seen a woman shot in the head, in the breast or in the buttocks; who never have seen an old man with the top of his head off; who never have walked with their hands up; who never have shot a horse or seen hooves smash a head; who never have sat a horse and been shot at or stoned; who never have been cracked on the head with a club nor have thrown a brick; who never have seen a scab's forearms broken with a crow-bar; or an agitator filled up with compressed air with an air hose; who, now it gets more serious—that is, the penalty is more severe—have never moved a load of arms at night in a big city; nor standing, seeing it moved, knowing what it was and afraid to denounce it because they did not want to die later; nor (let's end it, it could go on too long) stood on a roof trying to urinate on their hands to wash off the black in the fork between finger and thumb from the back-spit of a Thompson gun, the gun thrown in a cistern and the troops coming up the stairs: the hands are what they judge you by—the hands are all the evidence they need although they won't acquit you on them being clean if they are sure of the roof; nor even came up with the troops.

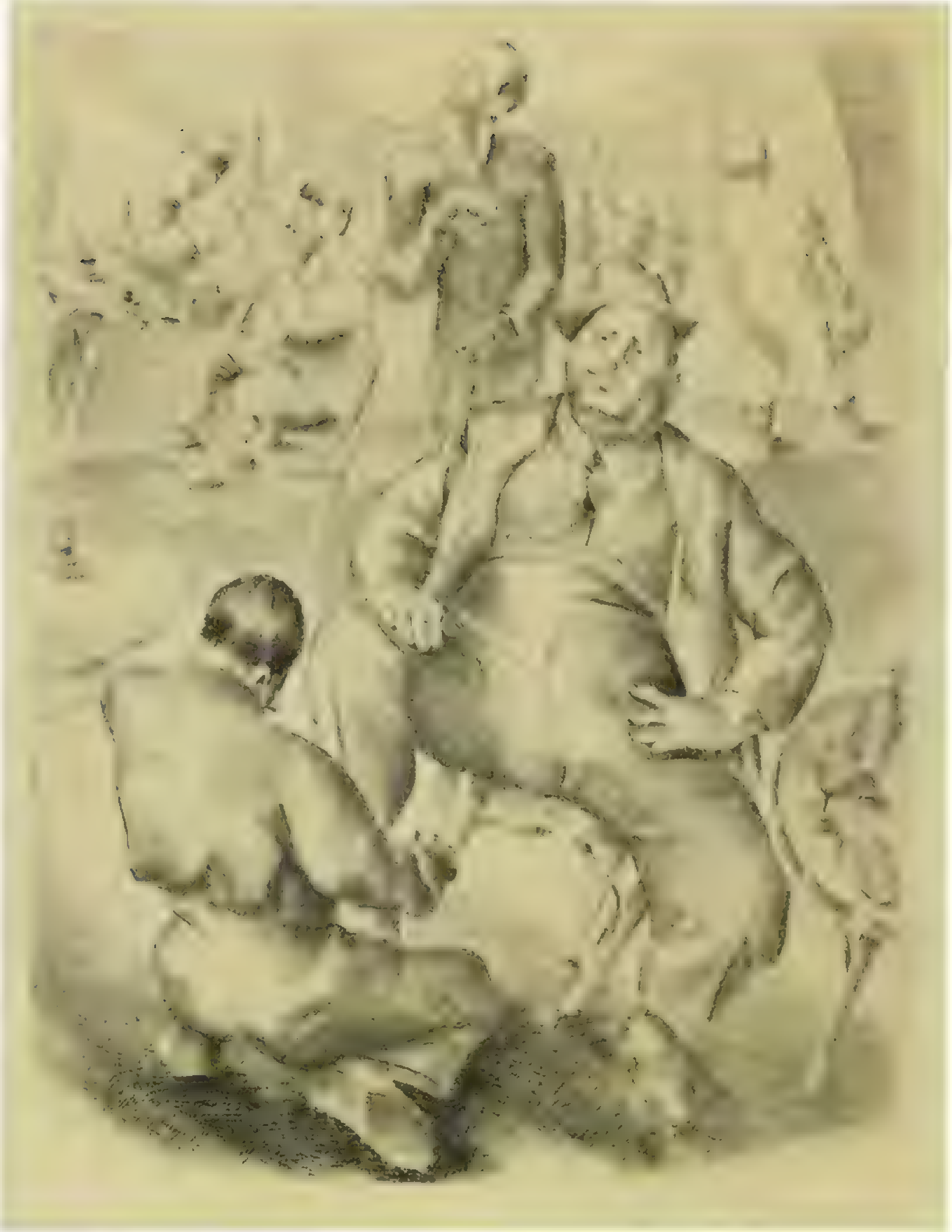
No. The word revolution should be taxed, and guest pickets if they wish to speak it at the Event of the Year, should wear a celluloid badge, something like a hunting license, showing they have paid for the privilege.

Luis Quintanilla, who has the right to use that word, is very sparing of it. He does not take the money and rant to save his soul like Diego Rivera. He has painted great frescoes in the Casa del Pueblo and the Ciudad Universitario in Madrid and there are no symbols of capitalism, or any symbols in them. Always there are people as there are people in the etchings. He does not judge them; only presents them because he has led them in action. If you follow you idealize. If you have led you present and criticize, you have the right to satirize, and when you hate, you hate intelligently.

Quintanilla in whose apartment the arms were stored when it was not known that it would be a bloodless revolution that sent out Alfonso, Quintanilla who raised the republican flag over the royal palace, climbing up and running it up with his own hands before it was certain there was an abdication, and who took no credit and never let it be referred to without joking, where he would have been embalmed in school books if it had been an American revolution; this Quintanilla draws with a sharp instrument on nickled zinc to make etchings that are beautiful and lasting in any epoch at any time; etchings that can speak familiarly with thee and thou, without affectation of comradeship, by merit, with any etcher that has ever lived. And I believe that those who use the word revolution easily, too easily, to save their souls or to make a career, should pay a small tax to those who have a right to shout it as they were supposed to shout and sound horns in the north of that country a long time ago.



SALTIMBANQUIS



CALLE DE MADRID

But those who truly have a right to use that word, through exposition of their bodies and their liberty, speak very quietly, do their other work (and all good work goes to the same end) well; and when they are in jail write that they are quite comfortable, with good people, not at all discouraged, ask how you are and how are all the children, naming them, and is the hunting season good, better than this time last year when we were in Extremadura after wild boar (he wrote before that in November and December he would be in Holland, very good pictures there and in Belgium on the way) but he is very well in jail and will I write and tell him all the news. really in jail it is very funny.

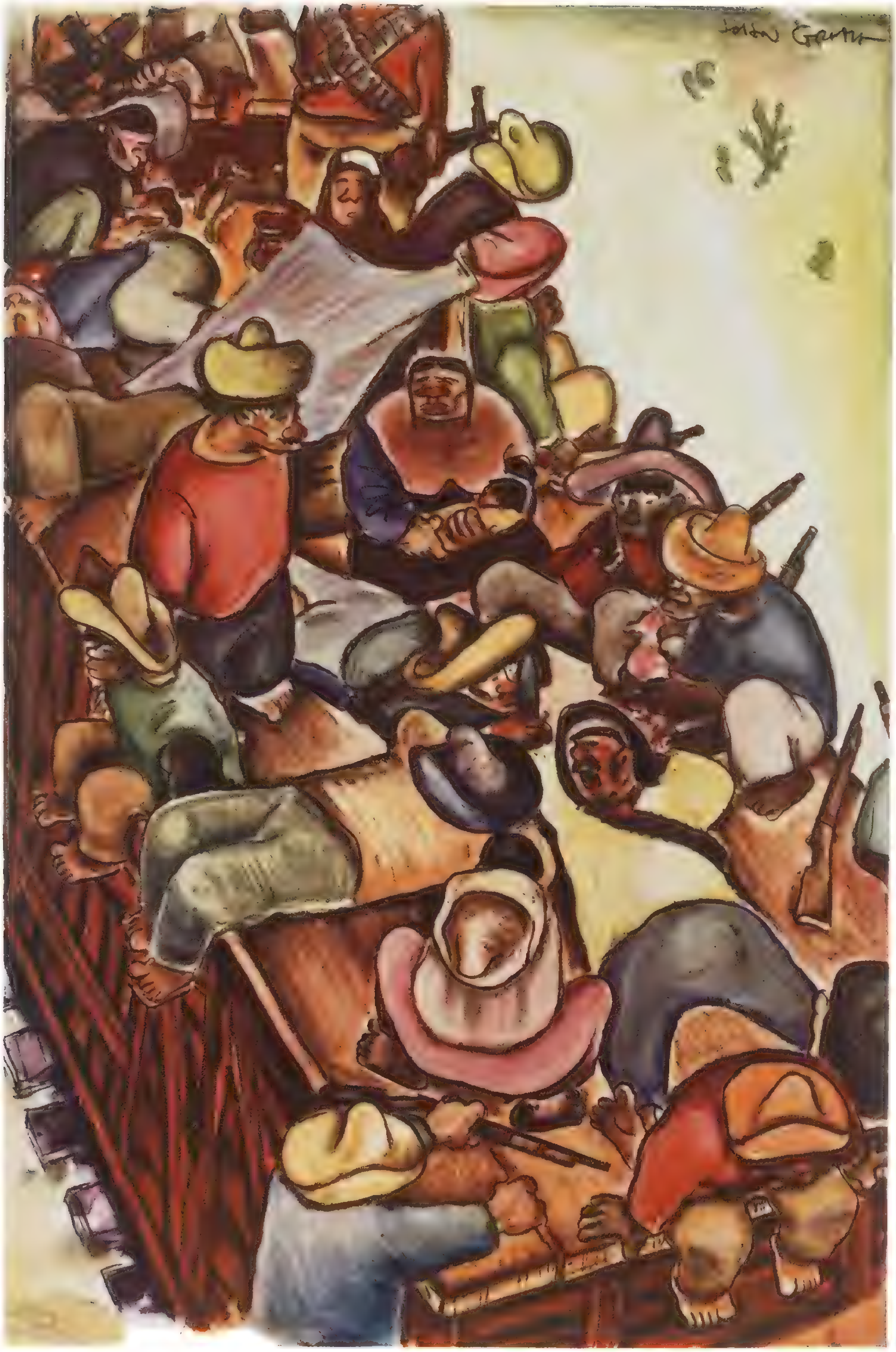
So there, like a moving cloud, comes the shadow of sixteen years of a fine artist's life (from thirty-nine to fifty-five that makes) that the state asks to take away. So here are the etchings. Take a good look at them. It is your luck to see them, and to have them, because the man who made them might as well have been in jail or killed two years ago when they put the Bourbon out. But that was a good one, that one succeeded. So a man had time to work, to make this world, and scratch it on nickled zinc a line at a time, a million lines, that make a world where there is light and depth and space, humor, pity and understanding, and a sound earthy knowledge that gives us the first true Madrid that we have seen since Goya.

Now he is in jail and the great frescoes he was making for the monument to Pablo Igleseas will not be completed. This last revolution it seems was a bad one; not like the good one that brought honor and the chance to work. A good one, you know, is one that succeeds. A bad one is one that fails.

You who read this are all right, you know. You must not feel badly. Do not let it disturb you. Madrid is a long way away and you never heard of this man before. What did he get in trouble for anyway?

Sure. That is the way to look at it. But look at the etchings. Take a good look at the etchings.

—ERNEST HEMINGWAY



"I understand the bunch on the next car is already plotting a counter revolution"

I, the Lord, Love Judgment

A horror story for steel stomachs which will scare you silly and turn your hair white overnight

by ALAN MARSHALL

• FICTION •

We began to get hungry three days after starting our journey, and by the end of the first week were almost starved. You wouldn't believe that people could eat the kind of things we sometimes ate. Some of the water we drank, too—we learned to drink it through our teeth, like horses. And then at the end, after we had walked more than a thousand miles and had crossed the Caucasian mountains, we nearly died in Armenia. We would surely have rotted to death there if two men in the crew of a little French tramp steamer we found in Trebizond had not jumped ship because it was a hell-ship and they almost went insane on it. The trouble had begun, we later found out, when the ship left Marseilles. They had sent a man down into the chain-locker to stow the anchor chain. You do this with a long hook, keeping the chain winding up smoothly on a kind of winch. This time the chain went wild, as it sometimes does, like a huge snake made of forty-pound links, lashing about in a tiny room. This iron chain-snake tore the man to pieces.

Such things at the beginning of a voyage are likely to make the crew uneasy, slowly growing suspicious of one another, wanting to kill one another, until everyone starts thinking the cook is going to poison the whole crew; finally one man kills another, as often as not the unlucky cook; then the ship is called a hell-ship. We didn't know it was a hell-ship when we signed on, but even if we had known we would have signed on anyway.

Most of our journey, as far as Trebizond at least, was crazy, but the whole of Russia was crazy then. You ought to see a whole country go crazy some time. For the first part of the journey Sergei and I had to walk all the time, because the trains were full of soldiers going home: they could have told just by looking at us that we didn't love the proletariat and they would have killed us. We even had to keep off the roads. Later on, when our clothes wore out and our hair grew shaggy, it was safer. But because we had to sneak along this way and that way, keeping out of sight, we managed to see a great many amusing things. Once at the outskirts of a town, Korotoyak, near Voronezh, we saw a small party of soldiers, six or seven, seize a woman and drag her into a clearing near the clump of white birches in which Sergei and I were hiding. She howled until we thought she had gone insane. Sergei and I crawled away from where we were hiding and made a quick detour. We never knew whether the soldiers beat the woman to death or killed her with their bayonets. At any rate, it is a shocking thing to think that Sergei and I did nothing to help her protect her honor, or even her life. For a long time we had been too busy thinking about our own lives to worry about another life, or about any honor at all.

But we were worried when our shoes began to wear out. We were following a railroad track from Tambov to Krasni Yar, and a great piece of luck befell us. One of those trains passed us, full of soldiers going home. The trains were so full that men prayed and howled and fought for places, stood in stinking compartments stuffed to ten times their capacity, even clung to the steps of speeding trains. Two such men clinging to a door started fighting. We could see that one or another would be sure to fall; we hoped it would be both. But only one fell. The other hit him in the eye, and he tumbled howling and rolling to the side of the road-bed. When the train had passed on and he no longer moved we took his clothing and his shoes. Later on we managed to steal another pair of shoes, this time from a living man.

So, indeed, we smuggled ourselves into Armenia and found our way to Trebizond. We were always afraid, twenty-four hours a day: we had only forged passports and no identity cards at all, and not enough money to bribe anyone who might wish to make trouble for us.

Moreover, Armenia is not a fragrant country, least of all Trebizond, and all we could afford to eat was rice. We had saved a few small articles to sell, and those we sold—one or two keepsakes from the man who got knocked off the train and whose boots Sergei was even then wearing, and certain other odds and ends we had picked up in one way or another. The only thing we kept was a small ikon, a very small ikon and not a very good one, belonging to Sergei. It seemed foolish not to sell that ikon when we were so sick of eating rice, and then it seemed even more foolish when we hadn't anything at all to eat, not even rice; but as it turned out at last we really lost nothing by keeping it. In fact we even made money, because we could only have got about forty francs for the ikon at the very most. So what with the rice and the lack of it, the heat and the stench and the blessed ikon, we were unhappy in Trebizond until we found that little French tramp steamer.

She was called *La Mouche à Feu*, which is to say *The Firefly*, but if light she ever had, it had long since gone out, her wings grown bedraggled. Her scupper-holes dribbled rust, there was rust on her davits and her rail and big patches of it on her stack; her bridge was a filthy white, her deck-house filthier and her plates looked none too sound, but she was out of Marseilles, so, we said to ourselves, if out of Marseilles she had come, back to Marseilles she will go unless God sends her to the bottom of the sea; and it would be a clean death to drown compared to gradual dissolution in the gutters of Trebizond. We were right, too—she did get back to Marseilles, although Sergei and I thought we should grow old while she did it. She went back to Marseilles by way of Australia.

We went aboard and found her master. He was one of those dirty sea-going Frenchmen who tramp mostly in southern waters, the scum of the seven seas. He had a big black beard which began in one ear and ended in the other, meanwhile bristling in his nostrils and tickling, so to speak, his crusty yellow teeth.

When we were sent in to see him he was seated at a table eating a mixture of fish and macaroni. He looked up at us, mopped his beard with the sleeve of a stained blue shirt, and asked us what we wished with him. Sergei, who was cleverer than I in cadet school and whose French was good, answered him.

"*Monsieur le capitaine*," said Sergei, "we should like, my friend and I, to ship out with you on this *Mouche à Feu*."

"Perhaps," the captain said. "Have you got your A.B. papers?"

We had no A.B. papers. But we would work hard, we said, we would work like demons if the captain would sign us on his ship. We would do any-

Continued on page 156

The More Presentable Sex

A questionnaire by a student of women to convince the male that his wife buys too many hats

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

ARTICLE •

All things considered, I take it that no one will be so unobservantly presumptuous as to deny that, dollar for dollar of investment in personal appearance, men on the average present a very much more sightly spectacle than women. Devoting perhaps one-tenth of their time and thought, if that, to a matter that occupies the major part of a woman's existence, they so far outdistance the assiduous other sex that the odiousness of comparison is amply made up for by the fundamental truth.

This is not to be misunderstood as claiming that men in the aggregate constitute an overwhelmingly eye-massaging and lovely picture. That is not the point. The point, to repeat, is simply that enunciated in the above paragraph, to wit, that, judging the sexes simply on the results of time and money spent, men come off immensely the better. Nor are men unconscious of the fact. It is a rare husband, accordingly, who at one time or another does not lament to his wife that if he can turn himself out as well as he does on a relatively small amount of money, he does not see why she cannot do the same thing.

The average woman, in the struggle to make herself passably comely, buys at least three dresses to a man's one suit, five hats to a man's one, several jackets or coats to a man's one, and enough lingerie, etc., to occupy all the drawers in the house save the one set aside for the man for his few socks, shirts, neckties and underthings. A man shops about once a month. It is a rare woman who doesn't shop three or four days a week. A man's toilet articles, further, are relatively few: a toothbrush, tooth powder, witch hazel, some talcum powder, perhaps some hair tonic, a nail file, a comb and brush, a razor, shaving cream, a cake of soap. A woman's embrace five or six times as many articles, ranging from various massage creams and lotions to nail polish and lipsticks, from face powders and curling papers to perfumes and sachet, from bath salts and depilatories to B. O. preparations and reducing appliances, from orange sticks and eyebrow pencils to the good Lord alone knows what else. And with what result? With the result that there never was a woman who, seeing a man directly after he had simply plastered down his hair with a little water, shaved himself and rubbed a little witch hazel on his face, didn't tell him how well he looked and didn't secretly wonder why all the vast trouble she herself goes to, both in and out of beauty parlors, does not produce the same effect.

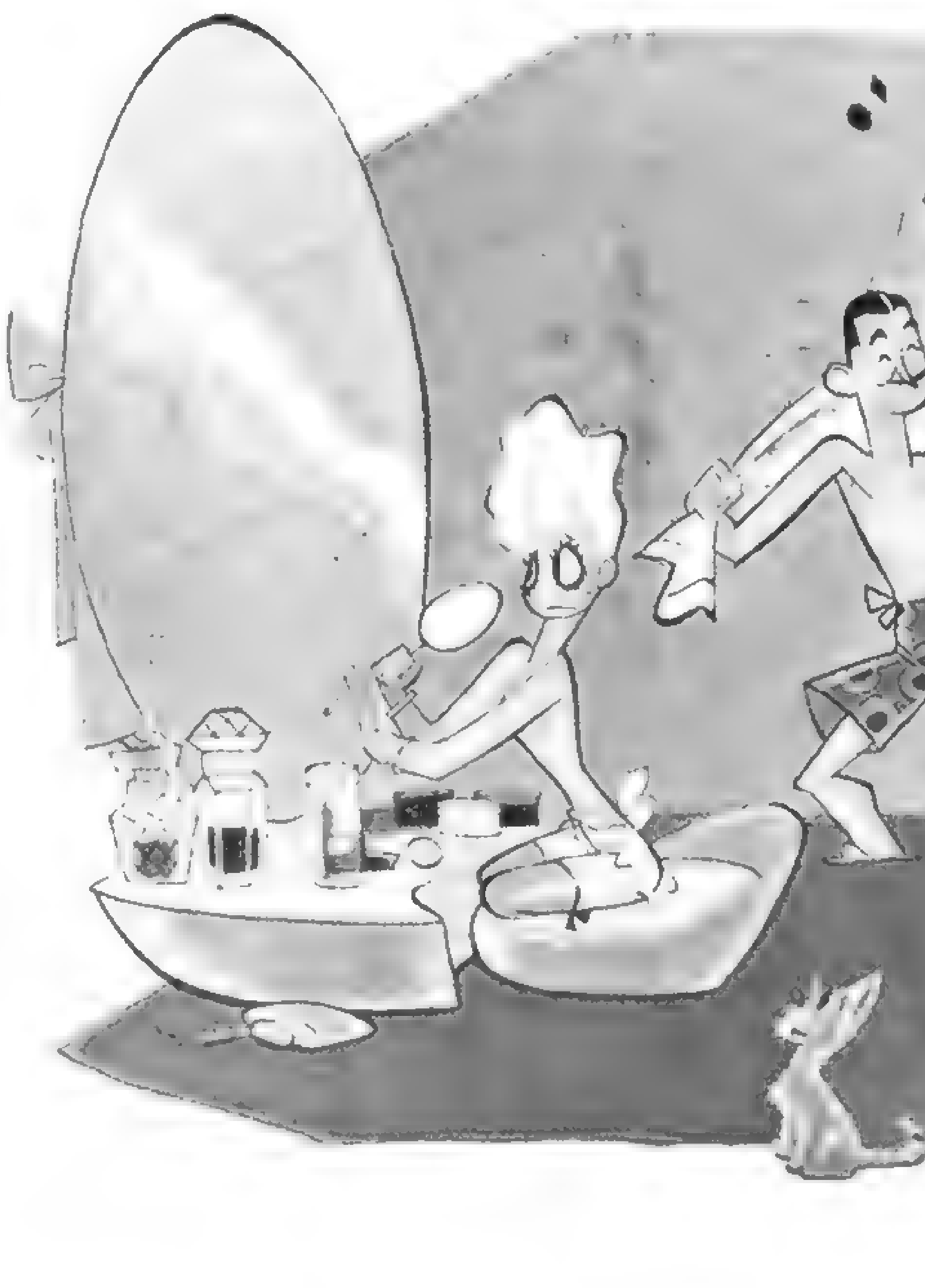
When a woman has worn the same dress day in and day out for a week, she looks more or less a dud. Yet a man may wear the same suit for a month, even without bothering to have it pressed, and still look passably well. A woman who wears the same ribbon or piece of linen or lace around her neck for a week looks a mess. But the man who wears the same necktie for a week still looks pretty spruce. To be merely known as a very well dressed woman, a woman—like Mrs. Dubonnet, *née* Jean Nash, say—has to have a wardrobe big enough to outfit a couple of *Ziegfeld Follies* productions. To be known as a faultless dresser, many a man has got away with the reputation merely on the score of a couple of day suits (one light, one dark), a dinner suit and tails and a slightly more ample than usual stock of linen.

It takes a man, furthermore, about one-fifth the time to bathe, shave and dress that it takes a woman to get herself ready for public scrutiny. Nor do men find it necessary to enhance their appearance with jewelry of one sort or another. A simple ring perhaps—even the scarf pin is no longer in favor—and that, except the necessary studs and sleeve links to hold body and linen together on formal occasions, is all. But a woman finds it necessary not only to do something about finger rings, but to embellish her otherwise possibly lack-lustre being with enough bracelets, earrings, necklaces, hair ornaments, brooches, baby pins and various other gauds to turn a Zulu cannibal chieftain green with envy.

But, argue the ladies, isn't it worth it? Do not the results merit the pains? In certain cases, most assuredly. But in the majority of cases, decidedly no. If a woman is beautiful, or even merely pretty, or peculiarly outstanding for some other reason, mere man whatever he does to make himself a target for the eye—must content himself with being, at best, a poor runner-up. The general run of woman, however, are unfortunately not in any of these happy categories and it is of these that we speak. We speak, in short, of the average woman and of the average man. And we repeat that the average woman, for all the greater time, patience, care and funds she spends on her personal appearance, does not compare with the average male. If you are skeptical, take an honest look at the men and women who pass by you the next time you stand on a street corner, provided only it isn't in the Negro quarter.

It is a well known fact that nothing is so devastating in its truth-telling as a motion picture camera. It picks out the slightest personal defect and flaw with a cruelty not equalled by the most astute Pinkerton. It is a less well known fact that, whereas the leading men in pictures can go through twelve steady hours of work before the camera with only a brief pause at widely separated intervals to freshen their make-up, it is imperative for the women (even those in the younger years) to take considerable time out not only to do things about their make-up but actually now and again to have their faces plastered with filmy tape or fish-skin in order to make themselves photographically presentable. To argue that the same thing is necessary in more private life is, of course, absurd. But it is not absurd in a relative degree. A man shaves in the morning, douses his face in cold water and is ready for the day, at least until six o'clock, when—if his beard isn't particularly stubborn he simply washes his face again, rubs it briskly and is ready for the evening. Without impolitely pursuing the point, let us content ourselves in asking whether a woman who washed her face just twice a day and abjured rouge, lipstick, powder and eyelash and eyebrow pencils would even herself consider herself sufficiently presentable?

The man who spends an exaggerated amount of time on his personal appearance is a testimonial to the soundness of the contention that we are here offering. He is, as they say, "effeminate," and he looks just a bit ridiculous. Not only to men but what is more important and very much more significant—to women. He is, in a word, womanish in respect to and as regards his looks and is hence as unwelcome to women's



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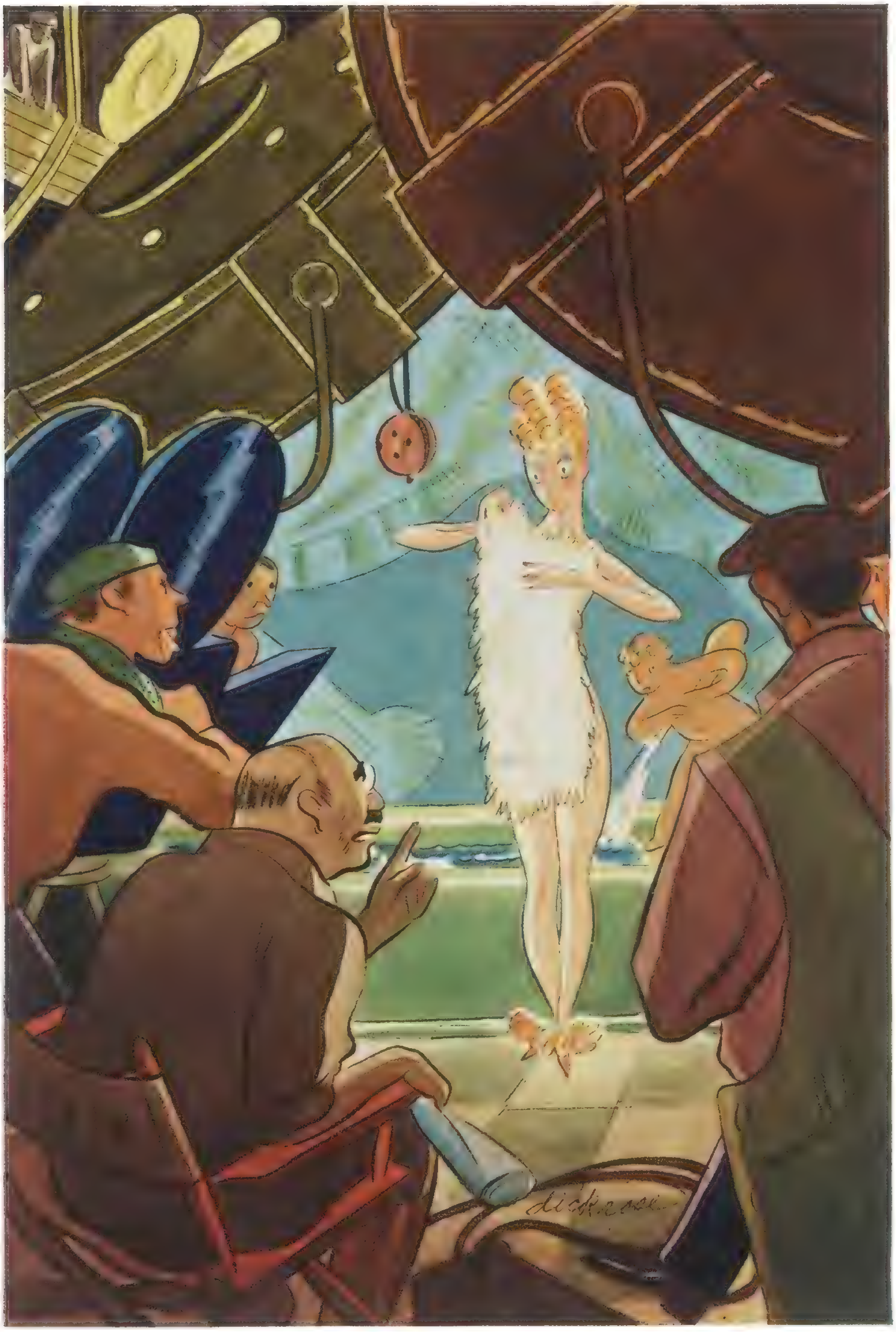
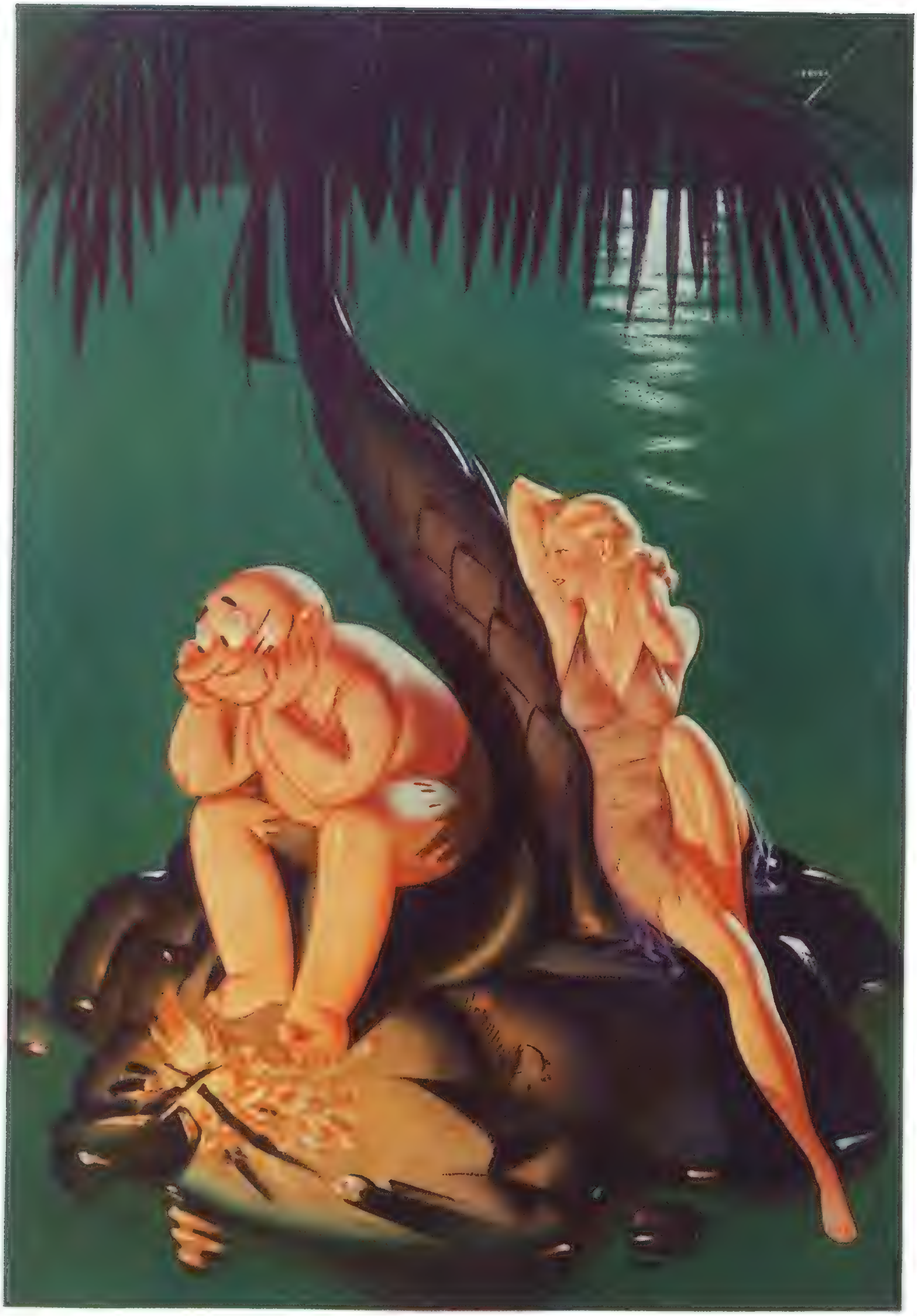


"Come now—just be natural. You've taken a bath before, haven't you?"



"Gosh, Miss Dean, if we only had something to do"

Oh, les Crêpes Suzettes!

The very fact that you want to make 'em may be held against you but if you're insistent, here's how

by JAMES M. CAIN

• ARTICLE •

Brother, it's none of my business why you want to make *crêpes suzettes*, but you can't blame me for having my suspicions about it. In the first place, you're not going to serve them at a dinner for eight, for your kitchen will be inadequate no matter how big it is and your staff will be swamped no matter how many extra boys you put into white coats to help out.

It is heresy to say so, and no doubt hurts the elegant tone of the article, but at a certain stage of the proceedings a *crêpe suzette* is indistinguishable from a flapjack, except that it is a peculiarly troublesome flapjack; if you think that you can fry twenty-four flapjacks all at once, pile them so they don't stick together, get them to the table hot, peel them off one at a time and subject them to the special operations involved—if you think you can fill this tedious business with witty talk and keep your party from dying in its chairs, you are mistaken, and you will find out to your sorrow if you try it. *Crêpes suzettes* are for one, or at most two, and if you attempt quantity production with them, you are sunk and will wish you hadn't.

In the second place, you are not going to try them until the cook has gone home, the kitchen is cleaned up and an atmosphere of quiet, suitable to scientific manipulation, has descended on the place. I warn you once more that you can't wish this job, or any part of it, off on the cook. It is too fussy, too precise, too alien to her usual method of doing things, to trust her with it. She may do it, if she has to, but she will be sure to corrupt it with baking soda or whipped cream or parsley or some other thing to which she commonly pins her somewhat naïve faith, so that it will have an amateurish, tea-roomy look to it, and you will be disgraced. You does this job yourself if you want it to come off, and as it is no very expensive job once you have stocked the paraphernalia you need, I advise you to practice it quite a bit in secret, so you can do it with an air, before you attempt it before a witness.

And in the last place, you are hardly going to offer this dish to a gentleman friend. He is much better pleased with beer and a Swiss-on-rye, and it is useless for you to tell me you are going to offer it to him anyhow, just because you like him. I won't believe you. *Crêpes suzettes*, as you know and I know and we all know, are for the feminine gender, and there is no use in your trying to hand me any apple-sauce about it. They flatter the feminine gender in an elusive yet undeniable way; they reach its heart, or what it laughingly refers to as a heart, as orchids reach it and summer ermine reaches it; they make it feel it is loved for itself alone and not for certain other things that it is vain of but reticent about. They amuse it. They make it clap its hands. They make it amiable, docile and friendly.

This leaves you, as well as I can make out, at the hour of midnight, with a member of the feminine gender sitting not far away, the fire stoked up and the lights stoked down, and *crêpes suzettes* on your mind. As I say, what she is doing in your apartment in the first place, what gave you this idea of *crêpes suzettes*, what your intentions are after she has gobbled the dish—these things are none of my business. They hire me to tell you how to make the cakes, not to make dirty cracks about your conduct. However, this is what I am getting at: It would be just as well if you didn't write me any letters, with stamped, self-addressed envelope enclosed, asking for further elucidation of some point I didn't quite make clear. You might give yourself away. I shall make everything clear, don't worry about that. Indeed, the whole thing is so clear by now that I am beginning to wonder whether it ought to be printed at all.

You goes out, then, and you shops yourself up some supplies. A chafing dish is indispensable to this rite; in fact, it is the foundation of it. If you have followed these pieces, you should have the proper chafing dish by now; if not, get a plain one with an alcohol lamp under it whose flame you can control, that is, that you can reduce or increase with the turn of a handle. Don't let anybody sell you an electric chafing dish for this purpose. The chief charm of *crêpes suzettes*, to the feminine eye, is the amount of blue flame they involve, and as a preliminary statement of the *motif*, the alcohol flame is highly desirable.

ABRACADABRA

Next, get a smallish, silver-plated platter. This is used on the frame of the chafing dish, instead of the dish itself. It should be small enough to rest easily on the frame and deep enough to hold quite a little sauce without slopping it around.

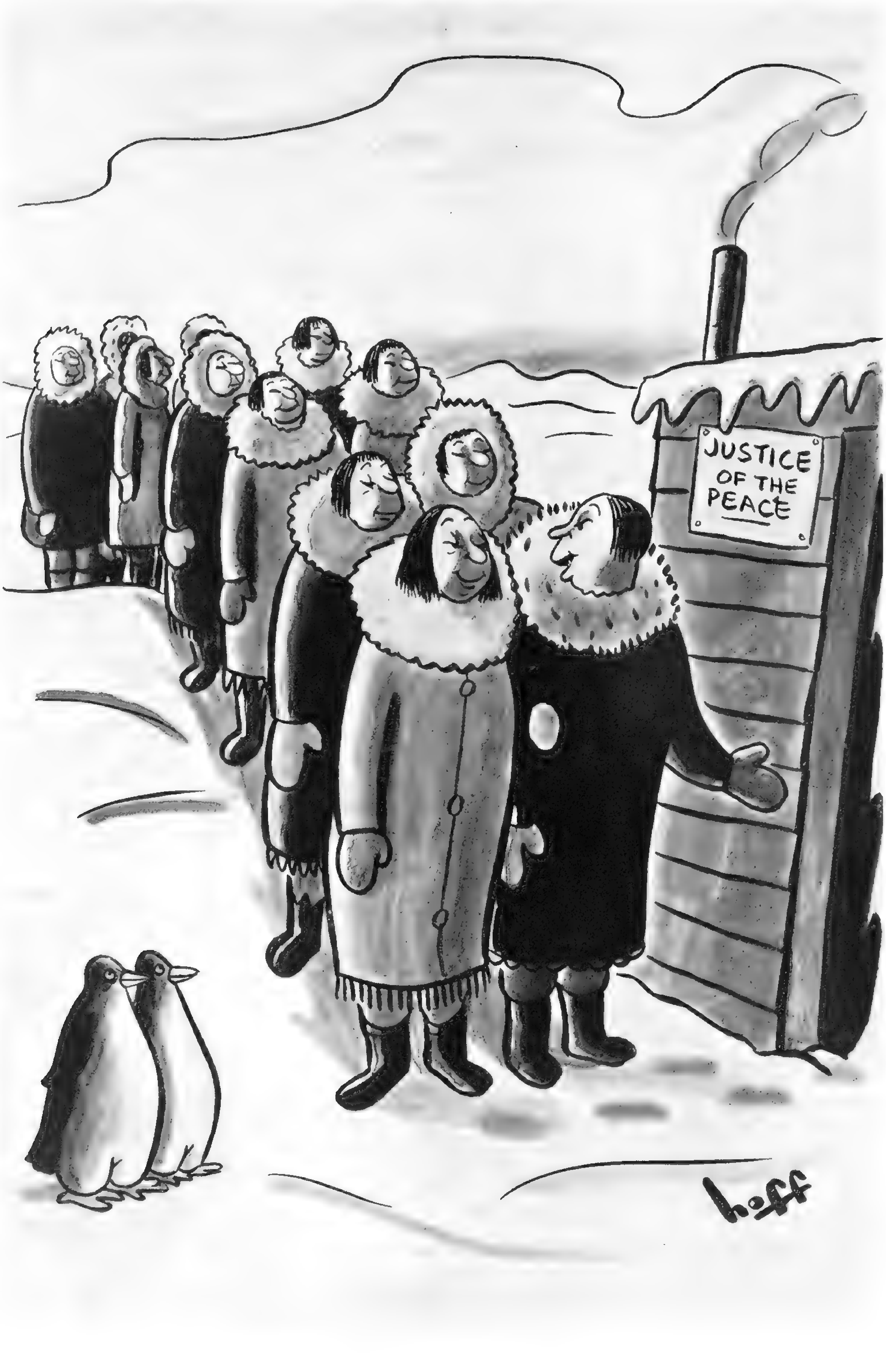
Next, get a pan for frying the *crêpes*, or better still, since they don't cost much, four pans, one for each burner of your gas stove, so you can fry four cakes at the same time and serve them hot. Get these pans preferably at a restaurant supply house. They are small, japanned frying pans, very shallow. They should be five or six inches across the bottom, no bigger. Once you get them, never wash them. Wipe them out after each using, and put them away. They improve with time.

Get a flat, thin knife, blunt or rounded on the end, and as flexible as you can find. This is for turning the cakes. Some flapjacks you can turn by pitching them up in the air and others by using a cake turner, but not these babies. They are temperamental cakes, and the only way I know that you can turn them without tearing them to pieces is with this same flat, thin, blunt and flexible knife.

With this stuff stocked, you can begin. The first thing you do is make the sauce. This, regardless of what you hear of its closely guarded and almost incomprehensible mysteries, is not in the least difficult. Take four lumps of sugar. Rub two of them against an orange and two of them against a lemon. When the skins are well grated into the sugar, crack them up a little and put them into an ordinary small pan. To them add a good-sized lump of butter, a jigger of Cointreau and a jigger of Benedictine. Light the gas and melt all this together. Don't boil it and don't scorch it. Just coddle it along until it is melted into an even mixture. When it is done, pour it into a cruet, a gravy boat or some faintly improbable container. I suggest you peer at it closely, and mutter to yourself over it, as though it were a brew of inordinate complexity. This won't make it better, but it will make it seem better. I suggest, too, that you don't encourage any undue familiarity on her part during these preliminaries, which perforce have to take place in the kitchen. She will probably want to peer at everything very closely, and she may offer to do something, such as preparing the sugar: discourage her, politely but coldly. It is part of her nature, at the end, to steal your act and begin talking about *our crêpes suzettes;* for my part, I find this annoying and I think that she should be made to keep her place.

Rapt concentration is the proper note in the kitchen, the attitude of a maestro who is doing something so delicate he just can't

Continued on page 174


JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
hoff

"Night starts tomorrow"

Mug's Game?

In which Ezra, with averted nose, delicately hints that bankers and bums are brothers under the skin

by EZRA POUND

• ARTICLE •

As THE welfare of a hundred million people depends on the monetary and credit system, you would think kids in school would be taught at least as much economics as I have put into my ABC. Or wouldn't you?

Before I was twelve I had been through three physiology school books, and I don't suppose they have been removed from the curriculum.

The difference between misery and nourishment, between a life of constant worry and a decent life with security depends on the country's system of metal coin, green backs *and* bank money. Just as the life of primitive sailors depended on calm and storm. We were brought up in black ignorance, and the schools still do nothing about it. Grown men are ignorant as their children. Men high in authority either don't think or can't think. And they don't KNOW either what has been, or what is actually being done.

We will never have clear economic knowledge until we stop hiding two or three ideas under one hat, as even the so eminent J. P. Warburg has done in his recent, brilliant volume on money. Anyone who wants to start thinking about economics has got to separate his ideas.

1. He must distinguish between capital and property.

"My bust by Gaudier is my property, no one has to do anything about it. My bond in the X and Q railway is capital, someone has to rustle around and provide me with fifty dollars a year because I own that bond."

2. "Standard" as in "gold standard" is used sometimes to mean measure and sometimes to mean a warehouse receipt, or a demand for the delivery of the gold.

Now, gentlemen, under which shell has brother Warburg shifted this golden pea?

3. No term is more in favor with tricksters than the term "DEMAND," which is used sometimes to mean what people want, and sometimes to mean what they can buy.

Now gentlemen under which shell is your wish to eat and be clothed?

As long as the state or the people is willing to *hire* its own credit *from* banks and gamesters to whom the politicians have given it free gratis for the taking, crime (such as banditry, dope smugglings) is a mug's game. The bankers have all the majesty of the law on their side and get medals for their simple and profitable arithmetic.

To a moral man like myself it appears outrageous that the state should run into debt to private individuals by and in the very act of creating real wealth, as it does whenever it goes in for reforestation or putting up power plants.

It is an outrage that a man with peaches and another man with wheat should be hindered from swapping their stuff until another bloke who owns metal (or some derivative) permits 'em to do it. And the great nashnl leaders don't KNOW what the h . . l they are doing.

The bankers lift more in a year than the crime gangs do in two decades.

As Bill remarked, "The press hasn't been told yet." Bill was a syndicate writer and knew what the press hadn't been told.

No normal, average newspaper reader, and very few officials of chambers of commerce, Hon. representatives, etc., show signs of knowing that an auxiliary currency has functioned for fifteen years in France. Most of 'em don't know what it is.

In Toulouse during the armistice, we were using postage stamps and street car tickets for change. Then the local (or as they call it the "departmental," meaning the provincial) chamber of commerce issued small token coins. This happened all over France TO MEET A PUBLIC NEED. The coins were only good in their own provinces, and were a bother when you traveled from one place to another. Next the United French Chambers of Commerce issued a uniform token coinage good all over France, but not good for foreign exchange.

The orthodox professors, and newspaper writers did NOT tell the English and American public. And the French don't advertise. They have just gone on for fifteen years reaping the benefit. As Jean Barral remarks (advocating a still more useful invention) "The gold mines are not in France."

Sixty-three years ago when the New York banks weren't helping Wisconsin, my grandfather issued his own money, with the inscription "Chippewa Lumbering Co. will pay bearer in lumber or merchandise." The money was good. It worked. It was never repudiated. Men cut down trees and got fed.

Secretary Morgenthau misses the point when he has me informed that these notes are "an interesting example of private money." The point is that it was practical and valid money, issued AGAINST a commodity.

The commodity dollarites have got 'emselves all balled up with their graphs. It don't so eternally matter whether you get a "dollar's worth of beef," or ninety-eight cents worth, or a dollar and two cents worth, as that you GET ENOUGH.

There has got to be an available ticket for each pound of beef that is WANTED.

To come back to brother Warburg (who writes music when he ain't being a banker of international reputation). He don't twig the real dicotomy (fancy word meaning division or difference).

The root difference in banks is a difference of INTENTION. (So far as I know, I started the idea of calling the right kind of economics "volitionist" economics.)

There are, historically speaking, two kinds of banks: those that meant to be useful to the state or the people, and those that started as gangs of creditors wanting to get the last ounce out of the public, by taxes, by seizing the customs houses and collecting big duties, by holding up the exchange of commodities and levying tribute on it, at the points most inconvenient (to the public) and easiest for the bank to control.

For example the Banca San Giorgio, that ate up the whole state of Genoa, a bank very famous for its integrity in minor details of bookkeeping. One of its eulogists tells us:

'After the revolution of 1797 . . . the provisional government . . . provisorily left the bank the control over its internal administration and over the customs' duties, but took from its directors their *absolute civil and criminal jurisdiction* as incompatible with the unity of the Republic and the sovereignty of the people."

Wouldn't that make Monty Norman bust

Continued on page 148

Sports of Merrie England

Weird doings of the British Islanders who put the bee on the fish and call it dibbling

by DONALD CHARLES

• HUMOR •

THE war, it has been said, was won on the cricket fields of England, a statement which puzzles an observer who is of the opinion that the armed tanks, the machine-guns and the infantry might at least have been given credit for an assist.

Cricket undoubtedly is played to some extent in England, but it is by no means the only sport which finds favor in British eyes. There are other minor but none-the-less important sports to which the British usually turn during the summer and now for the first time the breathless curiosity of the American public in regard to these sports can be satisfied, if not satiated. A discussion of them will also indicate that the British are also a funny race.

We begin with a discussion of the ancient sport of nightingale listening which means, oddly enough, merely the listening to a nightingale. The first requisite of this game is the finding of a nightingale and although this may sound easy it is apt to involve a long and dangerous search. The nightingale has been so well publicized by English poets that a visitor to England may be pardoned if he expects to be deafened by the chorus arising from millions of the little darlings.

One of the first real nightingale listeners was a party by the name of John Keats, a literary cove, who after years of searching finally located a nightingale in Kent. So overcome was he with the music which trickled forth from the throat of the little animal that he sat himself down and wrote a bit of verse about it.

He certainly went to town for the beast, calling it such things as "Thou light-winged Dryad of the trees" and he wound up by saying, "Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird."

Well, sir, the poem made quite a hit and everybody in London who had long hair and no job immediately started to write poems about the nightingale.

Cooks concocted (on paper) an appetizing dish called Nightingale Pie but it is not on record that the pie was ever made for no one could find any nightingales to use in it. It may have been that the nightingale family, annoyed by the publicity, had moved to France or maybe to Ireland where everybody is so screwy about skylarks that a few nightingales wouldn't ever be noticed.

In any case there has been a severe shortage of nightingales during recent years and it is this shortage which has given rise to the now well-established sport of nightingale listening.

The London newspapers have nightingale experts who roam throughout the country looking for the little song birds. When one is located a note will appear in the papers the next day. It will say merely, "A nightingale was located at Twitchyn-on-Thyme last night."

This is enough to arouse the sporting instinct in the breasts of a thousand amateur nightingale listeners. First they dress in the conventional black of the craft, donning the crepe soled shoes which are considered to be essential. One school of thought, generally discredited, believes in chasing the nightingale. The other believes in persuading the nightingale to come to you and then by various means getting him to sing. The champion of this class is Miss Beatrice Harrison.

Miss Harrison lives in Surrey and every evening she goes into her garden accompanied only by her cello. She is adept at wooing songs from the throat of this bird who wast not born for death and so well known is her peculiar power that the British Broadcasting Company recently installed permanent microphones in her garden. As soon as she persuades a nightingale to sing, the microphones are turned on and all radio programs throughout England are stilled until the bird finishes his song. It is sometimes disconcerting to be listening to the vibrant sternness of David Lloyd George as he once more fixes war responsibility over the ether, interrupted by the soft trembling notes of the nightingale who, thinking that his only audience is Miss Harrison, is actually singing to a million people. As yet no enterprising commercial firm has thought of a way to subsidize the bird but despite the ban on radio advertising in England, it is quite possible that some dissatisfied nightingale may succumb to the lure of gold and that one night he will interrupt his song to warble: "Smith and Jones, Smith and Jones, their beef bouillon is good for your bones."

Miss Harrison has never revealed just what tunes are the most efficacious in luring music from the throat of the bird. The ordinary amateurs in the spirit all have their favorite musical instruments and their favorite tunes.

Deems Taylor, the distinguished American composer, who while in England became something of an expert on the subject, has some interesting remarks to make as to the choice of music.

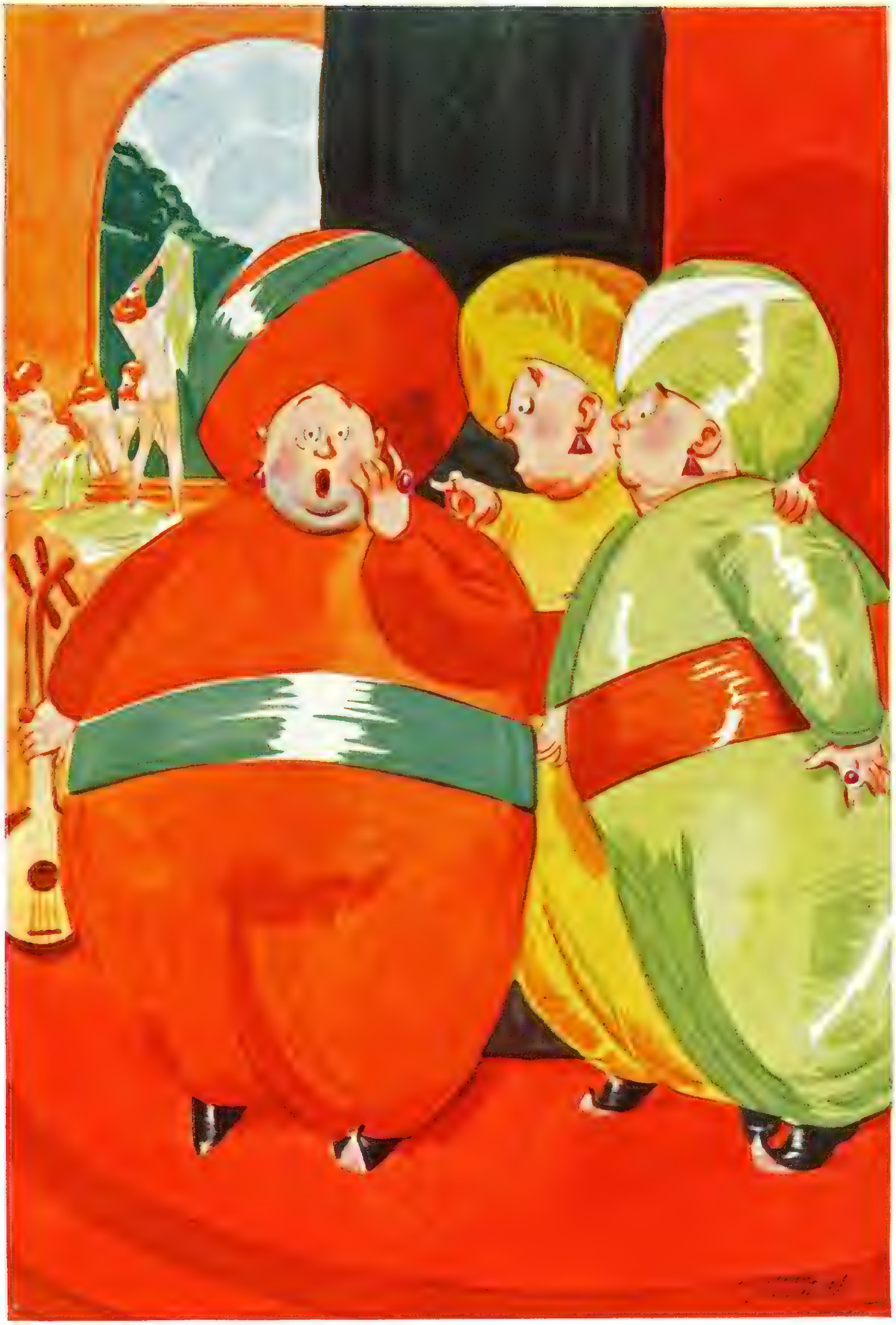
"Undoubtedly," Mr. Taylor said, "Liszt's *St. Francis Preaching to the Birds* should find response in the nightingale, but there are certain practical difficulties to overcome in the rendering of this number. It was written for a full symphony orchestra, and if the nightingale were located, for instance, at Vernham Dean, Wiltshire, which is twelve miles from Newbury, the nearest railroad station, the problem of transporting a hundred and twelve men with instruments might be a rather awkward one.

"One of the leading nightingale listeners in England asked my advice on what music to use and I suggested that Schuman's *Vogel als Prophet* might be suitable. The poor fellow took my advice and I regret to say broke his back. You see," the composer confessed sheepishly, "*Vogel als Prophet* is written for the piano. I had forgotten this, and my poor friend hurried off on the trail of a nightingale with a concert grand piano across his back. The adventure ended in disaster.

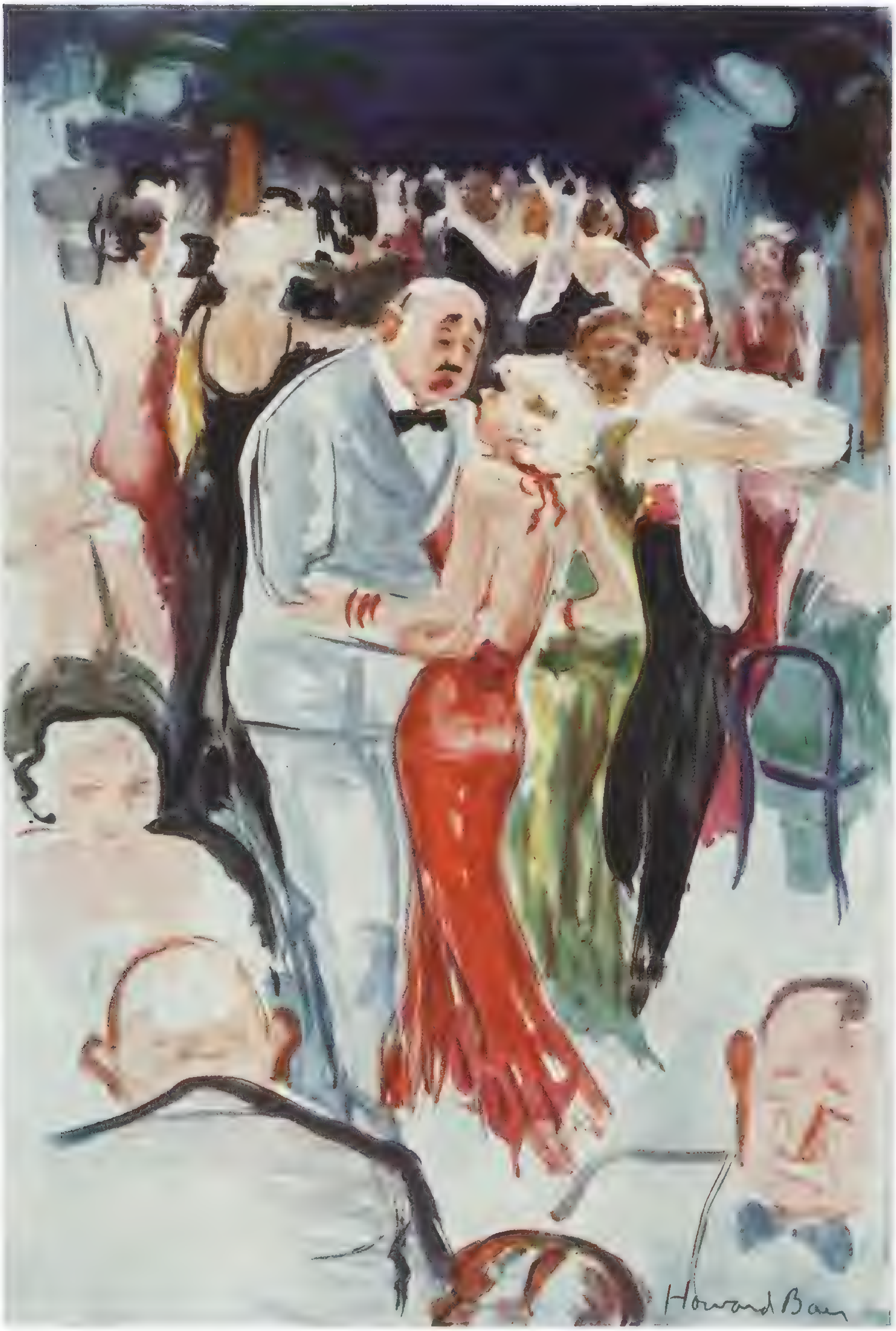
"Then there was the time when I suggested that Rimsky-Korsakoff's *The Nightingale and the Rose* might be worth trying," Mr. Taylor added. "Another friend of mine tried this, playing it on a violin. He was fortunate in locating a whole bevy of nightingales, too, but as soon as he started to play, the nightingales flew into a rage, dashed against him and his violin and literally tore the violin to pieces. I had forgotten, of course, that Rimsky-Korsakoff was a Russian and this was during the uproar caused by the Metropolitan-Vickers case during the course of which several English engineers had been put into jail by the Soviet. The nightingales, British to the core, shared the general indignation. Relations between England and the Soviet, although not actually broken, were a bit frayed around the edges and this was the reaction of the nightingale."

Americans with their liking for the tympanic titillation of the tom-tom have never achieved even moderate success in the sport. Undoubtedly Miss Harrison must be acknowledged as the champion of champions and until she breaks silence to reveal the

Continued on page 170



"Why, Norman! . . . you're growing a beard!"



ENEMIES OF MAN No. 10: DON JUAN ON BORROWED TIME

THEY'VE had his obituary standing for ten years in every newspaper office—no gambler would bet, at any odds, on his lasting out last season or the season before—and yet he moves in on the Florida nightscape as a one-man invasion, grabbing off all the glamorous girls, putting up the kind of competition that nobody else can touch, and leaving all the rest of us—all the rest of us who are so light-hearted (and light-pocketed), so foot-loose (and purse-bound)—our choice of those Florida widows who currently assay about nine and a half cents a dozen. There ought to be a law about this. There is. It's an old one to the effect that "he who has, gets."

Candy-Man

Being a sympathetic portrait of a Georgia jig, with nothing but a yellow gal on his mind

by ERSKINE CALDWELL

• FICTION •

IT WAS ten miles out of the Ogeechee swamps, from the saw mill to the top of the ridge, but it was just one big step to Candy-Man. The way he stepped over those Middle Georgia gullies was a sight to see.

"Where you going, Candy-Man?"

"Make way for these flapping feet, boy, because I'm going for to see my gal. She's standing on the tips of her toes waiting for me now."

The rabbits lit out for the hollow logs where those stomping feet couldn't touch them.

"Don't step on no white-folks, Candy-Man," Little Bo said. "Because the white-folks is first-come."

Candy-Man Beechum flung a leg over the rail fence just as if it had been a hoe-handle to straddle. He stood for a minute, astride the fence, looking at the black boy. It was getting dark in the swamps, and he had ten miles to go.

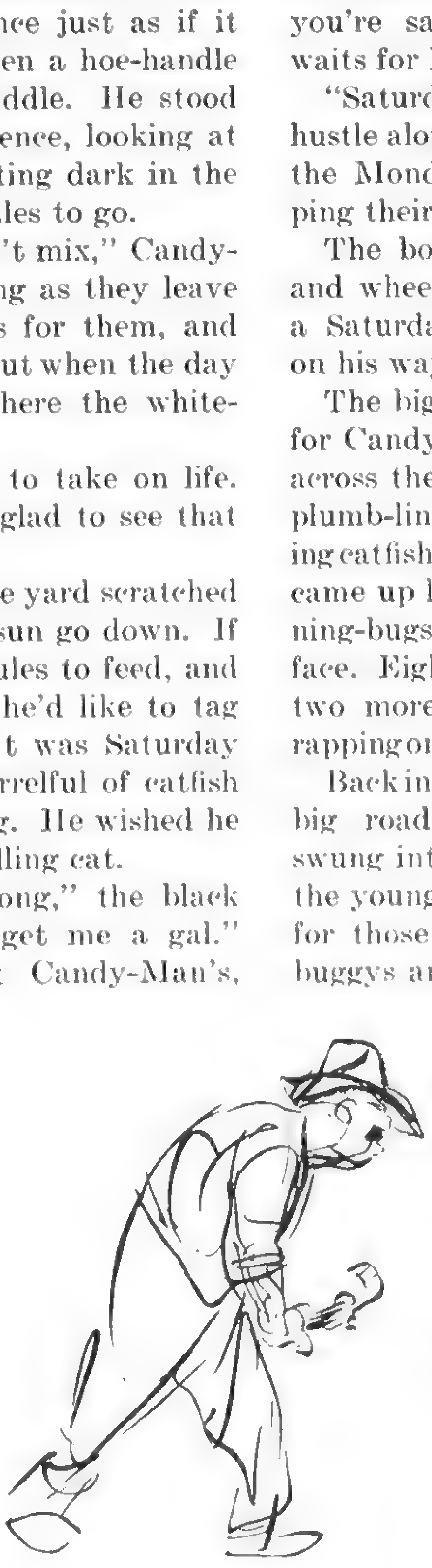
"Me and white-folks don't mix," Candy-Man told him, "just as long as they leave me be. I skin their mules for them, and I snake their cypress logs, but when the day is done, I'm long gone where the white-folks aint are."

Owls in the trees began to take on life. Those whooing birds were glad to see that setting sun.

The black boy in the mule yard scratched his head and watched the sun go down. If he didn't have all those mules to feed, and if he had a two-bit piece, he'd like to tag along with Candy-Man. It was Saturday night, and there'd be a barrelful of catfish frying in town that evening. He wished he had some of that good-smelling cat.

"Before the time aint long," the black boy said, "I'm going to get me a gal."

"Just be sure she aint Candy-Man's, boy, and I'll give you a helping hand."



He flung the other leg over the split-rail fence and struck out for the high land. Ten miles from the swamps to the top of the ridge, and his trip would be done. The bushes whipped around his legs, where his legs had been. He couldn't be waiting for the back-strike of no swamp-country bushes. Up the log road, and across the bottom land, taking three corn rows at a stride, Candy-Man Beechum was on his way.

There were some colored boys taking their time in the big road. He was up on them before they had time to turn their heads around.

"Make way for these flapping feet, boys," he shouted. "Here I come."

"Where you going, Candy-Man?"

They had to do a lot of running to keep up with him. They had to hustle to match those legs four feet long. He made their breath come short.

"Somebody asked me where I'm going," Candy-Man said. "I got a yellow gal, and I'm on my way to pay her some attention."

"You'd better toot your horn, Candy-Man, before you open the door. Them yellow gals don't like to be taken by surprise."

"Boy, you're tooting the truth, except that you don't know the why-for of what you're saying. Candy-Man's gal always waits for him right at the door.

"Saturday night bucks sure have to hustle along. They have to strike pay before the Monday morning whistle starts whipping their ears."

The boys fell behind, stopping to blow and wheeze. There was no keeping up, on a Saturday night, with the mule skinner on his way.

The big road was too crooked and curvy for Candy-Man. He struck out across the fields, headed like a plumb-line for a dishful of frying catfish. The lights of the town came up like a swarm of lightning-bugs to meet him in the face. Eight miles to town, and two more to go, and he'd be rapping on that yellow gal's door.

Back in the big road, when the big road straightened out, Candy-Man swung into town. The old folks riding, and the young ones walking, they all made way for those flapping feet. The mules to the buggys and the sports in the middle of the road all got aside to let him through.

"What's your big hurry, Candy-Man?"

"Take care my dust don't choke you blind, niggers. I'm on my way."

"Where to, Candy-Man?"

"I got a gal what's waiting on her toes. She don't like for to be kept waiting long."

"Better slow down, Candy-Man, because you're coming to white-folks town. They don't like niggers stepping on their corns."

"When the sun goes down, I'm on my own. I can't be stopping to see what color folks be."

"How about taking me along, Candy-Man? I'd like to grab a chicken off a henhouse roost."

"Where I'm going I'm the cock of the walk. I gouge my spurs in all strange feathers. Stay away, black boy, stay away."

Down the street he went, sticking to the middle of the road. The sidewalks couldn't hold him, when he was in a hurry like that. A plateful of frying catfish, and he would be on his way.

That yellow gal was waiting, and there was no time to lose. Eight miles covered, and two short ones to go. That saw mill fireman would have to pull on that Monday morning whistle like it was the rope to the promised land. But maybe he wouldn't pay it heed, even then. That yellow gal had what it took.

The smell of the fish took him straight to the door. Maybe they were mullets, but they smelled just as good. There wasn't enough time to order up a special dish of fins.

He had his hand on the fish-house door. When he had his supper, he would be on his way. He could see that gal waiting only a couple of miles away for him.

All those boys were sitting at their meal. The room was full of hungry people just like him. The stove was full of frying fish, and the barrel was only half way used. There was enough good eating for a hundred hungry men.

He still had his hand on the door, and his nose was soaking it in. If he could have his way about it, some of these days he was going to buy a barrel of catfish and fry them all.

"What's your hurry, Candy-Man?"

"No time to waste, white-boss. Just let me be."

The night policeman snapped open the handcuffs, and reached for his arm. Candy-Man stepped away.

"I reckon I'd better lock you up. It'll save a lot of trouble. I'm getting tired of chasing fighting niggers all over town."

"I never hurt a body in all my life, white-boss. And I sure don't pick fights. You must have the wrong nigger, white-boss. You sure has got me wrong. I'm just passing through for to see my gal."

"I reckon I'll play safe and lock you up

Continued on page 116

Lost Sheep

The cowboy who was sent to find them tells the cold facts of a case of criminal neglect

by JAMES A. (PATT) PATTERSON

• ARTICLE •

The fierce hard winter of 1919 has left a very vivid picture in my mind, and one that I'll never forget. I was ridin' for the Rafter Two (2̂) Outfit on the upper Beaver Creek, this range bein' located in the northern part of Wyoming.

The thermometer was a-hangin' twenty-three below, the wind was a-blowin' hard and it was cuttin' like a knife. It was about four o'clock in the morning and still dark; the coyotes had just commenced howling, when my pardner, Say Nothin', and me saddled our horses for another hard trip back up to the mountain country. We had just mounted our cold, wet saddles and had ridden about two hundred yards when I heard the cook's voice shoutin' for us to hold up a minute. I tried to holler back but the wind was too strong.

"What's the trouble?" I asked as we rode back up to the ranch porch.

"Pat Hailey jist called on the phone and said 'at three bands of the old man's sheep was scattered all over the whole Nine and Fifteen Mile Country."

"Yeah, well what's wrong with Slough-foot Charlie, the head camp-tender?"

"He's in Buffalo, too drunk to get out, so Pat said."

"Well, I'll be a durn' fool if that ain't good. The boss in Omaha, and that damn' camp-tender in town drunker'n seven hundred dollars. Listen, Joe," I finally said, "get back to that phone and call town and tell Hailey to get Slough-foot out here."

Then turnin' to Say Nothin' I told him we'd better rein and head for the sheep. "Le's go!" I said and swingin' our horses, we started buckin' snowdrifts.

If ever I thought I'd freeze plumb to death, it was that last hour just before sun-up; if ever two boys welcomed the sun, we sure did. We finally neared the hogbacks, and I knew we was comin' into the Fifteen Mile Country.

Around one o'clock that day and the wind still howlin', I caught a faint sound. I reined my horse and with my hat lifted and held close to my head, I listened again. Tumble-weeds was a-sweepin' across the bleak snow, the wind was howlin' and blowin' so hard you could dire face against it. I knew I'd heard a dog, but to set my horse and listen was of no use, so I dismounted and puttin' my head close to my horse's neck, and breakin' the wind from my other ear with my hat, I stood shakin' and almost holdin' my breath.

"Damn' cold," said Say Nothin' shiverin' so he could hardly talk. I could see his face and ears had already been frozen, and I wasn't any too sure but what mine was too, but I was afraid to start talkin' 'cause I was afraid I'd go to pieces. We had been in our saddles so long our muscles was out of control. The sharp wind had cut our eyes until our faces was covered with tear stains. Still, we couldn't give up, for the more I thought of the camp-tender bein' in the condition he was in, the more I was sure we'd find three herders starved or frozen to death.

It all went through me like a knife as I stood there strainin' my hearin' for any sound of sheep or dog. Finally, I caught the faint barkin' of a working dog again. "They're to our left," and I pointed through a gap in the blanketed ridges and again we headed into the wind. Our horses plowed along with their heads lowered and turned almost to our chaps. About a mile of flounderin' through crusted snowdrifts, and I dismounted again. Then after standin' for some time, I heard the dogs again. We urged our horses on once more, and after close on to two miles or more buckin' against the strong wind, we finally reined our horses short and sat watchin' one of the most pitiful sights I ever saw in my many long years in the saddle.

Say Nothin' looked over at me, then sat starin' into the lead of us.

I don't think there was more than a pint of my blood circulatin' when we rode up, but before we had sat there five minutes, it felt like that pint had turned into a gallon and was all passin' through me in double time. This time, as Say Nothin' looked over at me, I noticed him try to swallow. I shook my head and motioned for him not to move his horse or speak, for I wanted to determine one thing—was I crazy from the terrible exposure, or was the herder! There he was, him'n and his two little Australian sheep dogs, with just exactly thirty-three head of sheep, millin' them 'round and 'round an old dead cottonwood stump like a merry-go-round. The herder was staggerin' in a circle, laughin' hysterically and swingin' his long arms.

"Ha! Ha! The winter hain't killed us yit. We're still on our feet, hain't we little boys? A-a-round 'em again. Around 'em, Charlie!"

It was old Walt—As he stood with his long black overcoat closed and buttoned about his throat, and which hung almost down to his shoe tops—all dirty, torn and ragged—he gave me the impression of a once determined, fearless man who now realized he was lost. One who had not only gone mad from starvation, but whose face had already become set with the deep anguished lines of a man dying from mental as well as physical agony.

We set there watchin' his two little dogs work. They was so tired they could hardly bark and so weak from the long exposure they reeled as they trotted, but still they tried to obey their herder. The sheep was too near gone to do very little more than turn their heads a trifle as the two dogs would pass them.

"Ha, ha! O-o-oh, I wish somebody'd come. I'm hungry!" he was sayin' over and over in a feeble voice. He hadn't noticed us and didn't until we had ridden almost up to his side.

We watched him close as I said, "Hello, herder."

I had hardly finished speakin' than up went his right hand in an effort to salute us. His eyes was starin' wild and in his effort to straighten, he tipped forward on his face.

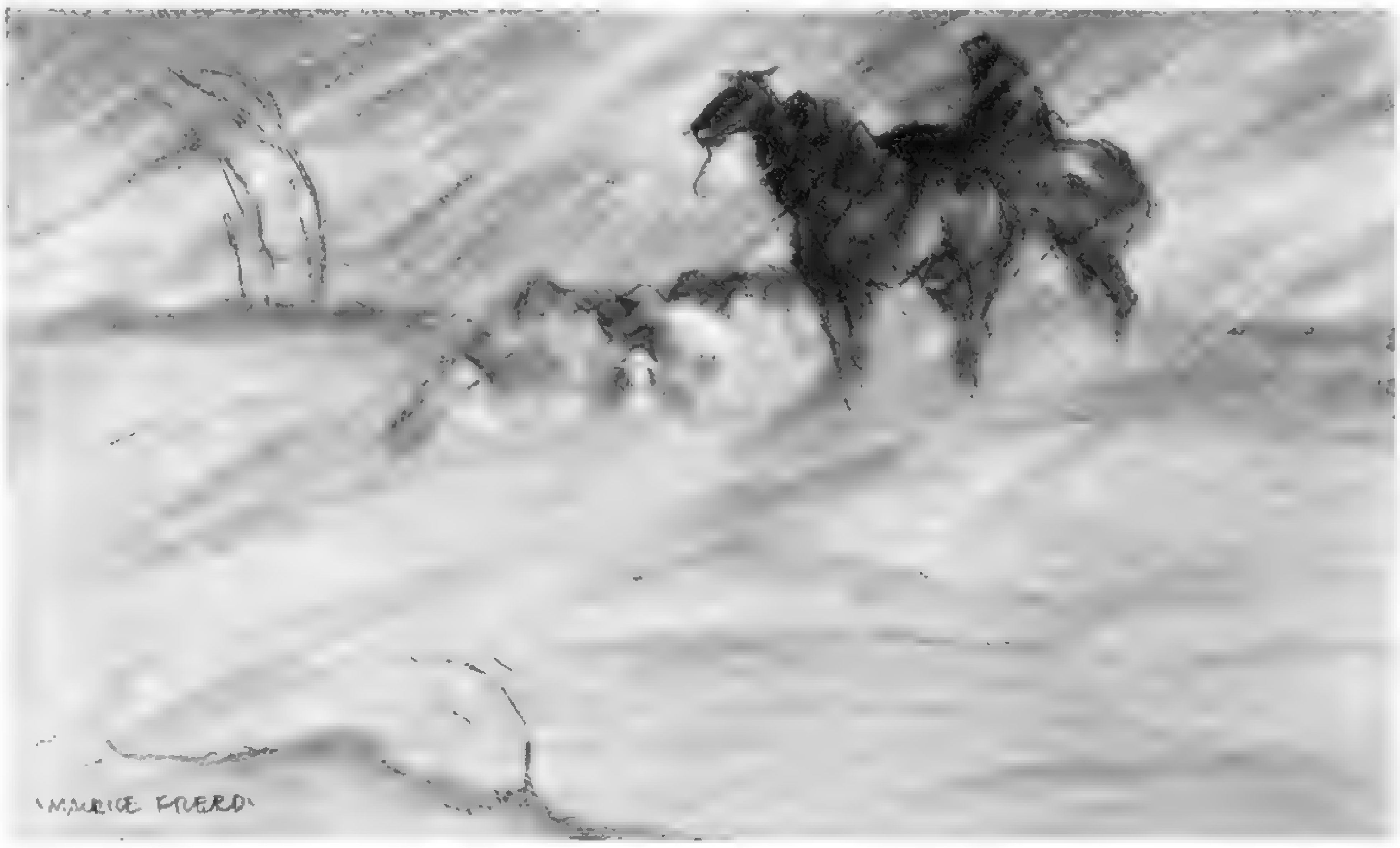
"That's what I'se afraid of. He's outa his mind, Say Nothin'."

We both swung down from our horses and, without wastin' a minute, started in to workin' over the old herder. I knew the suddenness of seein' some one comin' to his help had caused him to drop. We worked hard but we was so near frozen ourselves 'at it took sometime before our fingers would move. I told Say Nothin' to take his knife and cut one of the sheep's throats, so we could pour some of the warm blood down the herder. He did and by usin' my glove as a cup, we lifted the dying herder's head and forced the blood down him. Several minutes later, he opened his eyes and lay starin' up at me. He tried to talk but his lips only twitched. He was alive, but had gone insane from hunger and cold. The wind kept on howlin' but by workin' over the poor fellow for close on to two hours and gettin' him to drink some more warm blood, we finally lifted him upon my horse. After tyin' him so's he wouldn't fall from it, I told Say Nothin' to take him and head for Josh Soul's home ranch about eighteen miles still southwest of us.

"I don't know if our horses'll make it or not but take him and his two dogs. Tell Josh to let you have two fresh horses, turn ours in his corral. Ask him to keep 'em grain fed and bring back oats for the horses and somethin' for us to eat. Make it back tonight if you can!" I hollered and stood watching them ride off.

A thousand things went through my mind as I saw them ride out of sight, but with the dead sheep all about and the thoughts of the big camp-tender goin' through my mind, I started walkin'. Dusk came and I was still walkin' and tryin' to push stragglin' sheep to where we could work them back together again, and before the sun had been down an hour, it sounded as if there was a dozen hungry coyotes on every wind-swept ridge and in every hollow draw. They had been slaughterin' sheep by the hundreds. I took my thirty-eight from my chap pocket and shot in the air to frighten the damnable killers away. Sheep were bleatin', for as far as your eye could see there was small bunches standin' huddled together.

About nine o'clock that night, I commenced gettin' uneasy about Say Nothin', for instead of the wind calmin' down, it was raisin' and before ten o'clock it was whippin' the snow into a regular blizzard. I tried to build a sagebrush fire but the snow was siftin' too fast. I had already ridden and walked so far and gone so long without anything to eat, that I knew I must find a windbreak or I'd go the way the herder had. I finally managed to pile enough dead sheep together to make a windbreak; and with my raincoat raised over my head, I huddled down to wait, but what for, I didn't know.



By now, I had given up hopes of Say Nothin' comin' back. I knew he was a-ridin' some'ers, but was afraid he'd gotten lost. I had hollered and shot signals for him but had heard none in reply, and as I sat there cramped and slowly freezin' these thoughts started goin' through my mind.

"I wonder where we'll find the other two herders; I wonder if my pardner's lost or if that herder had a gun and tried to shoot him when he finally realizes we tied him to my horse—"

The longer I sat there shiverin', the more sure I was 'at that's what had happened. I knew the herder had lost his mind—that I was sure. And as I sat there, I couldn't help but curse every man that shunned a responsibility and held no feelin' for others, and some of the damnable law-makers along with them.

There are State Laws which must not be broken, as well as laws of the open range. Some years previous, the law required two herders with each band of sheep, but by greedy men workin' their way into our Legislatures, this rulin' was abandoned and to counterbalance the old law, one was passed which banished one herder from the band and created the job of camp-tender, each tender bein' given two bands to care for. As the years went by, they gradually slipped out of the picture and the sheepmen increased the number of bands to where I've seen one camp-tender attemptin' to care for twelve or fourteen bands. His duty is to supply the herder with provisions, move his camp to new range when needed and keep the herder supplied with stovewood and water.

The tender may pull his camp miles away from any ranch, block his wagon on some wind-swept ridge away out on open government land, then ride off and leave the poor herder to make the best of it. From then on, the herder is compelled to stay with his sheep or face a ten-year sentence in the penitentiary. He can starve or freeze to death, but he cannot leave his sheep; and all he can do is trust to his tender to keep him supplied and pray he don't forget him. This all seemed to mean nothing to Sloughfoot Charlie, or he would have been out lookin' after the needs of his herders.

All the while I sat there wonderin'. I could hear the blizzard gettin' worse—and worse; the wind whirled and howled, it groaned and moaned. I wanted to try and find my pardner but instead I just set there shakin'. Soon I felt myself sinkin'. I didn't feel cold anymore, my mind was becomin' numb, my eyes started gettin' heavy, and I knew I was goin' to sleep. But I didn't want to die; I didn't want to go this way; I wanted to get the sheep out, so they wouldn't starve. I wanted to tell Say Nothin' somethin' I wanted him to know. I knew no one would miss me; or maybe nobody would care, but as I could feel that slender thread of life breaking, why, I wanted to cling on to it more than I ever had. For a few seconds, my mind became desperate, and I felt the strong impulse to jump to my feet. I wanted violently to straighten my muscles, but I wanted in vain. I couldn't move—not even a finger would respond, and I sank lower and lower, though I still had presence of mind enough to know that if I didn't start movin' soon that I'd close my eyes and that'd be all, but as hard as I tried, I couldn't move. I tried to uncross my arms. I could even see myself doin' it, but still they never moved. I can still clearly remember tryin' to whisper goodbye to my pardner, Say Nothin', and it seemed as if I could see him and hear him say, "Hit's damn' cold, Jim, hit's awful cold." But he was nowheres near.

What it was, I won't attempt to say but I will say there's only a hair's difference between Here and Hereafter for the men on the plains. Whatever it was caused me to start strugglin'. My hands, feet, face and ears was frozen, but by once becomin' aroused, I kept fightin' and before long, I was on my feet stumblin' along. As my muscles commenced limberin' up, I found I was cryin'. I wasn't tryin' to or didn't feel sorry for myself, but I couldn't help it. Then soon the blackness of early morning lifted and it commenced gettin' light. I strained my eyes for any signs of my pardner but could see none, and a sick feelin' struck me, for I felt sure he was settin' somewheres frozen. I put my hands to my mouth and gave a few loud yells. I shot one more shell, then walked around lookin' for any sign of where he could have crossed durin' the night.

About nine o'clock, I gave him up and was walkin' away from the scattered sheep, when I caught the sight of him comin' in the distance, but the snow was whippin' and blowin' so hard, I couldn't look long at a time.

"What are you a-doin' comin' from that direction?" I asked as he rode up leadin' an extra horse.

"Got lost! Huh! couldn't make it!"

He handed me some sandwiches that I wasn't long in eatin'. We talked for awhile, he told me the herder had lost his mind alright but said 'at Josh thought he'd die before night. About ten o'clock, we started in to pushin' and carryin' the sheep. Around and around we rode, workin' them together. We finally located the wagon for his band, rode over to it, and found there wasn't a bit of wood or even a damn' bean left in his sheep-wagon and from the looks of it, the herder hadn't been in it for three or four days.

"Good lord! Say Nothin', we've got to locate the other two herders!"

Say Nothin' looked up at me, his eyes commenced to narrow. "Uh huh, Sloughfoot'll die for this," is all he said.

Five minutes later the both of us was ridin' away headed for the two other camps to find the herders. I knew the locations of the old Nine and Fifteen Mile bed-grounds and knew where we'd run across the other wagons. The first wagon we rode up to held a story of its own, for as we opened the sheep-wagon door, there sat the old herder. His arms was crossed and his head was restin' on them. His dog was layin' upon the little table and one paw was restin' on the old herder's hand. There was no need of speakin', for the herder and his dog were both dead and frozen solid. He had closed the door, and his dog had died with him. We closed the door behind us, and in a rage of determination and anger, we headed out to try and find the third herder. We did.

It was just about dusk when we saw his wagon, and instead of him bein' out lost as the first one, we found him walkin' around and around his wagon. He too, was insane. He was hollerin' at his dog, shoutin', throwin' his hands and carryin' on like a ravin' maniac.

We tried to quiet him but he only raved on. His lungs was rattlin' from a terrible cold. He cursed his dog for not bein' able to drive a dead sheep, and when I asked him where the rest of his band was, he laughed hysterically and said they'd all climbed a tree but three, and they'd crawled down a badger-hole. He said he could show us the tree and the hole too.

Continued on page 160

Little Red Ridinghood

In four variant versions, as this story would be handled by four different magazines

by H. W. HANEMANN

• HUMOR •

I. TIME

Fangs

Crossing Central Park Meadows with a basket of goodies (and a hey-nonny-nonny-and-a-hot-cha-cha) for her aged, sciatic grandma, Amaryllis (Little Red) Ridinghood, eighteen, pretty, dimpled, was accosted by J. Mervin Wolff, forty-eight, business man, two side teeth missing. Businessman Wolff offered to drive her to her destination in his high-powered, foreign automobile (six wire wheels, chromium finish, trunk rack, fog-lamp and radio extra). Grateful for the attention, Miss Ridinghood sank back upon the luxurious mohair upholstering (Macy's $3.97 the yard), and accepted a lime fruit-ball from Mr. Wolff.

Said she to District Attorney J. J. O'Finnegan, vice-racket scourge and squash-racquets champion (Time, August 21): "I remember nothing until I awoke in Mr. Wolff's Central Park West penthouse. I was in bed and he sat at the foot looking at me.

"'Child,' said Mr. Wolff, looking at me intently, 'what bright, bright eyes you have!'

"'The better to see you with, Mr. Wolff,' I replied. I was sparring for time at the time.*

"He drew closer. 'Child,' he said, 'what lovely little pink ears you have!'

"'The better to hear you with, Mr. Wolff,' I replied.

"'Little girl,' said Mr. Wolff and his voice took on a strange husky quality, 'what great, big, beautiful, bouncing—!'

"At this point I hit him with the telephone . . ." Miss Ridinghood concluded modestly, "which I used later to get in touch with Police Headquarters."

Defending his act, Wolff stated: "It was a mistake. I thought the little girl was Mae West!"**

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*Time, the Weekly Newsmagazine; advt.

**Actress, Playwright, Stylist, Sophisticate.

II. TRUE STORY

I Nearly Did It

I was one of sixteen children brought up by honest, hard-working, God-fearing parents who never seemed to be able to make enough to feed us kids properly. Perhaps if they hadn't had sixteen children, my parents might have had more brains; or maybe if they had more brains, they wouldn't have had sixteen children. I don't know.

One day when I was eighteen and pretty, I was taking some old scraps in a flour sack to my grandmother who lived in sin in an old tumble-down shack with a man who was not my grandfather.

As I trudged along in my bare feet, I thought bitterly of how I didn't have even a pair of shoes, though I had done my toenails as well as I could with a bottle of cheap polish from the five-and-ten-cent store.

"How would you like to have some sheer silk hose to cover up those pretty pink piggie-wiggies?" an oily voice hissed insidiously into my ear.

Startled, I looked up and saw gleaming fangs above a fur collar. It was J. Walter Wolfson, a rich factory owner of the neighborhood.

"No, Mr. Wolfson," I replied firmly, "I am a good girl and I'm taking these scraps in the flour sack to my grandmother."

He blocked my way. "Just one kiss then from those ruby lips!" he cried, pressing me to him with his furry paws. His tainted breath sickened me.

"Please, Mr. Wolfson," I said, "you've been eating caraway seeds again."

Hastily mumbling an apology, he set me free.

This had been almost a daily encounter since I was fifteen years old. Sometimes it took all my stock of maidenly modesty to resist his advances, yet I felt deep within me that I should wait for Mr. Right. I knew that Mr. Wolfson didn't care for my soul. He only wanted my body—and the choice locations at that.

This time when I entered grandmother's shack, the shades were all drawn and Mr. Jones, as us kids called the man who was not our grandfather, was nowhere to be seen. Granny lay in bed, a sodden, indistinct hulk against the grayish pillows.

"Is that you, child?" she croaked. "I have a terrible hangover. Hop up here in bed with me and scratch me behind the ears."

I got up on the bed and found to my amazement it was not grandma at all. It was Mr. J. Walter Wolfson.

"Why, Mr. Wolfson!" I exclaimed. "What is this—a gag?"

"You know what it is," he cried hoarsely, his gloating eyes gleaming glutinously in the gloom. "I'm crazy for you! Look! Everything I'll give you—jewels, clothes, a yacht, servants, fast automobiles, horses, a trip to Europe . . .!"

"Oh, Mr. Wolfson," I said, "what a great big nerve you have!"

"Maybe I'll need it," he said. "Believe me, a picture puzzle I could make with less effort." He put his arm around me. "Come, little Red Ridinghood," he purred through his thick, fibrous moustache. "I love you . . . I love you." I don't know what came over me then. Perhaps a girl can resist only so much so long. He drew me under the covers to him closer . . . closer . . . and then—

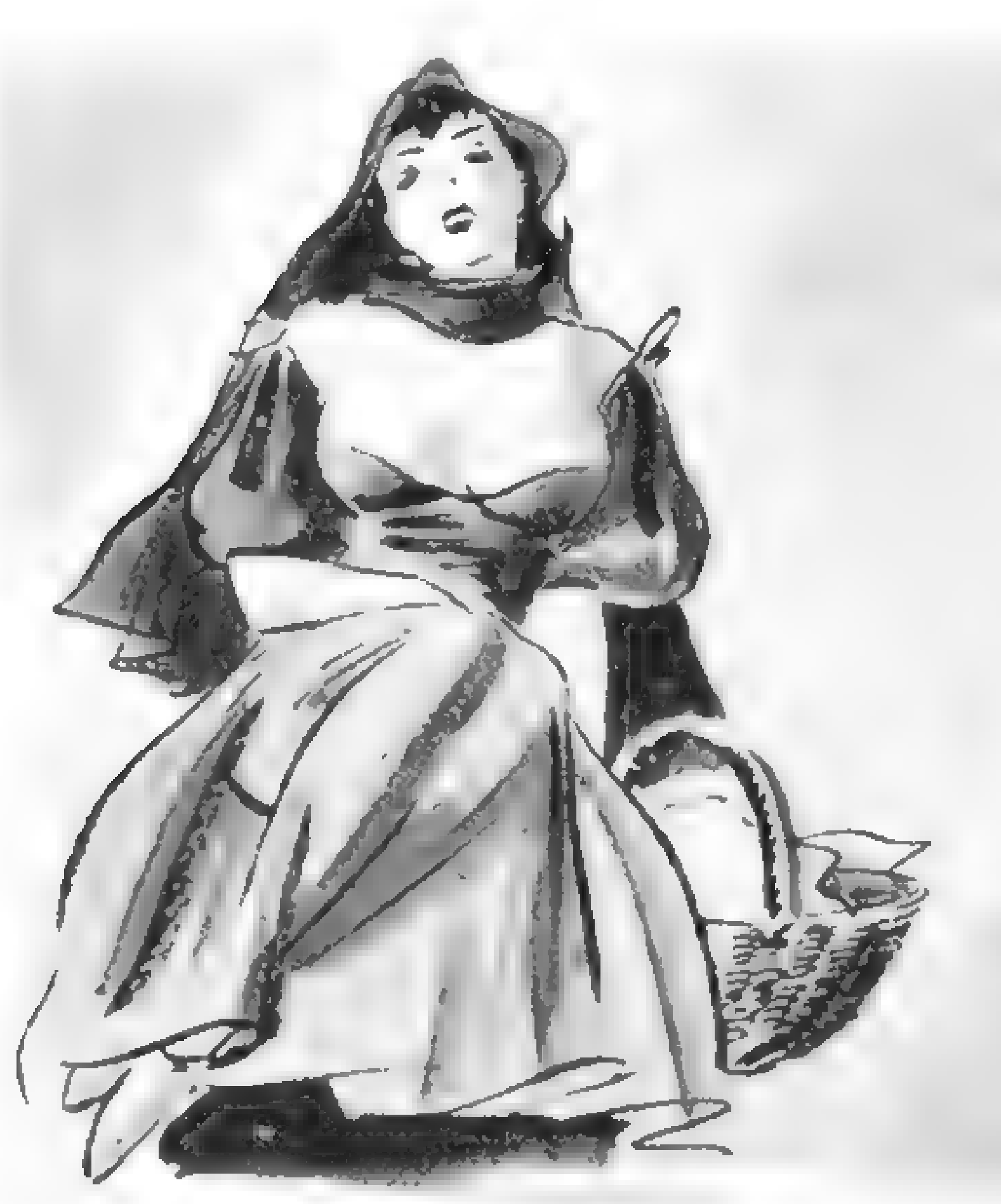
"Why, Mr. Wolfson," I exclaimed in horror, "I thought you were a gentleman . . . you've still got on your fur coat!"

So I jumped out of bed and ran like h——ran very quickly all the way back home.

As I said before, my mother and father are not very bright.

Sometimes I wonder if children inherit their parents' characteristics.

Continued on page 168



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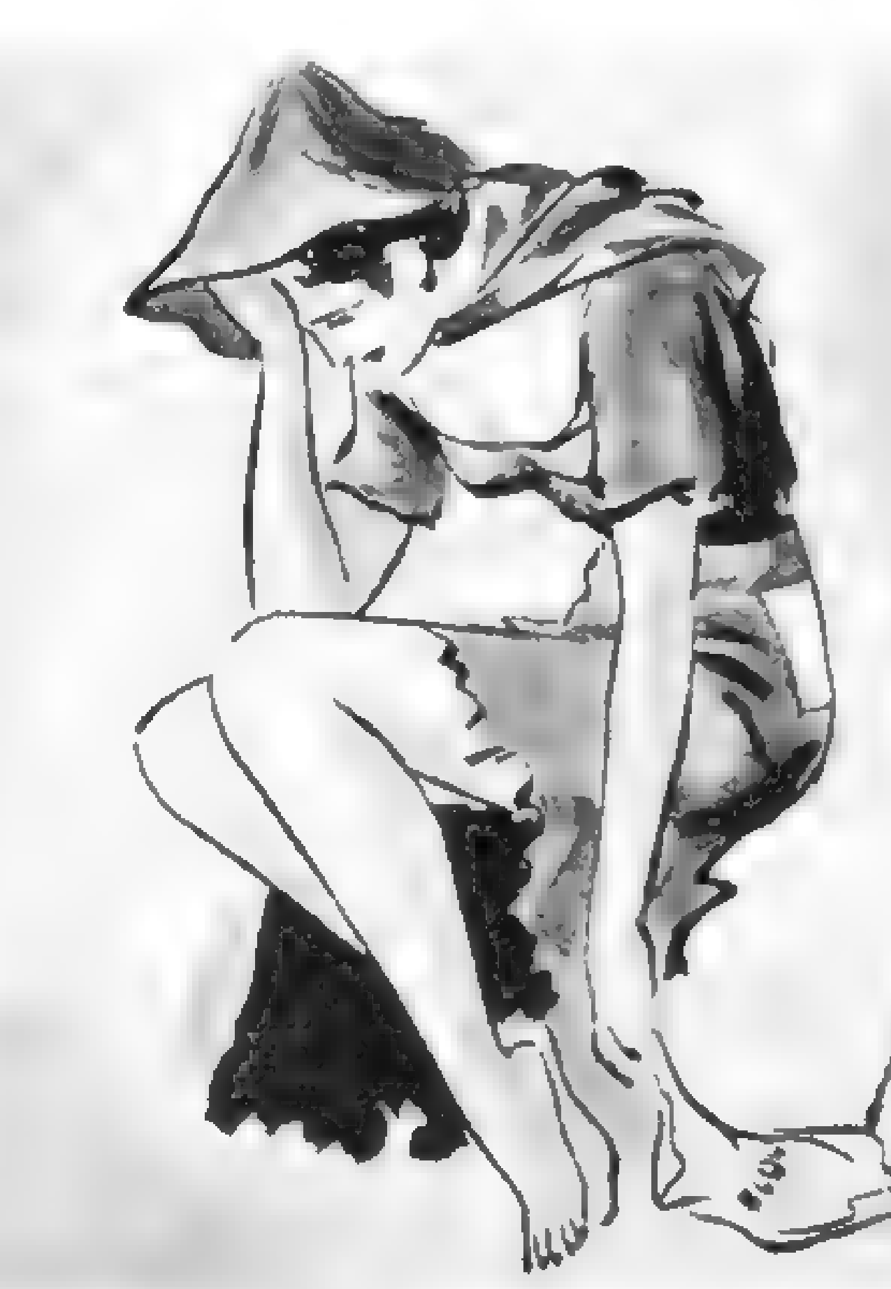
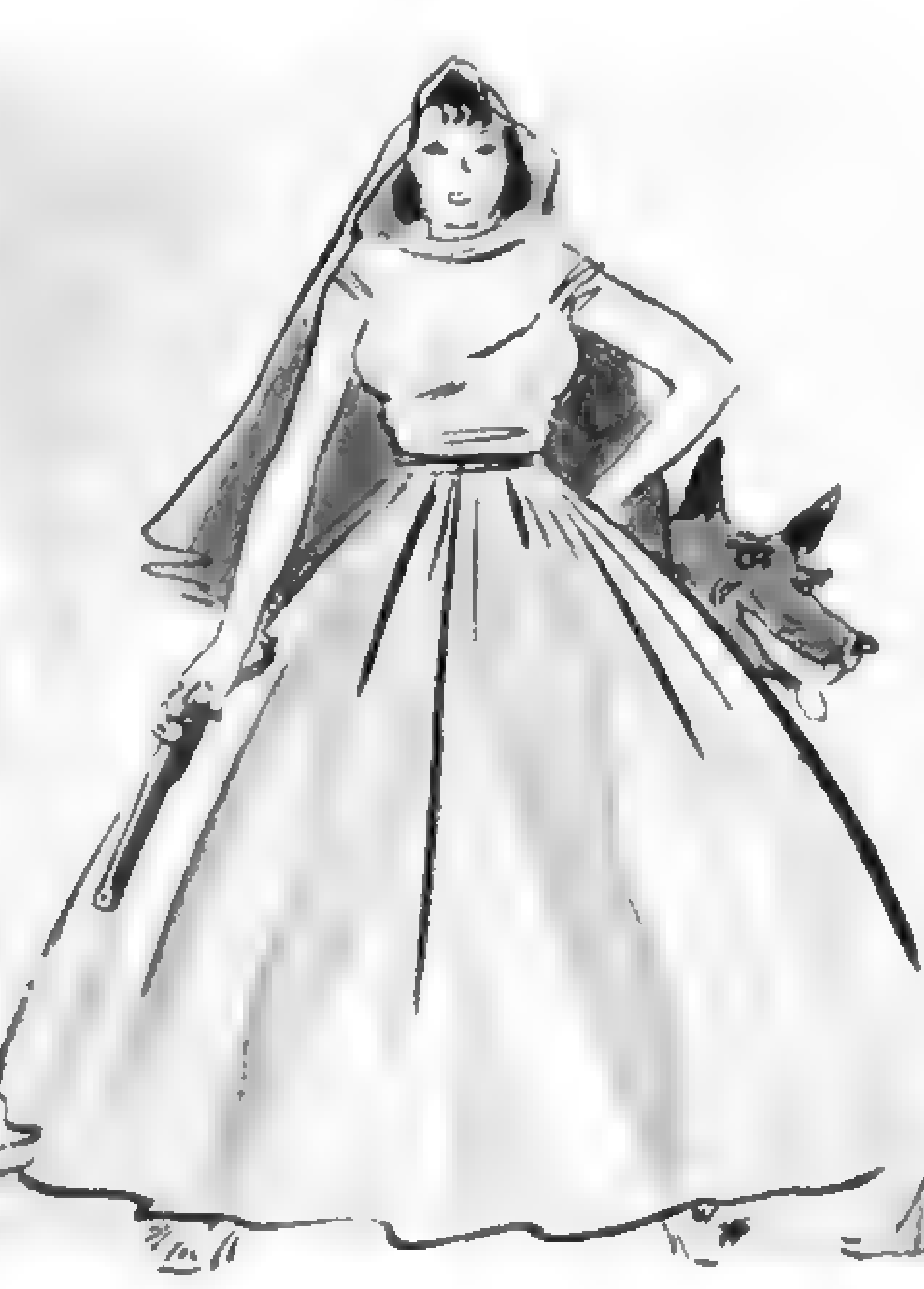


TRUE STORY



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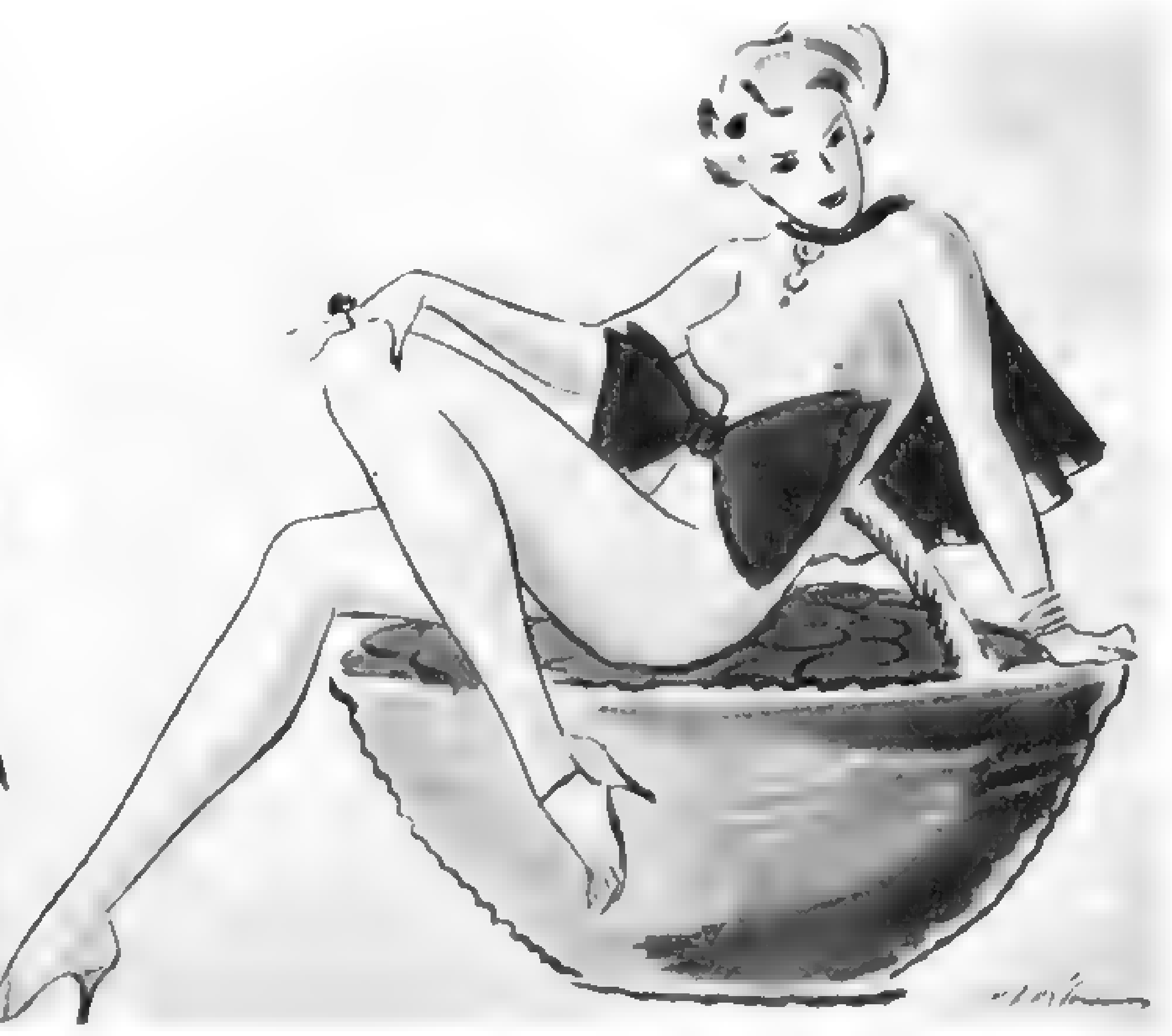

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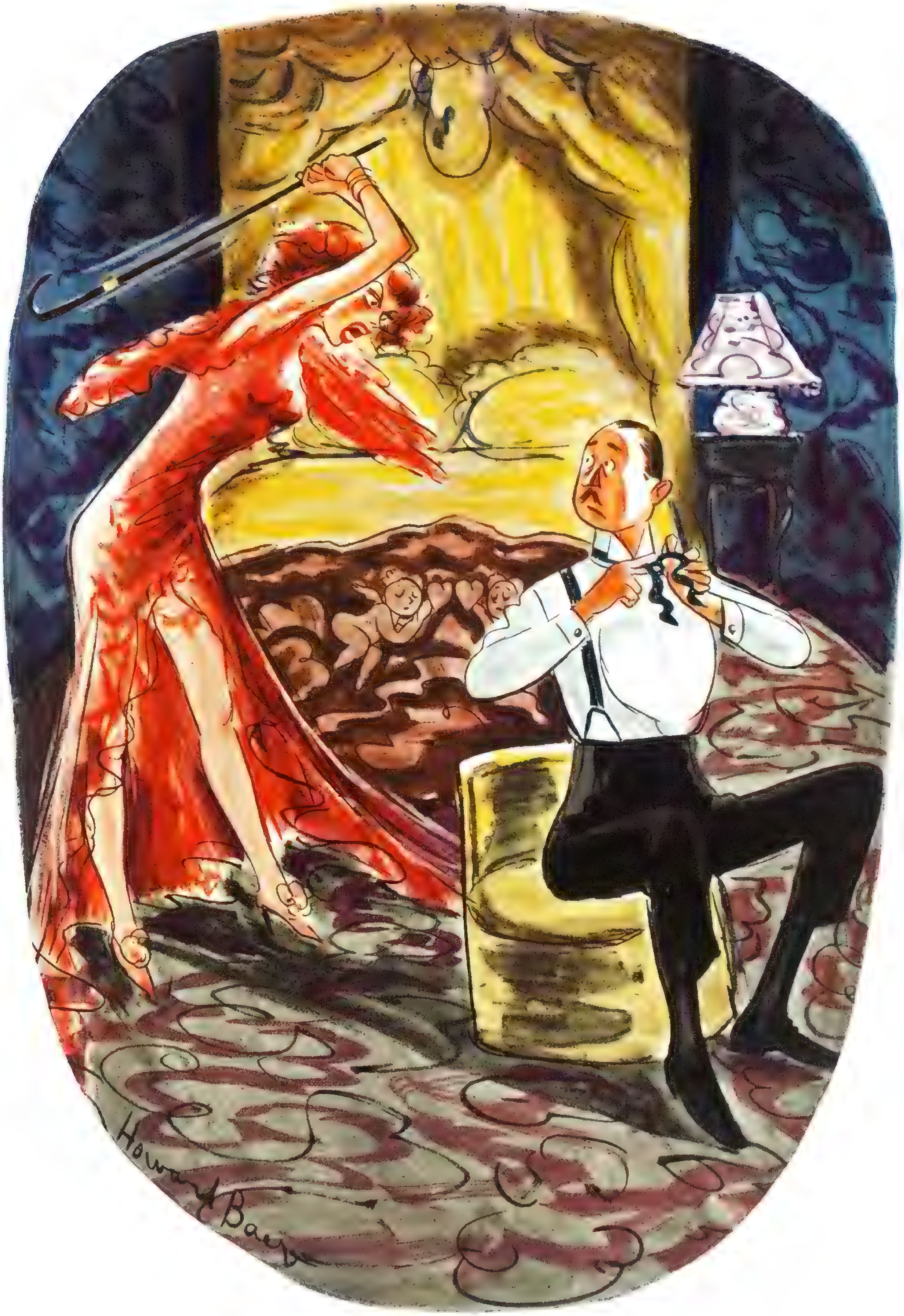
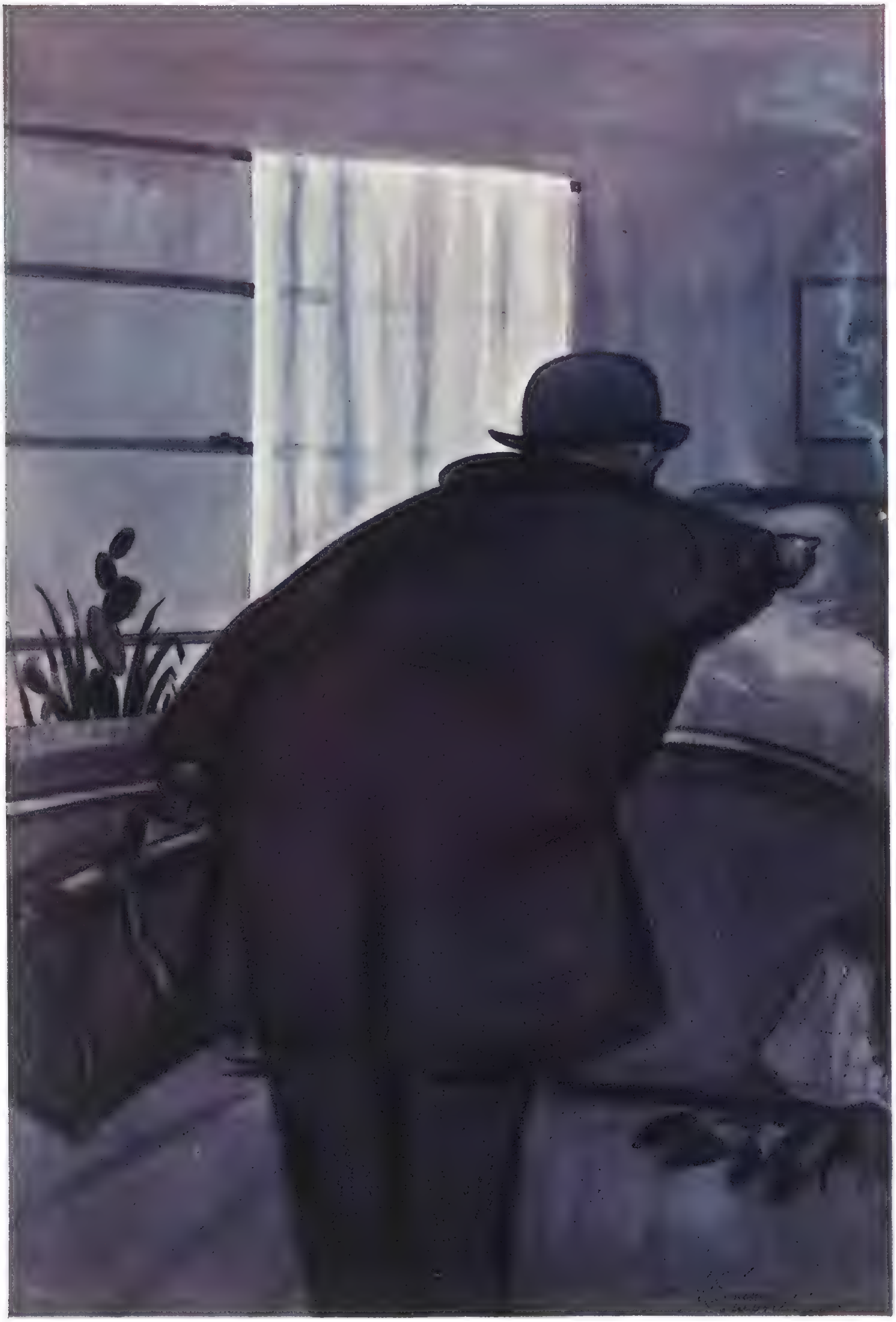

Howard Baer

"So I'm an enigma, am I?"



"—and that goes for you too, Smith!"

Home! Home!

Grace finds the streets of heaven are not paved with white gas ranges or lined with roomy sinks

by ROBERT SMITH

• FICTION •

THE good, clean smell of the hospital came to George as he pulled open the heavy outer door. It was a familiar smell to him but impossible to remember. It was like a doctor's office only fresher and sharper and somehow cleaner. There was a hint of ether in it but mostly it was an antiseptic smell. Even though George had been here eight or nine times, the first whiff still set his heart a-bumping as it had when he had come there, afraid of what was going to happen.

He pushed the inner door open heartily and came in smiling, nodding at the gray-haired woman behind the desk. She nodded and pressed her lips into a thin smile, then turned a little to see the wall clock. It was about two minutes before visiting hours.

George stood by the window, looking out at the hot street. The swinging door into the main corridor beat softly. A trim doctor with a waxed moustache glanced in but said nothing. Then the nurse was in the doorway.

"All right now," she said, smiling.

George leapt up the stairs two at a time and arrived on the third floor breathless. A little probationer with a pimply face nearly bumped into him as he came out from the stairs into the corridor.

"Oh," she squeaked. "Hello."

"Hello," said George. "Alright?"

"Yes," she said, briskly, nodding toward the open door of the ward.

George always walked on tiptoe here. It wasn't necessary to be so quiet but George couldn't get out of the habit. He tiptoed to the door and stood there until Grace glanced up at him. She smiled happily. She had fixed her hair and put lipstick on and George was surprised that she looked so pretty again. He had begun to believe she never would. He walked in to the side of the bed.

"Look what I've got," Grace said.

She lifted the counterpane a little and George saw that she was nursing the baby. The little slick head, like a wet monkey's, was close against her breast and the tiny wizened hand pressed in.

"Getting a grip on you," said George.

"The way he eats!" Grace exclaimed. "He's so *strong*. He hurts me. He really does."

George looked at the incredibly tiny bundle. He couldn't feel anything about it. Suddenly the nipple escaped and the gnomish head began to waggle, hungrily seeking, panting audibly.

"Now baby!" said Grace. "Don't cry!" She helped him make connections.

"He gets me so *mad!* " she said.

George chuckled. He watched the process until the baby fell asleep and the nurse came and carried him away. Grace rearranged herself on the bed. Other visitors had come in and they were sitting at the sides of the beds talking and laughing in low tones.

"Well," said George, "you'll be out of here pretty soon."

"I wish I could stay," Grace said. "It's going to be awful at mamma's. I know how it'll be. It'll be awful. You know, I'll have to be giving the baby formula. I haven't got enough."

"Listen," George said, trying hard not to grin. "You don't have to go back to the old lady's."

Grace looked at him and saw the grin he was trying to hide and began to smile a little too.

"What's the surprise?" she said.

"That's the surprise," said George. "You don't have to go back to the old lady's."

"Why not?" said Grace, smiling broadly now.

"Well . . ." He bit his lips to keep from laughing. "I've got a job."

Grace squeaked with delight. The woman in the next bed looked over at her quickly and smiled.

"You have?" said Grace.

"Sure. You know Phil Terry? Well, he heard about the kid and he knew they were going to take somebody on in his place so he fixed it for me. I start tomorrow. Thirty bucks a week."

"Thirty?" Grace squeezed his hand. "Oh, isn't that swell? Oh! We can have a place of our own. Thank God!"

"Well, our luck was bound to change," said George. "It'll be easy sailing now. No more sleeping in the parlor."

Grace lifted his hand to her cheek and they were silent for awhile.

"We ought to find a place right away," Grace said finally.

George shifted in his seat.

"Yeah," he said. "I'll get a place all right."

"But it'd be swell if we could just move right into it from the hospital. You know. Not go back to mamma's at all."

George nodded, smiling.

"That's what I was figuring on," he said. "I want to get somewhere where we can see the old crowd."

"Well, I don't care about that as long as we can be by ourselves."

"We can't expect much for the money I'm making. But, hell, I'll get a place."

"Sure, you find a nice place. Then I won't have to worry. Just move right in."

"Sure," said George. "You know I saw Al today. For the first time in six months. Or more. Oh, a lot more I guess."

"Oh, that Al!" said Grace, grimacing.

"What's the matter with him? He's a nice guy. Just because he's a hotel clerk . . ."

"Oh, it's not that. Oh, he's all right I guess. I just don't go for that type much."

George looked unhappy.

"God!" he said. "You never told me that. I didn't know you didn't like him. You used to seem to enjoy it when we went out together. I didn't know."

Grace recaptured his hand and stroked it.

"Oh, it's all right. I guess he's all right. But you know that crowd never did you any good. That's all I'm thinking about."

George frowned and squirmed uncomfortably.

"Oh, hell," he said. "You'll get used to him all right. He's a swell guy. It's just that you took a dislike to show people."

"You don't call *him* show people?"

"Well, he's the same thing. You know he's one of the crowd. But he's one hell of a swell guy. Boy! He's sure done a lot for me. You just have to know him, that's all."

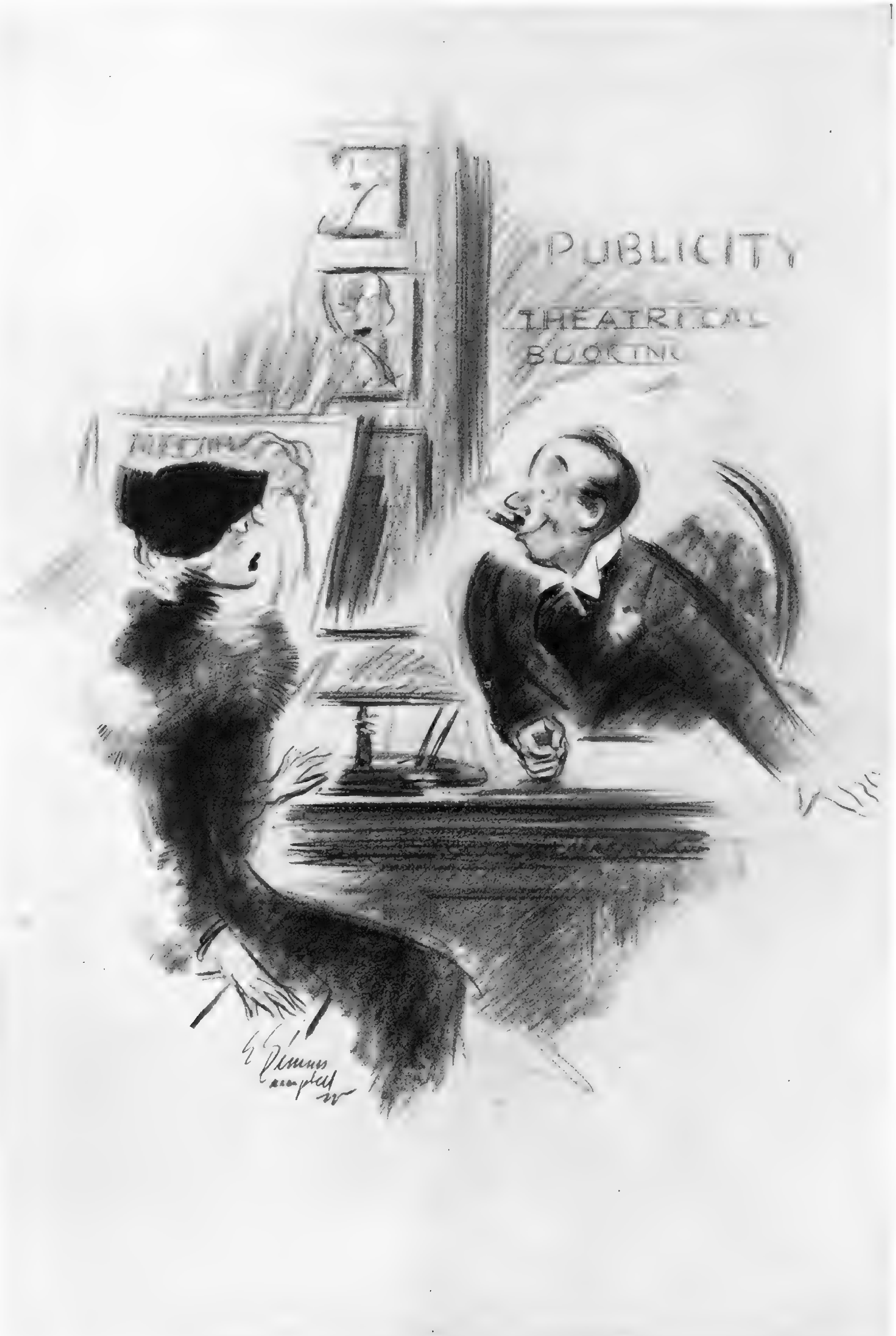
"Well, I don't want to get to know him. I know him well enough now."

George started to say something but changed his mind and closed his mouth slowly, swallowing. He stared at the window for awhile.

"Well, God," he muttered finally. "Why didn't you tell me you felt that way? I wouldn't have . . ."

His voice trailed off into a grunt. Grace

Continued on page 120


PUBLICITY
THEATRICAL
BOOKING

"I got it—you have a baby—it's a great publicity stunt!"

Lo, the Poor Lyric Writer

My butcher, my baker and my candlestick maker think they can do it, but could you do it?

by GUS KAHN

• HUMOR •

Have you ever attended a party which was enlivened by the presence of a composer of popular songs? If so, you no doubt saw him at the piano completely surrounded by beautiful girls. You heard him play his latest hit. Very likely a medley of his past hits. He probably sang words here and there. He mixed them up considerably. Omitted some of the cutest rhymes, and forgot the best lines. But this did not in any way dampen the ardor of his feminine listeners who voted unanimously that he was wonderful and much better than Irving Berlin or George Gershwin.

If during this performance, you happened to glance toward the farthest and most obscure corner of the room, you might have noticed a homely little guy who was seated entirely alone, nervously chewing his finger-nails and anxiously looking around for the nearest exit. That was the lyric writer. You know—the man who writes the words. Oh, yes, somebody does write the words.

Any girl who plays popular songs feels that the music was composed by a boy wonder who is a combination of Paderewski, Robert Montgomery and Bing Crosby. If she thinks about the words at all, she feels that they were supplied by the printer, or that the singer just made them up as he went along. That's where she is wrong. The words are really written by a human being who thinks, worries, struggles and strives to do something really worthwhile. And if he should write the words to a successful song, everybody says it's a great "tune."

Having sat in countless corners, gnawed many finger-nails and sighed many a sigh of longing for a kind word or a bit of attention, I know just how that young man feels. For I, alas, am a lyric writer. Sometimes I even put myself down as a song writer, but I hate to do this because I do not play the piano as well as Vincent Lopez, nor sing like Rudy Vallée. So in order to avoid an argument with people who feel that anyone connected with songs must be a musician, I evade the issue whenever possible.

If you want to write hit lyrics, you must write words that fit the melody so well and are so natural that everybody who hears them instinctively feels that he could have written them himself. And if you do that, how can you expect people to think you are good?

If you should dare to think you are good, you are immediately told that you can't whistle a lyric—and as a matter of fact, you can't.

To most people music is more or less of a mystery. They cannot pick it apart and find flaws in it. But words, ah, that's different. Anybody can write words. My butcher, my baker and my candlestick maker, having heard that I was in some way connected with the song business, have all brought poems to me which they wanted me to set to music. When I explained to them that I wrote words myself and did not write music, they showed me very plainly that they were bitterly disappointed in me, and in some instances have even ceased to deliver meat, bakery goods or candlesticks thereafter.

A good friend of mine once spent half an hour raving to me about a beautiful song called *I'll See You in My Dreams*, and at the end of his eulogy asked me, "Why did you ever let them put those silly words to it?" I did not have the heart to tell him that I wrote the words.

Now that you have a rough idea of the trials and tribulations of a lyric writer, you are probably wondering how anyone decides on such a precarious, not to say crazy, way of making a living. I really believe it can be traced directly to the fact that the words "true" and "blue" rhyme. This discovery makes the embryo lyric writer as happy as Einstein must have been when the theory of relativity dawned upon him, or Walter Winchell, when he discovered the key-hole. After this, it is but the work of a moment for a bright youth to find such charming phrases as "love and above," "arms and charms," and "mine and divine." After that he is all set to embark on a career which is supposed to bring him fame and fortune. And from that time on, every phrase he hears sounds like a song title. He begins to make memorandums in his notebook, such as "Hello," "Goodbye," "How have you been?," "How's tricks?," "I'll see you tomorrow," "I'll see you again," "I'll see you later," "Call me up sometime," "Don't forget to write," "Having a fine time—wish you were here," "It looks like rain," "It looks like snow," "Isn't it warm?," "Isn't it cold?," etc. etc. Little does he dream that lyric writing is not just a case of stringing a lot of rhymes together; that in order to put over a successful song he must think of words that please the old folks, the young folks and the children.

They must appeal to the worldly wise along Broadway and to the simple peasants in the hinterlands, the college boy and the elevator boy, the débutante and the cigar-counter girl, the general manager and the janitor, the high-brow, the low-brow and the practically no brow. He must try to put something into the lyric that fits everyone's particular case—something tender, romantic, wistful or gay. The lyric must appeal to the girl who has just found a new beau, the girl who has just quarreled with her old beau, the girl who never had a beau, the boy who wishes he had his old girl back, the boy who is through with all girls and the boy who will be glad to get a little love from any girl at all. All of which may induce somebody to buy a copy for Junior to practice on the piano, or for Molly to sing.

After the writer completes the lyric, it must please the composer, the publisher, the publisher's Aunt Rosie, the publisher's brother-in-law who is in the shoe business, all of the publisher's employees, thousands of orchestra leaders, singers and radio officials. After that the song goes out into the world and it may still be a dud, because at that time everybody is worrying because "we have no bananas."

The one thing I have learned about songs, after a great many years of careful study and painstaking effort, is that you never learn anything about songs. The same public which goes crazy about *St. Louis Blues* today, goes into ecstasies over *The Old Spinning Wheel* tomorrow. So as soon as you think you know exactly what the public wants, the public no longer wants it.

Walter Donaldson and I once had an appointment with a publisher to have him hear a song called *My Sweetie Turned Me Down*. The publisher kept us waiting for about an hour. It's a way publishers have. Being seated in a room in which there was a piano, we idled away our time writing another song. The publisher was wildly en-

Continued on page 120

Pot of Gold

In which one lottery ticket leads to another and an aging couple invest in a few monkey glands

by MICHAEL FESSIER

• FICTION •

IT WAS a small town and it wasn't long until practically everyone in it knew John Hammer had bought a two dollar lottery ticket. Some of the people thought it was a shame for him to waste money like that, poor as he was and all. The others thought it was funny.

"Hey, John," they said, "hear you're a millionaire or thereabouts. What you going to do with all the money, John?"

John was a little old guy with scrubby, gray whiskers and nobody had ever paid enough attention to him to kid him before. He didn't get mad. He seemed to enjoy being noticed.

He rubbed his chin and when he grinned his snaggled yellow teeth looked like snake's fangs.

"I ain't got it yet," he said, "and if I do it won't be more'n two, three hundred thousand."

That was a kick. To think of old John Hammer having two, three hundred thousand dollars. It was a kick to think of him having more'n two, three dollars. He never had more'n a quarter at a time in his pockets and nobody'd ever seen him spend even that much.

His wife did the spending and all the store-keepers hated to see her come in. She'd haggle an hour over five cents worth of onions and they say she didn't buy fresh meat more'n once a week.

She was a little old woman with a face that looked like it'd been cut out of a dusty boot.

The fellows that kidded John Hammer the day he bought the lottery ticket knew how tight his wife was and they joked with him about that, too.

"Oh, boy, wait until you get home, John," they said. "The old lady'll just naturally tear the can off you. Wait until she hears you spent two bucks for a lottery ticket. Boy, oh, boy!"

John seemed kind of worried about that part of it but he tried not to let on.

"Why should she get sore at me spending two little dollars when I got a chance of winning maybe two, three hundred thousand?" he asked. "How else could I ever get that much money?"

"Yes, but what if you don't win?" they said. "What then? A million people buy those lottery tickets and they can't all win."

"I know," John said, "but one of 'em wins and it might as well be me."

The race the lottery was on wasn't for three months and after awhile the fellows got tired of kidding John. John started buying the paper and looking in the sports page for news about the sweepstakes. He was surprised they didn't carry much on it. He'd never heard of the race before, but now that he had a ticket on it he thought it was the most important thing in the world.

About three days before the race he got so excited he could hardly work. He didn't mention the lottery to the fellows but they found out that was what was on his mind when he walked into Danny Kenner's automobile agency and looked over the new cars.

"Shall I wrap one up for you?" Danny asked him, kidding like.

Old John didn't crack a smile.

"I dunno," he said. "I always thought I'd like to have an automobile but I dunno yet."

Danny figured maybe John'd inherited some money or something, so he gave him a sales talk.

"It sounds mighty interesting," John said, "but I can't say just now. Maybe I'll let you know after Friday."

It took a little while for Danny to figure out that John was shopping for a car on the hopes he'd win the lottery. Then he beat it out into the main street, laughing and telling everybody about it. When the fellows got hold of the story they started kidding John again.

"Hey, John," they said, "hear you're going to buy an automobile. Will you speak to us when you get your money, John? What you going to do with the rest of it?"

"Maybe you won't think you're so funny after Friday," he said.

On Friday John was as nervous as a cat. He hardly paid any attention to his work at all and he watched the clock for the time he could leave his job. Then he stuck around the local newspaper until it came out. It didn't have anything in it about the race. John beefed with the editor about not printing the news and then went down to the station to wait for the paper train.

The fellows got wind of what he was doing and they hung around the station, too, kidding John. John tore at the first bundle of city papers that came off and ran into the station under the light. The fellows followed him in and stood around him. John's hand began to tremble and they saw a story about the lottery. It gave the names of those who'd won the big prizes. John's name wasn't mentioned.

The fellows knew it wouldn't be. They started whooping and hollering and whanging John on the back.

"What you going to do with all your money, John?" they asked.

John's face was white and it looked for a minute like the old boy was going to bust out bawling. His lips trembled and his eyes blinked. Then he grinned, sickly like, and threw the paper on the floor.

"I didn't expect to win the first time," he said.

The fellows figured there wouldn't be any second time.

"That tight old dame of his might invest a couple dollars on a chance of winning two, three hundred thousand, but being's she didn't get it, she'll put the clamps on John," they said.

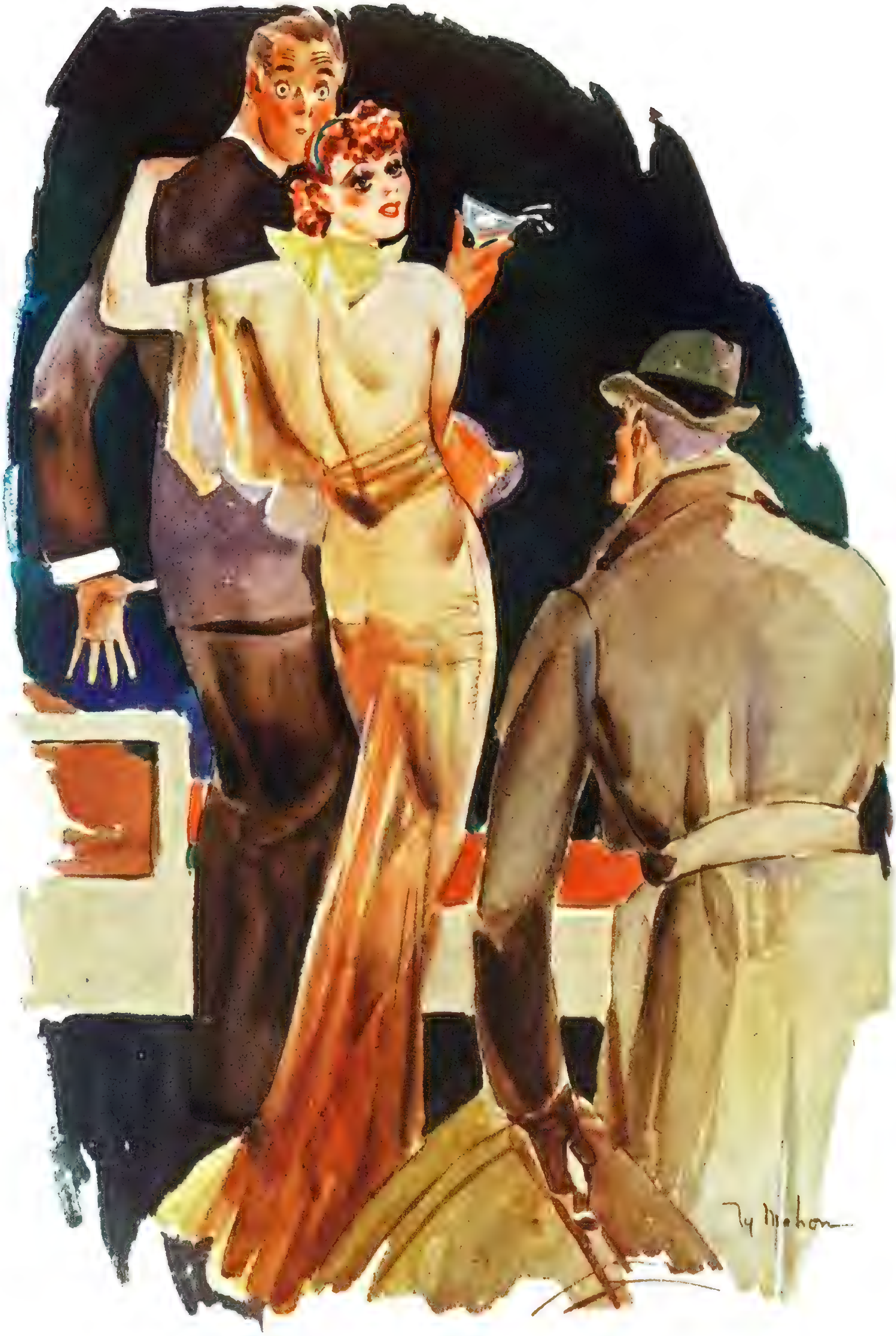
But they were wrong. Old John bought another lottery ticket. He'd been down in the dumps and wouldn't speak to anyone after the night he got the city paper but soon's he bought his new ticket he got cheerful.

The funny thing was he started spending money. He started buying nickel cigars and one Sunday he went to church with a new suit on. He'd had the old one more'n ten years and everybody figured he'd be buried in it. Every once in awhile people saw him hanging around front of Danny's automobile agency looking at the cars inside. When they kidded him and asked him was he going to buy one, he just grinned and shrugged his shoulders.

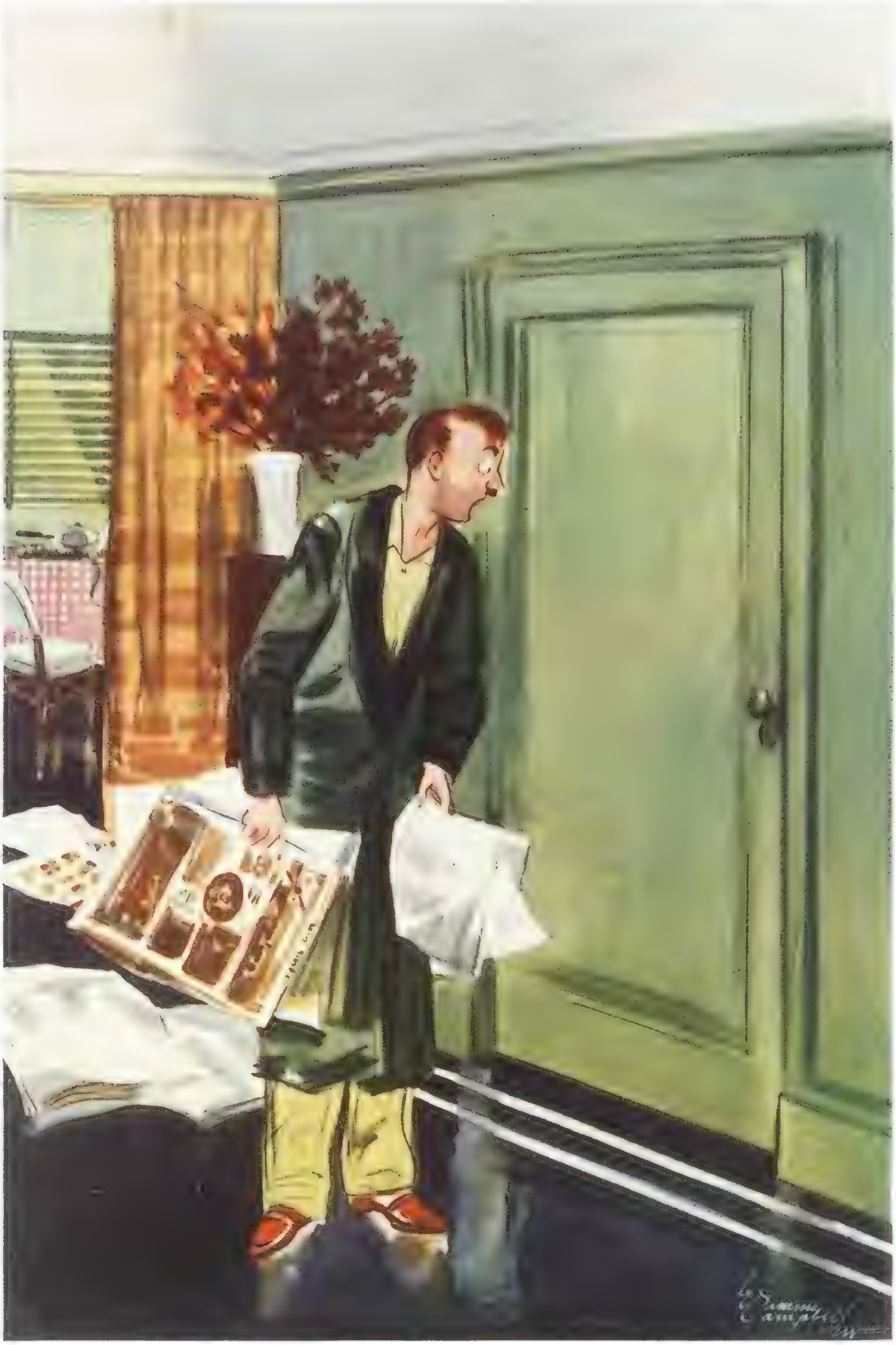
The old boy was figuring on spending money he had about a chance in a million of ever getting. What's more he was spending his own money on the strength of it. He bought him a new hat and a new dinner bucket and a new lawn mower and he smoked five, six nickel cigars a day. Sometimes he bought ten-centers.

The people thought that was pretty funny but what knocked their eyes out was when Mrs. Hammer started spending money, too. She started slow at first because she wasn't used to it. She bought meat two, three times a week and didn't argue so much with

Continued on page 134



"Oh, John! . . . this is the boy next door the neighbors wanted us to look after!"


E. Simms Campbell

"You have so got the sports section in there!"

Hockey—As You Like It

To foul or not to foul—that is something for a defense man to decide in a split second

by TRAVIS HOKE

• SPORTS •

A GOOD many connoisseurs of hockey, for reasons that have never been quite clear to me—and I am a member of their school, too—concentrate pretty much on watching the work of the defense men. Perhaps it is because, like some *aficionados* of bull-fighting, they are interested chiefly in certain matters of hockey style, or it may be—and more likely—because they have the same kind of mentality as those persons who never play bridge but always work bridge problems.

At any rate, a lot of us do keep our attention turned mainly on the defense, although of course we follow the puck with our eyes, or try to; it needs quick vision; and I think we get a good deal more out of the game than if we tried to take in the whole rink. We have learned not to be too greedy about our hockey; we know we can't have everything. For the tremendous amount of skill involved, and despite the constant succession of physical encounters that make for its characteristic roughness, hockey is the fastest game I know of. It is so fast—good pros, particularly, skate so gracefully that it is hard to realize their speed—and the situations of the play shift so rapidly that unless you sit quite high above the ice you cannot follow everything that goes on. But if you perch high up you miss too many of the fine points—good stick-handling, for example: the skillful manipulation of the puck—and here again the pros, especially, make their amazing dexterity look easy. So you have to choose what you want to get out of hockey and go after it.

As for the body-checking and blocking and all that, it is the defense men who start most of it. And make no mistake, your true hockey enthusiast loves the rough stuff. So perhaps that is the reason why so many of us keep the eagle eye on them, and not because we have the craving to solve some other fellow's problems.

To the defense itself, though, hockey is one problem after another at lightning intervals. Wings and centers are opportunists—they may drill for hours, in practice, at all sorts of intricate position plays and combinations of passing, but when the time comes to use these tactics there are three opposing forwards and two defense men to nip their plots and spoil everything, and their strategy becomes a matter of trying to get through one way or another and shooting for the goal as often as possible. But the back line has to stand still and wait to see what is likely to happen and then decide, in a split fraction of a second, what to do about it. There are many things to do about it, and all but one will be wrong.

Imagine yourself a right defense man, on any team you like. Better make it a good one while you're at it. Your team is playing any other team you like—college, amateur, minor league, National League—but if I were you I shouldn't have it a college team: the collegians, especially in the States, play the puck rather than the man; that is, they all swoop down on whoever has the puck without much regard for position play or covering up, and it's all quite confused. A good Canadian amateur team might be better for you than a minor league team, for the amateurs are so thoroughly organized and developed across the Border that more and more the major league is drawing on them directly for recruits, and filling the minors with its cast-offs. Some of the amateur leagues in the States are good, too; they ought to be, for many of them are really semi-pro, and mostly Canadian, to boot.

But why not make it a major league team—Chicago Black Hawks, Detroit Red Wings, St. Louis Eagles, Montreal Canadians—any one of the nine in the National League? And if you can't decide, or don't care, let's make it the New York Rangers. They play a fast, open game and they use a lot of interesting tactics.

So you are a defense man. With the other defense man you are standing near the blue line sixty feet in front of your goal. Your forwards are scrambling about near the Rangers' goal, shoving and thrusting and trying to drill the puck into that four-by-six foot opening that is the goal mouth.

One of your forwards shoots, the Ranger goalie saves, and the play reverses. The goalie clears the puck off to one of his men, and it is passed forward—to tricky Frank Boucher, the center, perhaps, or big, fast Earl Seibert, best defense man in the league. Like as not whoever he is, he is clear of your defense men, by the time the puck comes to him from out of the scrimmage: he is between you and your forwards, that is, and there is nobody but yourself and your fellow defense man between him and your goaler. Your forwards skate back as fast as they can, but they may not be able to overcome the puck-carrier's start and back-check him, and meantime Bun Cook and Cecil Dillon, the Ranger wings, are coming up full-tilt to join the attack.

Your problem develops. If you wait for the puck-carrier your forwards may reach him in time, but if they don't he is close in on your goalie by the time you check him, and if you miss the check he's in the clear for a shot—he can feint your goalie into a contortionist's knot or draw him out too far from his cage, and your goalie will need a miracle rather than his "oar" if he is to make a save. Then, too, if you try to body-check the attacker from a standstill his momentum is quite likely to flatten you instead of him. It may well be two hundred pounds of muscle, you know, and it's coming at you at almost thirty miles an hour.

But if you go out to meet him, either to poke or body-check, he may slip around you, your check will fail, and even if he veers out to the side there is still room enough, once he's got around you, for him to slant in toward the center and shoot from a not-impossible angle.

Should you wait, or go out to him? Are your forwards likely to reach him? Are the enemy forwards getting into position? Your problem grows more complex, for the puck-carrier may pass to one of his teammates—and probably will if you go after him.

Boucher is coming fast down the center as if he intended to "split" the defense—squeeze headlong between you and your defense partner. If he goes through with that intention your problem is comparatively simple—you and your colleague wait until just the right moment and then lunge at him from either side, squeezing him between you as ungently as possible and taking care to block the puck, too—a mere question of strength and timing. But he may shoot from a few feet in front of you and then dash in hoping to take the puck on the rebound from the goalie's stick and slap it in.

On comes Boucher with the puck. If he swerves to the outside the least bit, you decide you'll go after him and try to "ride him off" so far to the side-boards that he will be out of the play. But if his team-

Continued on page 101

No Escape

An assignment given our spy which he muffs, although it entails no hardship nor any particular finesse

by P-173

• SEMI-FICTION •

This was the winter of our discontent. There were rumblings and grumblings at the Front and even among the café strategists who fought our battles on the marble table tops with saucers, spoons and burnt matches. Two schools formed, one which believed that there was nothing being done, that the British had not carried the Somme offensive far enough, that we should, when the Boche onslaught at Verdun had been definitely stopped, have turned to the offensive and exploited our victory. This could all be proved conclusively with match sticks, and, if G. Q. G. could have provided men and munitions by taking them out of boxes at two *sous* each, would undoubtedly have been proved just as conclusively at the Front.

The other school of thought was infinitely more dangerous to the successful prosecution of the war. Its strategists proved on the table tops that there never could be victory for us, that men and resources were being wasted by our commanding officers, all of whom, according to their thesis, were incompetents and that it were far better to make a separate peace with Germany and accept her terms no matter how unfavorable, rather than go down to ultimate defeat and disaster. These views were daily gaining more and more adherents, which was not unnatural. Mothers with sons at the front wanted them home alive, wives wanted husbands for more than a few days a year and the *poilus* themselves were getting pretty well fed up.

My short engagement in the British navy with its unsuccessful termination was over, my beard was again flourishing and I was visiting various sectors of the front. I was sending stories to my paper with pictures of dug-outs showing how comfortable some of the *poilus* had made them and how cheerful everything was and a lot of *blague* about the morale of the men. My real job, however, was to find out just how far the wave of *défaitisme* was spreading, to see by mingling with the men, the non-coms and the officers at their messes, which was easy, in my role of American war-correspondent, whether it was just a plain garden variety of grumbling (Napoleon in his day referred to his soldiers as *les grognards*) or whether a systematized campaign was on foot to undermine the morale of the army.

After each visit to the front I reported to the Chief, first the general feeling among the men and then specific cases that I thought would bear watching as inciters to mutiny. In conversation with the Chief after several months of this work I learned, to my horror, that I was practically signing death warrants for the men whose names I gave him. We had a considerable row over this and I asked for assignment to other work and the Chief flatly refused, telling me that what I was doing was the most important work I could do. For a few days I mulled over this going so far even as to consider continuing the work but giving everybody I investigated a clean bill of health. I spent a night of torment over this idea but finally decided that to do this might lead to disaster. It would be sabotage of the worst type. There was one way out of the dilemma and that way I took.

The following morning found me at the Central Recruiting Bureau enlisting in the Foreign Legion in which I had previously served and from which I had been invalided. The usual formalities were gone through, including the request that I return the following day to sign the engagement form after having given the matter twenty-four hours consideration. (There has been a lot written in the past about men being forced into the Legion. I can brand this as an unqualified lie. From my own personal experience of three enlistments and from my questioning of all the Legionnaires with whom I discussed it, I can definitely say that every man who tried to enlist in the Legion had the hardships pictured to him and if he still wanted to join was forced to take twenty-four hours to think it over before he was permitted to write his name on the dotted line.) I turned over my newspaper work to my associate on the job and was upbraided for being every kind of damned fool and sentimental idiot to give up a good job to join the Legion again. The poor chap went to his death never knowing that I had been incurring far greater dangers outside. He lost his life in my section at the Chemin des Dames attack in April, having joined up when the U. S. ruptured relations.

From our office I went up to tell the Chief what I had done. He smiled and handed over to me a photostatic copy of my enlistment form with the remark that if I chose to do work which any numbskull could do, instead of being of real service, that was my funeral. Pawns did not win chess matches, it was the player who moved them, who sacrificed them and who eventually put them away in the box who was the winner. He added, "You know you have the right in the Legion to communicate with your Colonel under seal without any other person seeing what you have written. If you come to your senses write to Colonel R. that you wish to see me. *Au revoir and bonne chance.*"

April eighteenth found me in the hospital with a six-inch rip in my belly. That sounds much worse than it really was. It was what the Britishers called a blighty—a wound sufficiently serious enough to keep me away from the Front for a time but not dangerous. A few days later I was moved to a hospital near Paris, as were all the other slight cases to make room for serious cases which were pouring in by thousands to the hospitals at the Front. Life was not too pleasant, the hospitals were all overcrowded and understaffed both as to doctors and nurses; and the Annamite orderlies, while perfectly amiable and willing, were just plain dumb. The wounded were all grumbling, "To Hell with the war," "This is the finish," "We've been slaughtered by incompetent command," and all the rest of it.

One morning about two weeks later when the doctor had finished my dressing he told me I had a visitor and my stretcher was rolled out to a corner of the veranda. There was Pierre, the Chief's orderly, valet, and general factotum. He greeted me with, "Hello, idiot. What can I do for you? How's the food, rotten I suppose? No better than you deserve though! Imbecile." There was no use being angry with him because it was all said with such a cheerful grin; but I knew Pierre had not come to see me just for my beautiful blue eyes or out of kindness of heart. So I said to him, "The answer is 'No' so go ahead and tell me what you want of me." He laughed and said, "In the first place the answer is not 'No' because I came here

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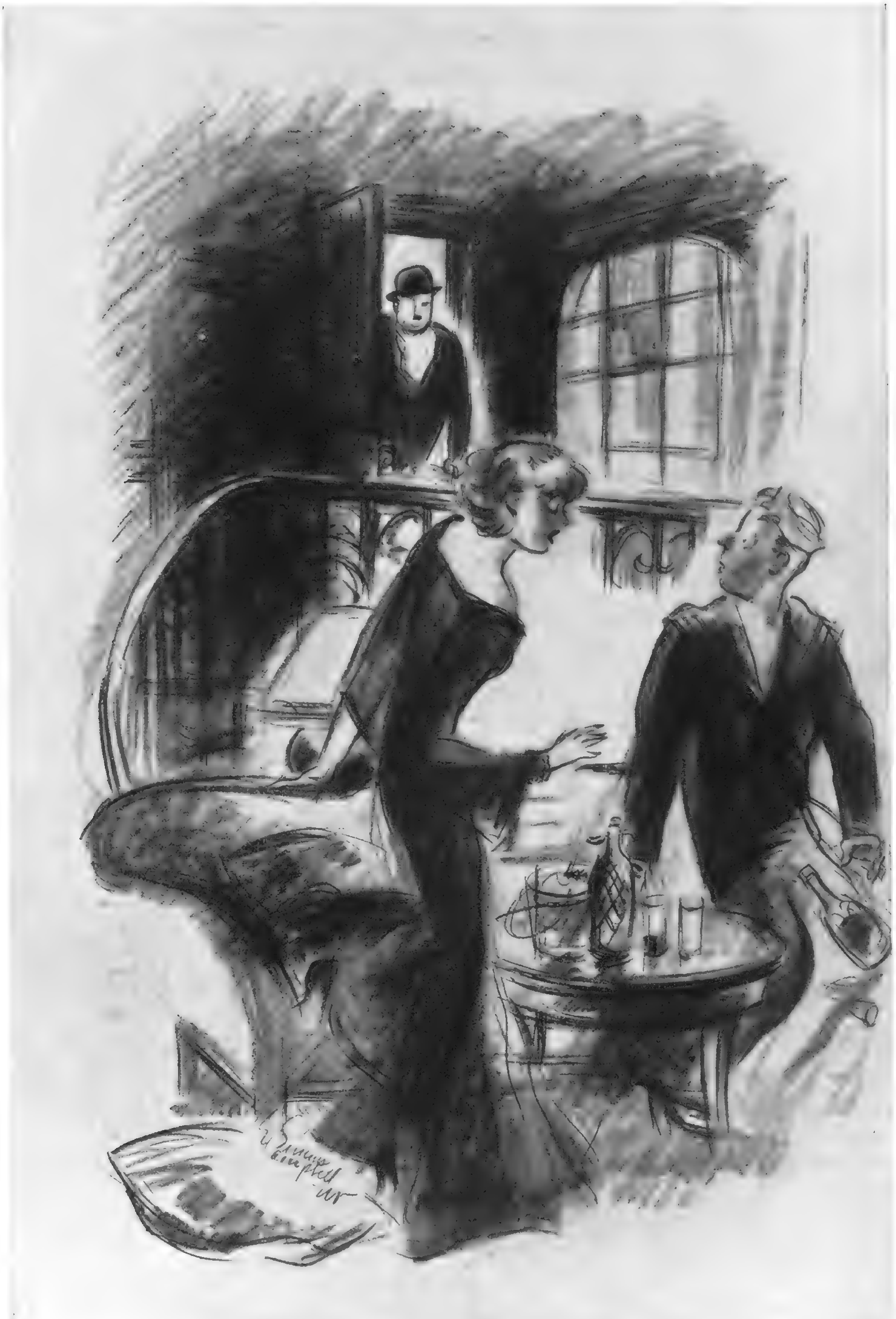


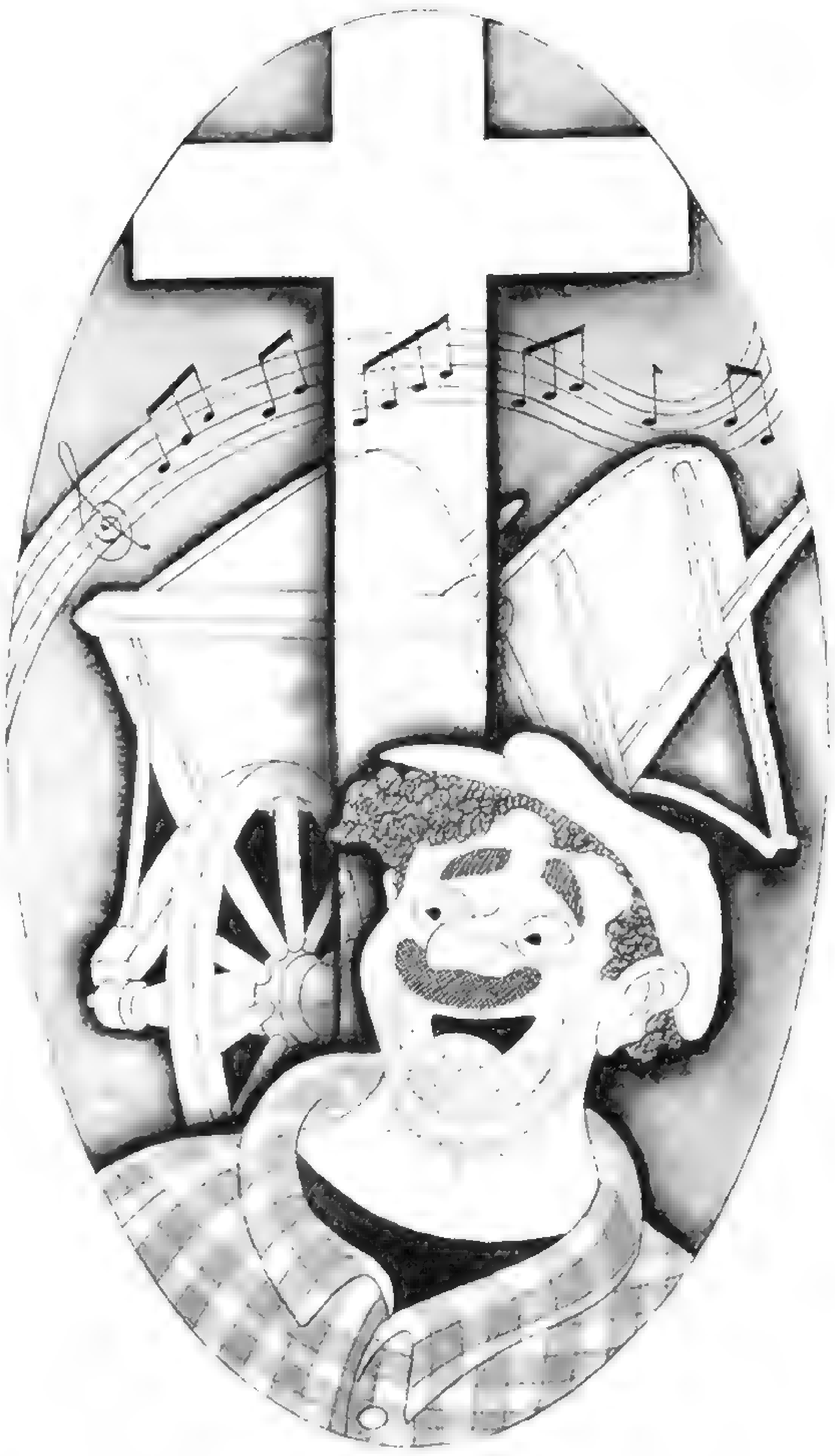
"My husband! Pretend you're selling something—insurance or subscriptions or something!"

Tony Takes to the Pavement

A pitifully pointed story about a light-hearted little wop who loved his work—much too well

by CHARLES W. LAWRENCE

• FICTION •



It was back in the Spring of 1930 or 1931, whichever year it was they were widening Memphis Avenue. I had been sent out on some story or other which took me to the West Side, and when I got the story cleaned up I wandered over to Memphis and W. 119th Street to buy some cigarettes.

It was a day to loaf—the kind of day when the sky is miles high and the only clouds are a few white puffs; the kind of day almost anybody will stop to watch a gang of men at work, because it's one way of staying outdoors in the sun. But those who were watching the gang at this corner were being offered better than usual entertainment.

When I first noticed him, the little fellow was standing with his wheelbarrow under the snout of the concrete mixer, half singing, half chanting something in Italian which ended up in English:

"—feel upa da bar', feel upa da bar' at's a Tony at's wheela da bar'."

He was a little fellow, as I say, with big arms, and he wore his cap so that the vizor stuck almost straight up over his right ear, making him look as cocky as the Devil crashing a Sunday School picnic.

I joined the others to watch him work. He would almost trot as he wheeled his loaded barrow to the hole in the street, then when he dumped it he would give the wheel a neat turn as he swiveled in his tracks and started back to the mixer at a jog, his song again breaking into English:

"Make outa da way, make outa da way; at's a Tony at's a worka today."

There were a couple of other fellows with wheelbarrows. They didn't pay any attention to Tony, just grunted as they pushed their loads from the mixer, and stood wiping the sweat from their necks before returning for more.

Tony sometimes made two trips to their one. Often they were in his way, and then, breaking off his tune, he would shout:

"Make outa da way, make outa da way; let Tony feena da beez'."

I turned to the drug store to get my cigarettes. The clerk was standing in the door. I was grinning and he grinned back as he pulled the screen open for me.

"He's been like that all day," the clerk said. "That guy sure does like to work."

I remember thinking to myself that I ought to be able to write a swell feature story about the little fellow.

I thought it might make one of these cheer-up yarns the chief had been calling for on the bulletin board, "to lighten up the gloom of hard times," as he put it. I even thought out a headline:

GONDOLIER TAKES
TO THE PAVEMENT
Tony Finds Memphis Ave. Not
So Hard If You Know
How to Sing

Then I thought that would be stretching it a little, and, not being able to work out a good lead, I let it drop. Every once in a while for a few months, though, Tony would crop up in my mind. But gradually I forgot all about him. That, as I say, was three or four years ago.

For no reason at all, the picture of Tony singing at his work flashed into my mind the day of the riot. I'm like that. Without any warning, something I have done or seen a long time ago will pop into my mind without my having done or seen anything that has any connection with the earlier event. When it happens I spend a second or two wondering why I thought of that, and then the picture is gone, and I go about my routine thinking. Maybe you've had the same experience. It's probably second cousin to that psychological phenomenon in which you suddenly feel as though at some previous time you were doing or thinking precisely the same thing you are doing or thinking at this moment. I've forgotten what they call it.

Anyhow, Tony came into my mind in this way just a moment or two before word came into the city room that a policeman had been shot in a relief riot. A minute later the report was that two or three people had been killed. It was page one, top line, and I was glad to get the assignment.

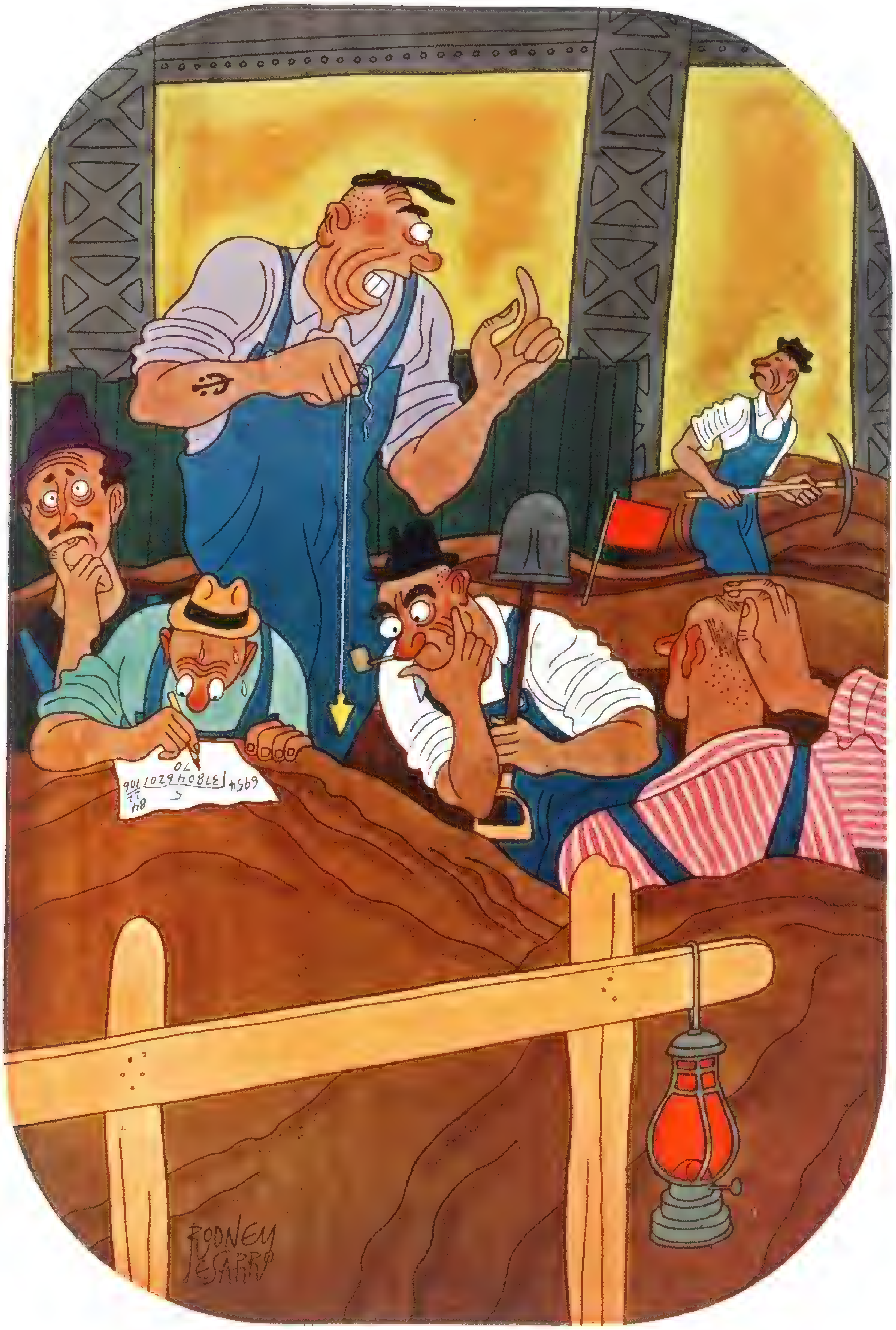
As nearly as I could make out from what the cops and the girls at the relief office told me, about a hundred Reds had come to the branch office and demanded to see the supervisor. Wanted to present some demands. The supervisor sent down word it wasn't their regular day to present demands. Usually, when this happened, the Reds would stand out front and make the usual speeches about the police terror and the hirelings of the bosses, and then go away. This time, though, they forced their way past the cop at the door and crowded into the waiting room. The cop called for reinforcements. When they came, a man in the crowd grabbed a gun from a police holster and began to shoot. He hit one of the cops in the leg, and the cop shot him through the heart. A couple of others, a man and a woman, were caught in the cross fire and were badly wounded. I sent my photographer to the hospital to get art on the injured, and then set about getting identifications.

The two who were hurt, the girls at the office told me, were old trouble makers—never satisfied with what they got in groceries and clothing, always leading demonstrations of Reds. But no one knew anything about the fellow who started the shooting and got killed. He never had been there before. So I went down to the County Morgue to see what they had on him down there. At the door was the patrolman whose gun had been taken. I asked him how the shooting started.

"That's hard to say," he said. "I was telling the sons of bitches they wouldn't work if you gave 'em a job, and the first thing I knew my gun was gone and this guy was shooting. He must of went nuts."

"Well, what you told them was the God's truth," I said, and went into the autopsy room.

There on the slab lay Tony.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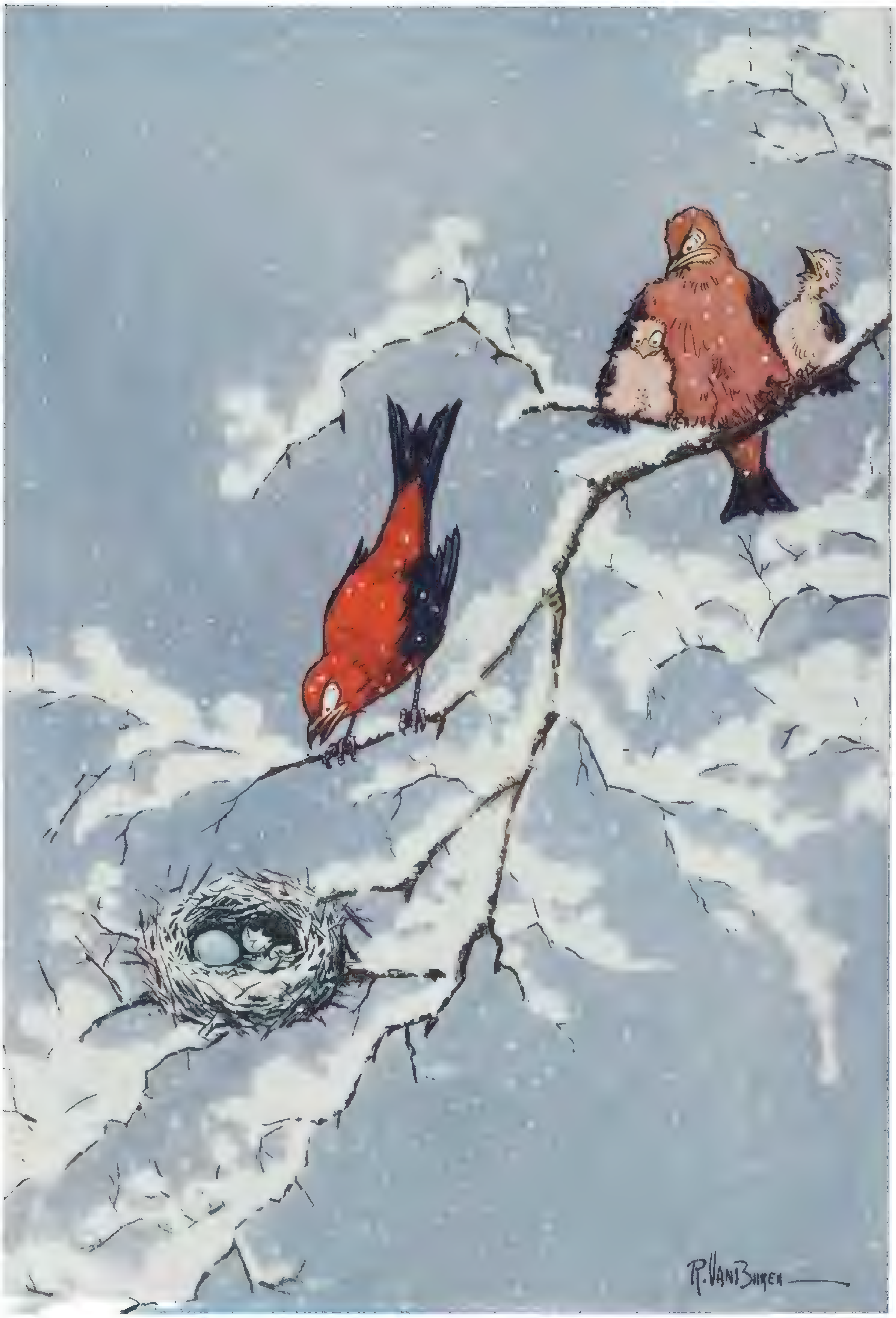
RODNEY DE SARRO

"May we have your opinion on this, Mr. Criddy?"



"Well, stubborn, if you *do* *decide to come out—meet us in Palm Beach!"*

Henry Takes a Holiday

One sure-fire way to find out just how much the wife thinks you're worth—and collect it

by HOWARD COLLINS

• FICTION •

HENRY SIMMONS put on his hat and left the house. As he walked briskly down the street, he fingered the twenty dollar bill in his pocket. It had been a long time since he had had a twenty dollar bill in his possession. The last time, he reflected, had been before he had been married. Ten years next month.

Ten years ago next June sixteenth he and Annabelle had been made one, and, he said to himself, she was the one. They had agreed, at her suggestion, that she take charge of the money he earned. And for ten years she had done that. Annabelle was what her friends called "a good manager." She had put their little household on a strict budget, which didn't allow for anything that she termed "foolishness." No cigars, no cigarettes, no pleasant little vices of any kind for Henry for the past ten years. Such things weren't in the budget: fifty cents every two weeks for a haircut, thirty cents a day for lunch, fifty-six cents a week for carfare. Not a dime that Henry had earned in the past ten years had he been able to call his own.

He began to imagine what he would do with the twenty dollars if he were free to spend it as he wished, instead of carrying out Annabelle's instructions to buy a quart of ice-cream at the drugstore and hurry back with the change.

Twenty dollars would buy nearly four thousand cigarettes. He tried to figure how long they would last, smoked at the rate of three a day, but the figures became too involved. Or he could go to a ball game every Saturday afternoon for four years. Or he could buy about two thousand glasses of beer, one every afternoon for nearly six years.

Or he could travel. He had always wanted to travel. He had always wanted to go to New York, stay in a hotel, attend first nights, go to night clubs, maybe even be mentioned in Winchell's column. But he couldn't do that on twenty dollars.

Oh, if he could only win a contest, or write a prize slogan, or do something which would bring him a lot of money! He smiled whimsically as he thought of himself robbing a bank.

A car drew up to the curb. Henry's heart pounded and his stomach felt weak as the door opened and a burly man stepped up to him. Robbers? Kidnapers? He had a lot of money with him—twenty dollars!

"Say, buddy, which way is downtown in this burg?" asked the man.

"S-straight ahead," said Henry.

"Thanks a lot," said the man, and got back in the car and drove off.

Henry almost laughed aloud with relief and the realization of the silliness of his fears. As if anyone would want to kidnap him! Still, he wondered how Annabelle would take it if he were. He pictured her getting a ransom note. "Put $10,000 behind the billboard next to the gas station at Roosevelt Highway and Coolidge Road if you want to see your husband again. Signed, The Purple Gang."

Would she do it? They didn't have that much, he knew. But they did have fifteen hundred dollars Henry's grandfather had left him when he died five years ago. And it was in Annabelle's name. Maybe she would pay fifteen hundred to get him back. She had often expressed her views on the subject, that it was silly to pay a lot of money to kidnapers, when, by holding out for a few days, one could settle for much less. But maybe, if her own husband were abducted, she would change her mind about that.

But what would happen to him in the meantime? The kidnapers would probably take him to Chicago, which was only a few hours away. There they could hide him in a cheap hotel, for weeks if necessary, and no one would ever be the wiser. Then when the money was paid they would release him and go their way, and no one would ever know who they were. That was certainly an easy way to make money. Fifteen hundred dollars in just a few days, more than Henry earned in a whole year.

Then a thought occurred to him which was so breath-taking in its possibilities that he stopped in his tracks, spellbound. Why couldn't *he* be the kidnaper? Why couldn't he hold himself for ransom, send the notes, collect the money and go on his carefree way? The money belonged to him anyway!

A trifle giddy, he leaned against a street lamp on the corner and passed his hand over his forehead. The driver of a passing taxi saw the gesture, swung into the curb and stopped.

"Taxi? Yes, sir! Where to?"

Like a high diver, Henry took a deep breath and plunged. "Bus station," he said, in a voice a little hysterical with excitement. . . .

Chicago! A little uncertainly he stared out the window as the bus threaded its way through block after block of strange and dangerous-looking neighborhoods. When it finally reached a business district, Henry got out and at a convenient pawnshop purchased a cheap and slightly battered suitcase. At the corner drugstore he bought an armful of detective story magazines and a box of stationery. Then he hailed a cab and was driven to a hotel.

A bell hop snatched the suit-case and led him to the desk. Henry signed the register in a tremulous hand: *Richard Smith, Evansville, Indiana.*

"I want a room with a bath," he said to the clerk. "What are your rates by the week?"

"Well, Mr. Smith," answered the clerk after a glance at the register, "I can give you a very nice room on the tenth floor for thirty dollars. Will you be with us long?"

"Oh, a week or two, I guess," said Henry. Thirty dollars, he thought. That was more than a month's rent back home.

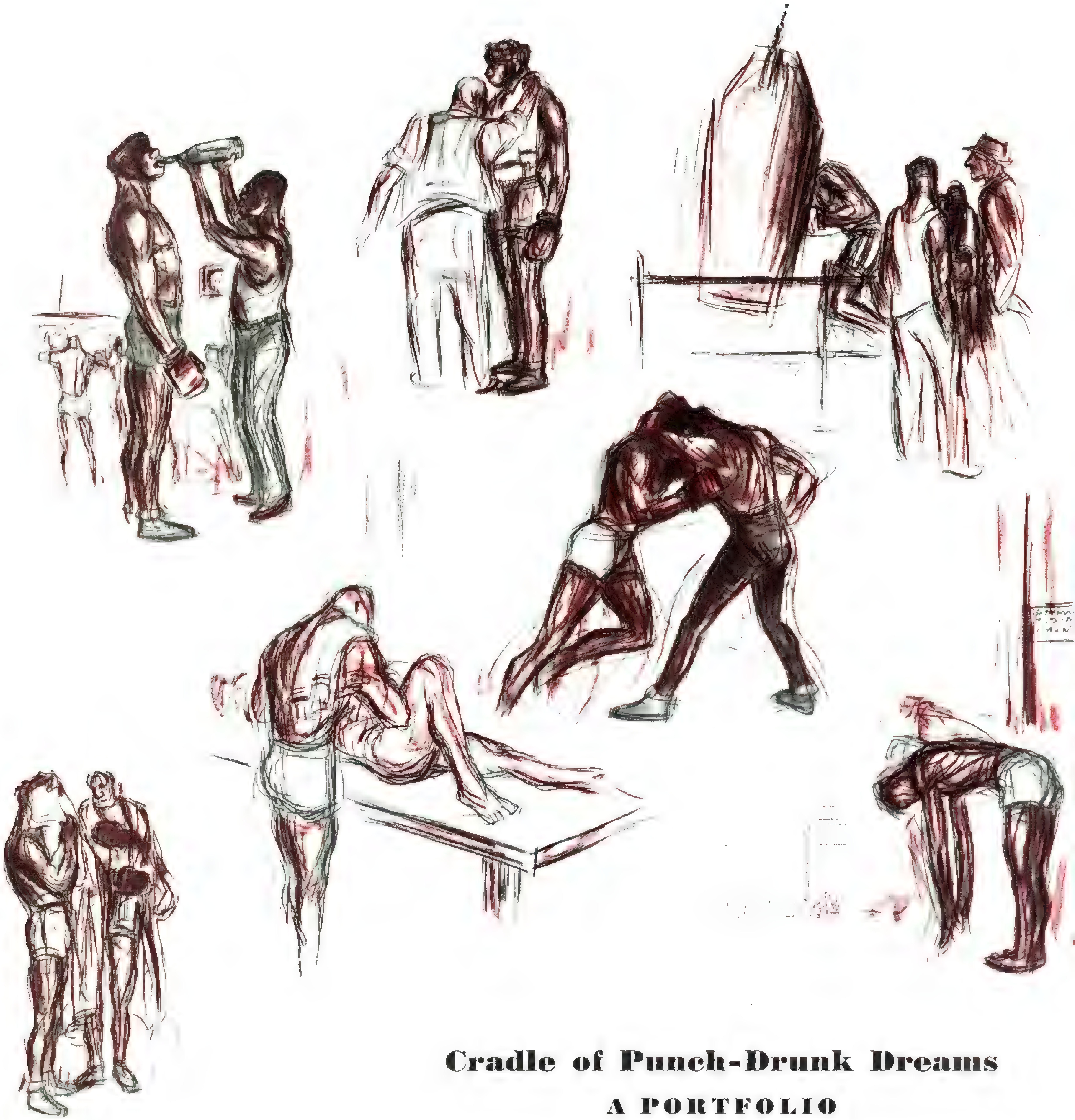
Safe in the room at last, but feeling a little guilty about being called "Mr. Smith," he sat down on the bed and looked around. Then he got up and strolled about, reading with studied attention the signs and notices tacked in conspicuous places by the management.

He woke early the next morning with an exuberant feeling of freedom. As he dressed he thought of how Annabelle must miss him and how his fellow workers at the office would miss him too when he failed to show up. It gave him a delightfully detached sensation to think of them all going about doing their daily routines while he, Henry Simmons, was in Chicago with the world before him.

After a quick breakfast in the hotel dining-room, he walked briskly down the street. A haberdasher's window caught his eye and he entered. When he emerged he wore a bright red necktie. In a waste can on a street corner he dropped the black knitted gift of his sister-in-law, Mathilda. With a feeling that God was in His Heaven he sauntered along the side streets, lingering in the pleasant morning sunshine before the fascinating window displays.

As the morning advanced the sun became warmer, and so did Henry. The cool inviting darkness of a restaurant's interior, spied

Continued on page 130

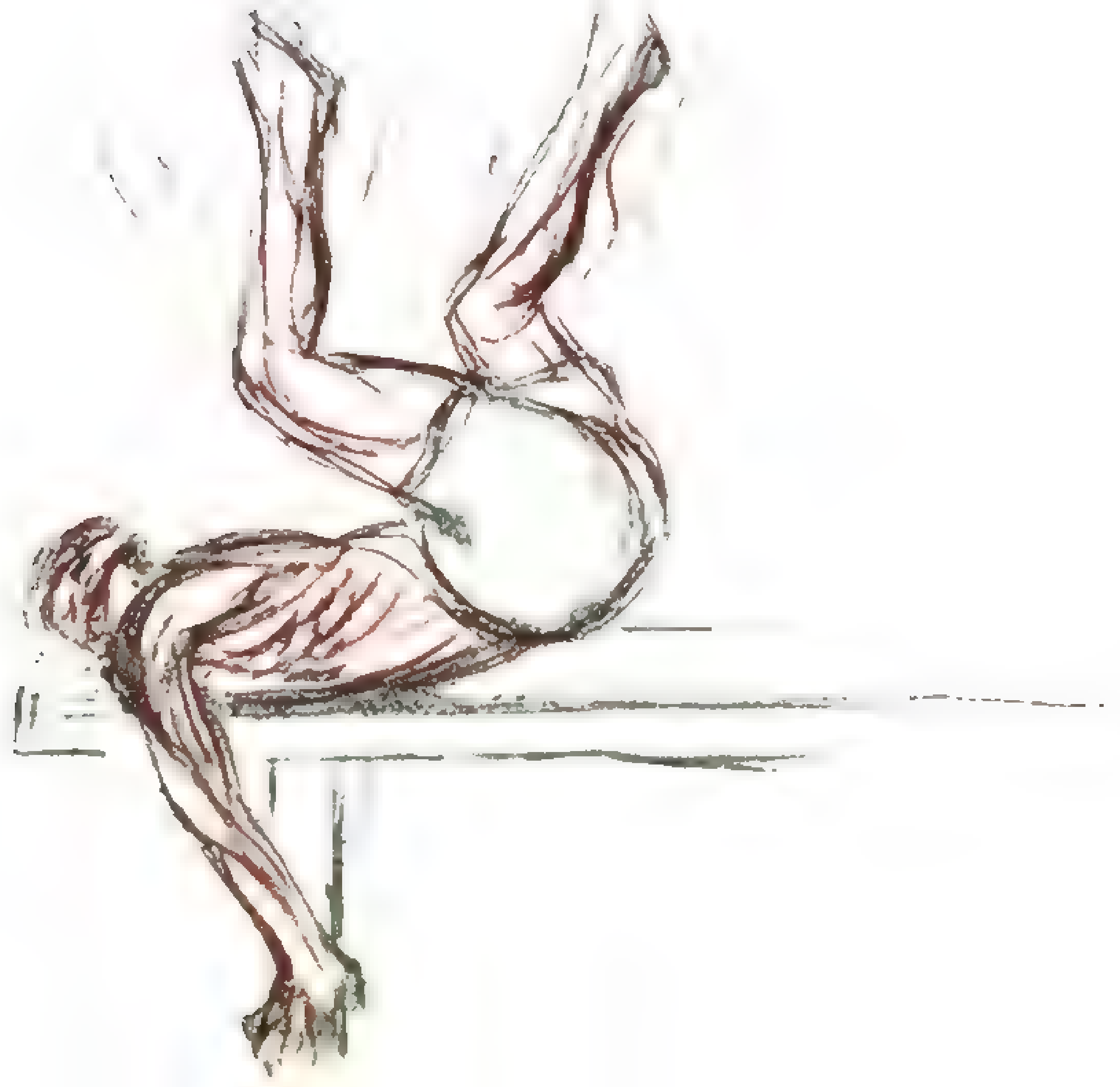


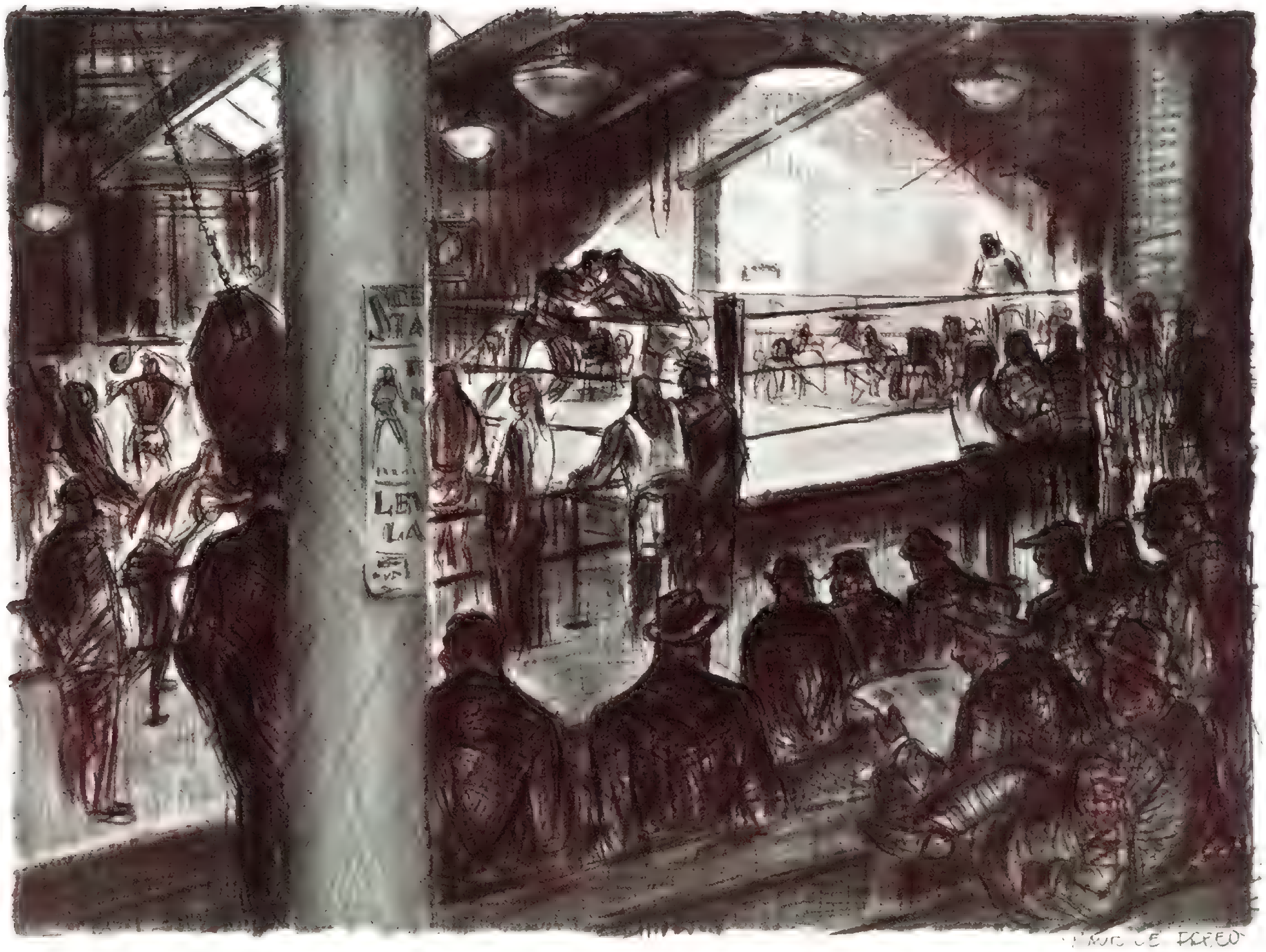
Cradle of Punch-Drunk Dreams

A PORTFOLIO

by **MAURICE FREED**

FOR two bits you can come in out of the cold and stay all day. You'll get the clean smell of alcohol and the sodden smell of old sweat. You'll move among a crowd of young men with blue-gleaming jowls and tight clothes with exaggerated waists and shoulders, and old men with grey-grizzled cheeks and dumpy old clothes that hang like gunnysacks. You'll hear the thud of leather on leather and the shuffle of leather on canvas, the flick, flick, flick of rope on wood, and from the ring the syncopated sound of grunts and short sudden sniffs like escaping steam, as a champion spars, in easy and disdainful grace, with a wornout stumble bum. You'll see, exercising side by side, the dull-eyed dogged has-beens and the bright-eyed eager never-will-bes. And you'll wonder, as you leave, why so many are called when it's so painfully obvious that only a few can ever be chosen.

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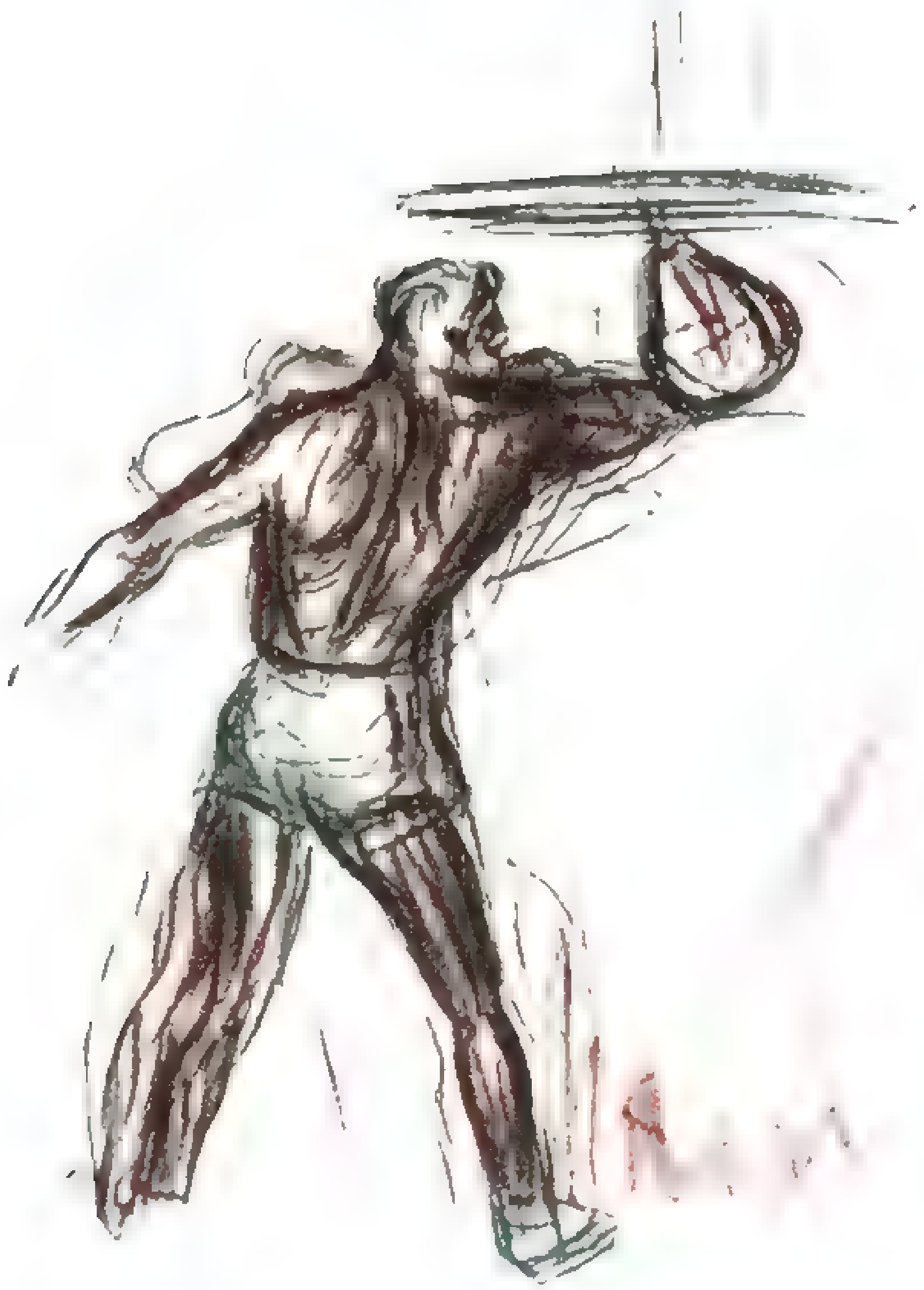
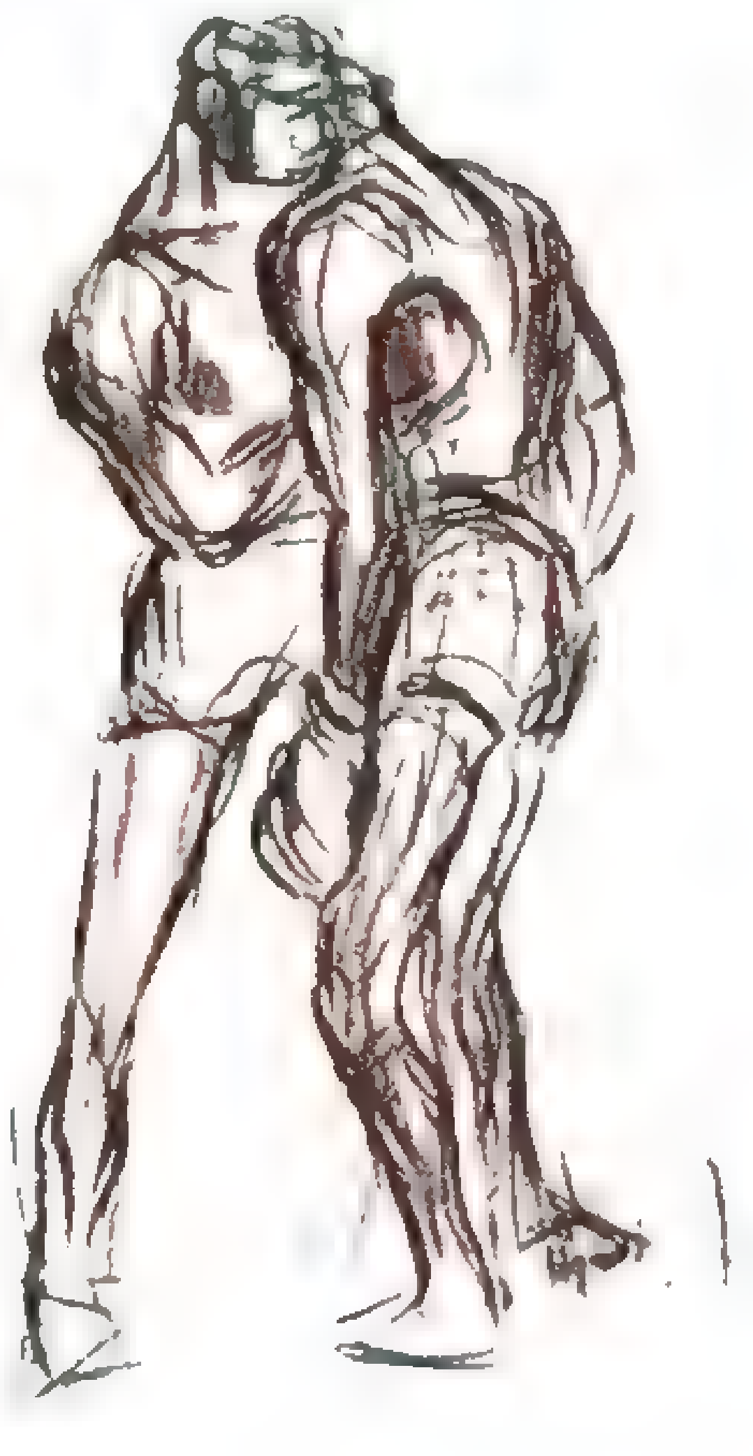
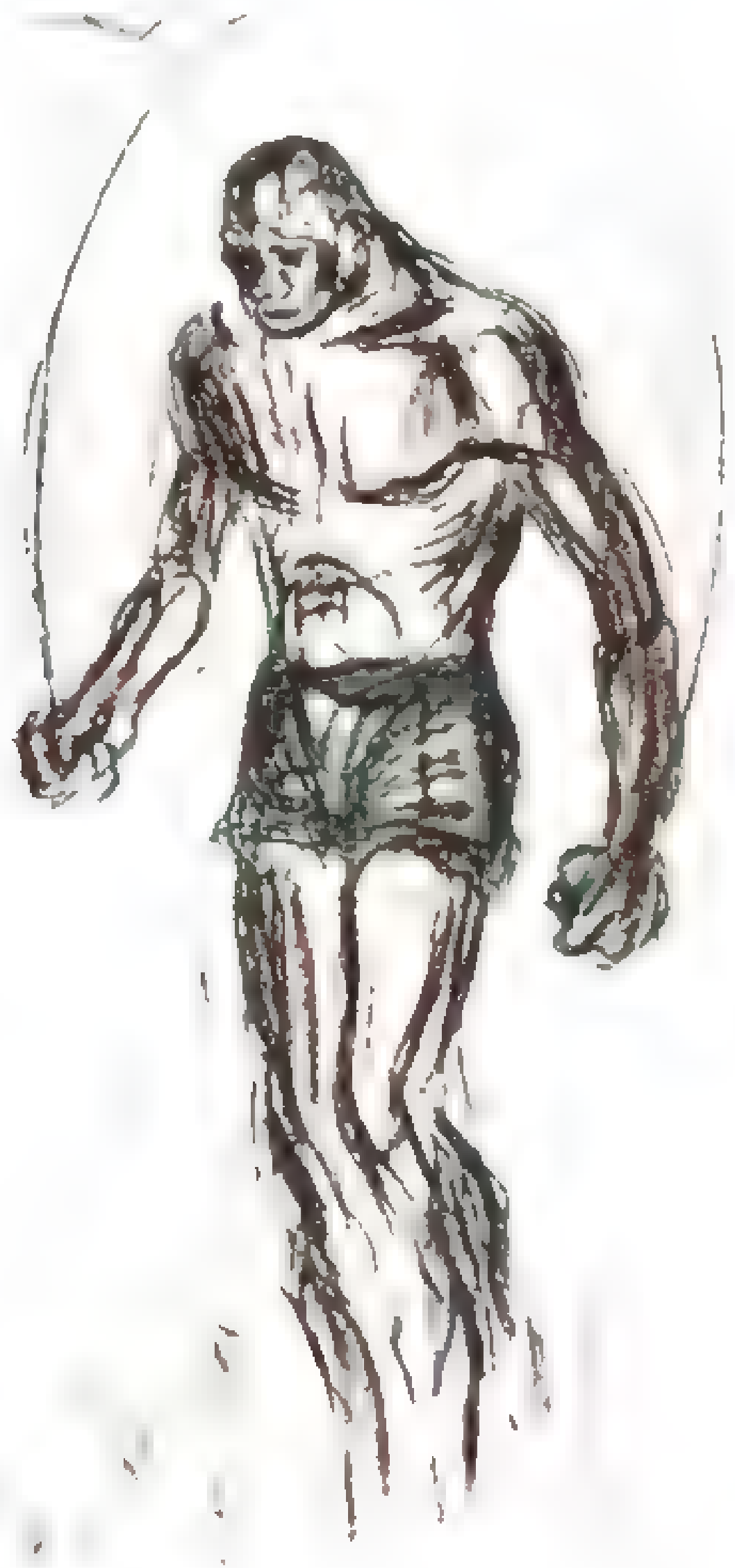
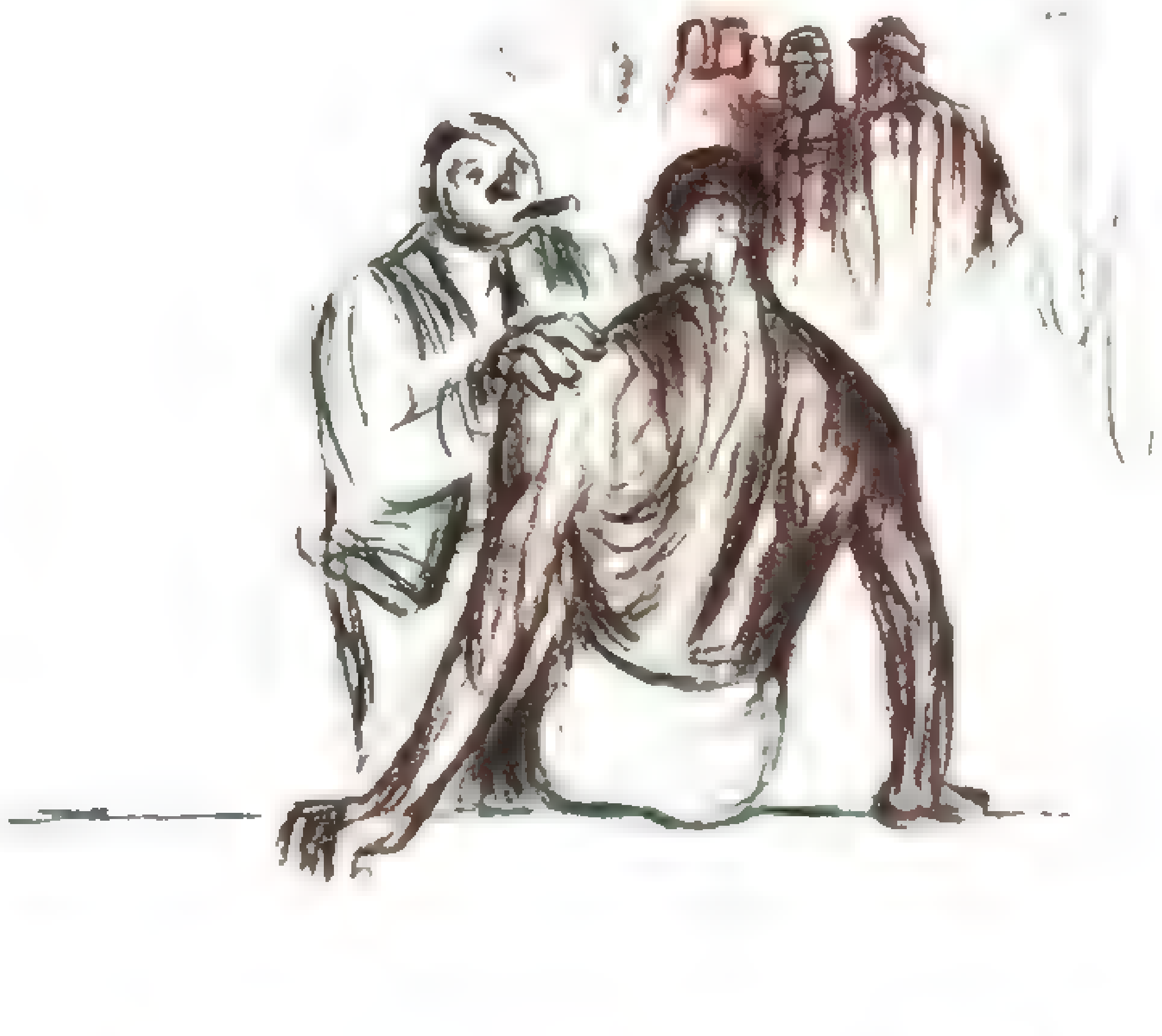
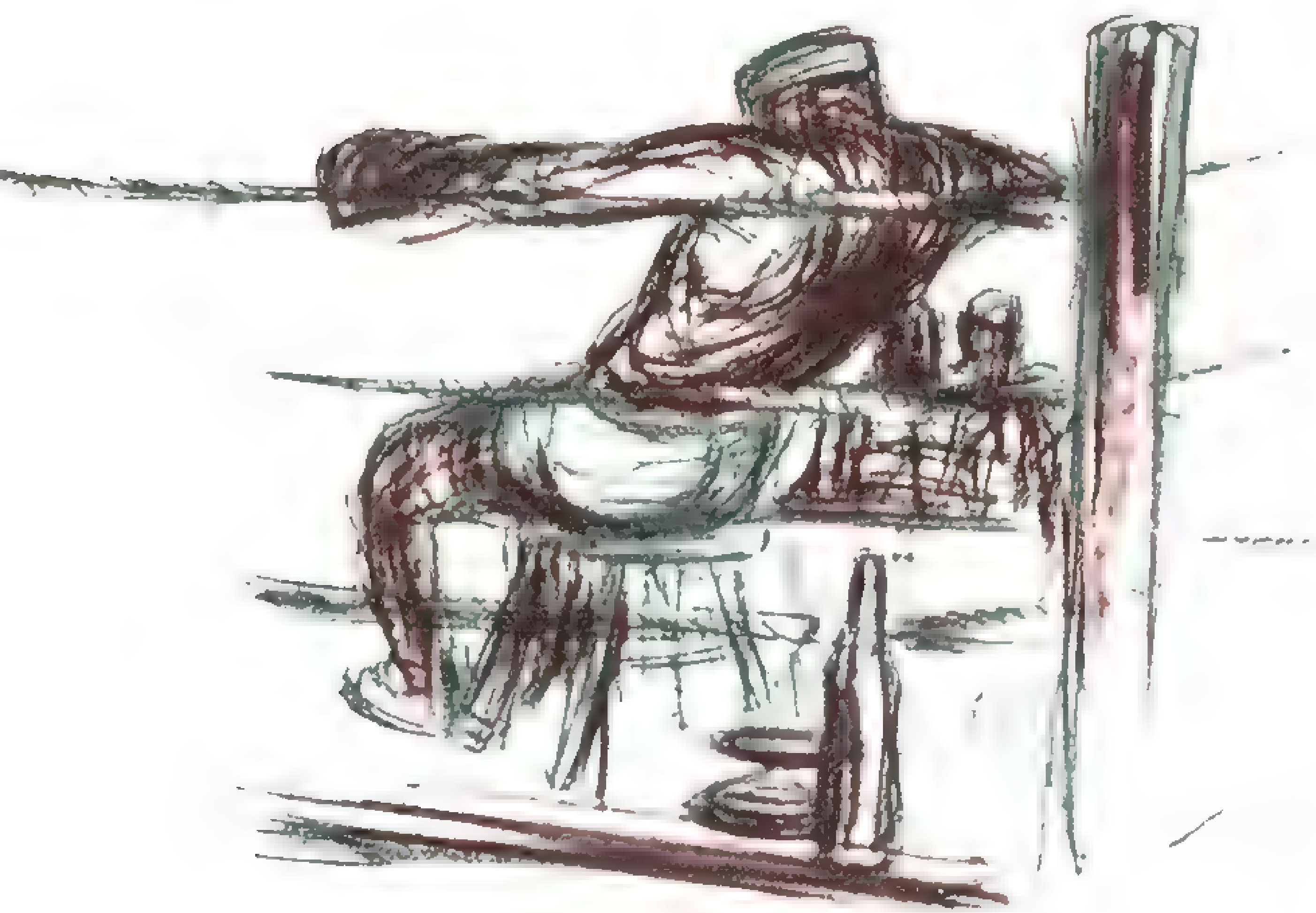
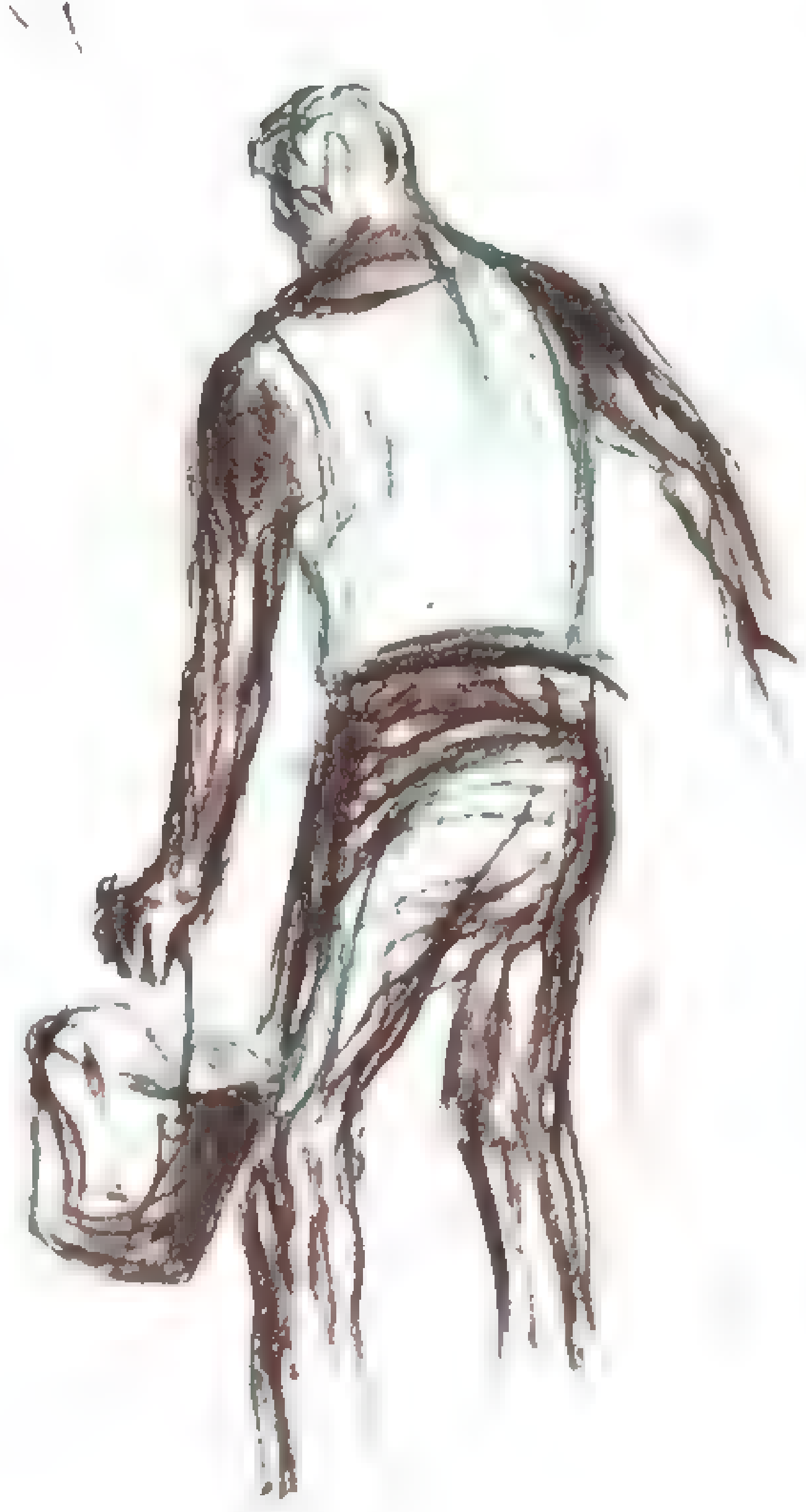


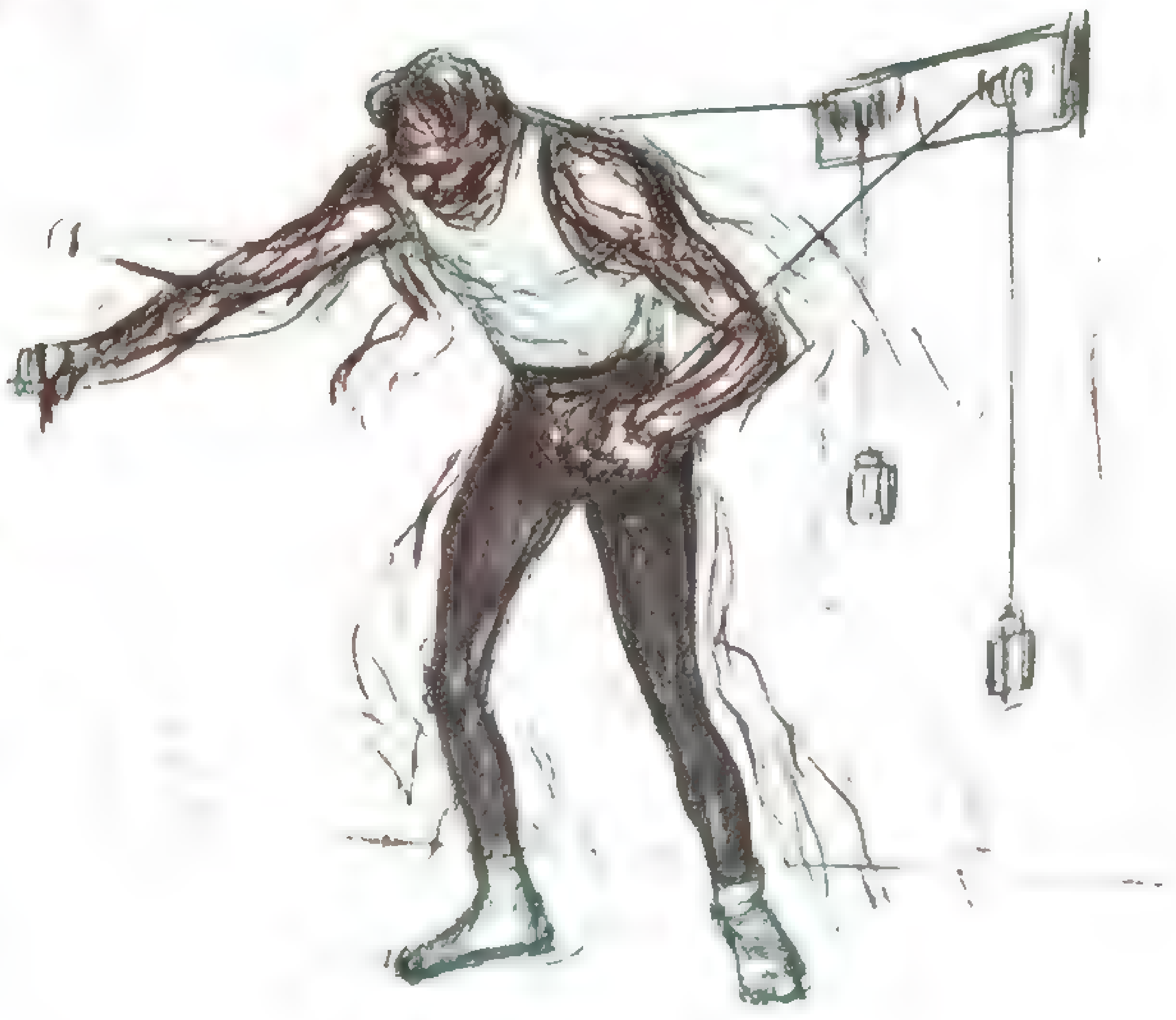










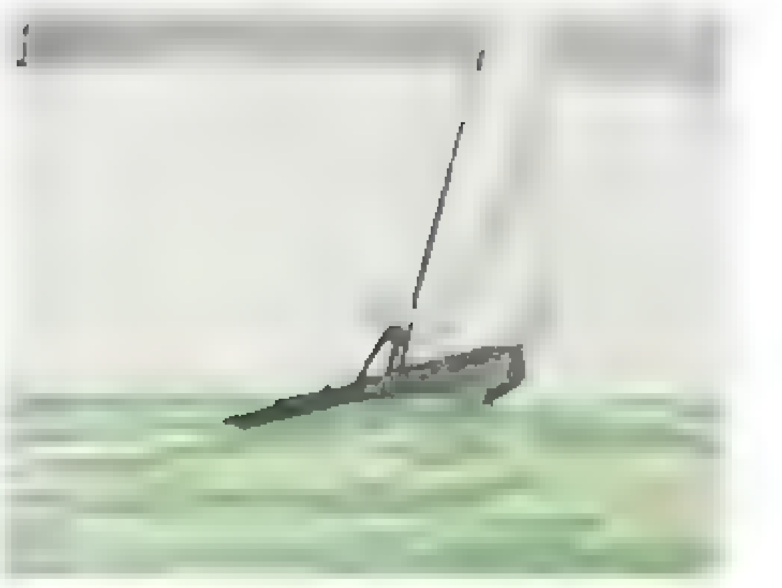


These Too Shall Live

An end of suffering for the handful of men who undertook to save their mother ship

by HANSON W. BALDWIN

• SEMI-FICTION •



AUTHOR'S NOTE: *The account of the wreck of the "Saginaw" and the subsequent rescue of the shipwrecked crew is based entirely upon authentic documents. The account of the privations of the five men who comprised the crew of its gig has been built around the reports of Captain Sicard to the Navy Department and the story of Halford, the survivor. In Part I all of the actual details—such as the courses sailed by the gig in its effort to reach help for the "Saginaw," the overturning in the surf, the spoiling and loss of the provisions, the storms encountered actually happened. I have merely tried to dramatize this little known but ever living incident of our navy, which began in the January issue.*

A SECOND storm followed hard upon the first one. The winter gales had come and the winds howled steadily—with brief intervals of shining days or peaceful nights—out of the west, bringing with them a smother of foam. With no flame the tin cooking apparatus was useless. Time and again Muir, weak and haggard, his body still racked with griping pains, struck flint and steel together but there was no dry tinder in the boat and nothing combustible could be found. The gig streamed with water—she had to be bailed once each watch; the men's clothing was soaked; salt water sores formed on their legs; cracks in the skin opened between their fingers and their toes; their joints stiffened and throbbed from the continual wet. Braced against the stanchions or curled around the masts they tried to sleep, but the constant skittering of the small boat in the harrying sea gave them no rest; water sluiced through the leaky deck seams; pain tore at their bowels; hunger enervated their bodies but left their minds keen and clear to sense with exquisite perception the slowly-mounting torture of the sea.

Without flame the coffee and tea were useless; for a time the rancid butter made the hard-tack bearable, but within ten days despite their utmost care the mould had spread like a horrid fungus throughout the bread in the black canvas bag and it was unedible. The men lived on a bit of dried beef or ham rind, a spoonful of molasses or sugar—most of it salt-soaked—and two spoonfuls a day of the dessicated potatoes. Between their pitiful meals they sucked on tea leaves or coffee grounds and swilled great gulps of water from their plentiful supply.

The eighth day out the gig lost her sea anchor. During the first storm Talbot had kept her scudding with bare poles before the wind, but the succeeding gales became more and more severe and with some difficulty the men had brought her to and had ridden out the storms. On the eighth day with some thirteen hundred miles of water still between them and their goal, according to Talbot's rough calculation of their position, a third gale roared out of the west.

For days the sea did its worst. There were intervals when the men lay, half-naked on deck in the sunlight, clinging to the rigging. Breathing stertorously through salt-cracked lips they soaked in the warmth of the sun and tried to dry out their tattered garments. At first, in the few intervals of windless calm, they tried the oars, but their strength was soon gone; they made but pitiful progress. It was during one of these periods that Andrews discovered the loss of the last of their molasses. A black sticky sweetness was mixed with the bilge water below the bottom boards; the keg had leaked. They took this new misfortune without comment. There was nothing to say, and all of them had long ago thought all. The gig sailed on eastward across the parallels of space, slowly approaching the goal of all their hopes—the Sandwich Islands. Talbot took sights when he could, but the frequent storms, clouds, rain and mist obscured the heavens and the heaving of the small boat on the restless ocean made accuracy difficult. During the second and third weeks—still making their easting—the gig all but foundered in a succession of storms. Again forced to heave to, the men fashioned a primitive sea anchor by lashing three of their five oars into a rude triangle and weighting it. The drag did its work well for hours, but finally the constant straining of the gig loosened the lashings, the contrivance disintegrated and the oars were swept away. The deck leaked more seriously; Muir and Andrews did their best to caulk the seams with ripped up shirts and oakum plucked from the bow painter, but as fast as one leak was plugged other seams opened.

The masts working in their steps strained the strakes and tiny leaks started in the bottom. A great sea which swept into the after hatch half-flooded the boat and washed away what was left of the sugar.

The little company of five men had hoped to reach the islands during the third week; twenty-four or twenty-five days would be the maximum time required for the passage, they had estimated. But it was not until the twenty-second day that Talbot, after a shaky sight of the sun, shifted the gig's course to southward. The winds had blown out of the north during the later part of the trip and again the boat was running before the breeze. Halford held her on her course most of the time now; he was still strong, though his skin had shrunken and his eyes glared out of deep hollows. Francis too was fairly strong, though failing rapidly. Talbot had been ill from diarrhea for seven or eight days: he was better now, but weak and tottering. Muir and Andrews were still locked in the groaning misery of dysentery, but their starvation diet had perforce relieved them; their pain was ending, though their exhaustion was extreme.

As the boat made its southing on the last leg of its cruise, the men lived on the dessicated potatoes—all that was left. A spoonful a day moistened with a draft of water. Halford mixed his scanty ration with sperm oil; the rest tried it, but "*were so weakened they could not retain it.*" The rest of the time—with the exception of the men on watch—they lay, chewing on bits of leather, dreaming distorted dreams summoned up by their fatigue.

On the twenty-fifth day, when the boat had logged some fifteen hundred miles, Halford at last succeeded in starting a fire. A bit of oakum and canvas dried in the sun burst into flame as the coxswain focused the sun's rays upon it with a glass taken from the binoculars. Quickly the lantern was relighted and a flame kindled in the cooking apparatus, but it was too late; there was nothing to cook. The men solaced themselves by mixing their spoonfuls of evaporated potatoes in water and heating the pasty substance.

On one of these interminable days Francis cracked. It was just before the noon spoonful of potatoes. The storms had left them and the gig's tattered sails, most of them half-torn from their bolt-ropes, were drawing her gently over a calm and sunlit sea. Halford was steering and all except Francis were stretched—more dead than alive—on the turtle-back deck.

As Talbot painfully lowered himself down the after hatch to get his sextant, a gagging scream halted him. High-pitched, awful, it mewled from the crescendo of terror to the throaty yammering of an idiot.

The men on deck lay rigid, ashen—horror staring from their eyes. Talbot, shaken, crouched down beneath the

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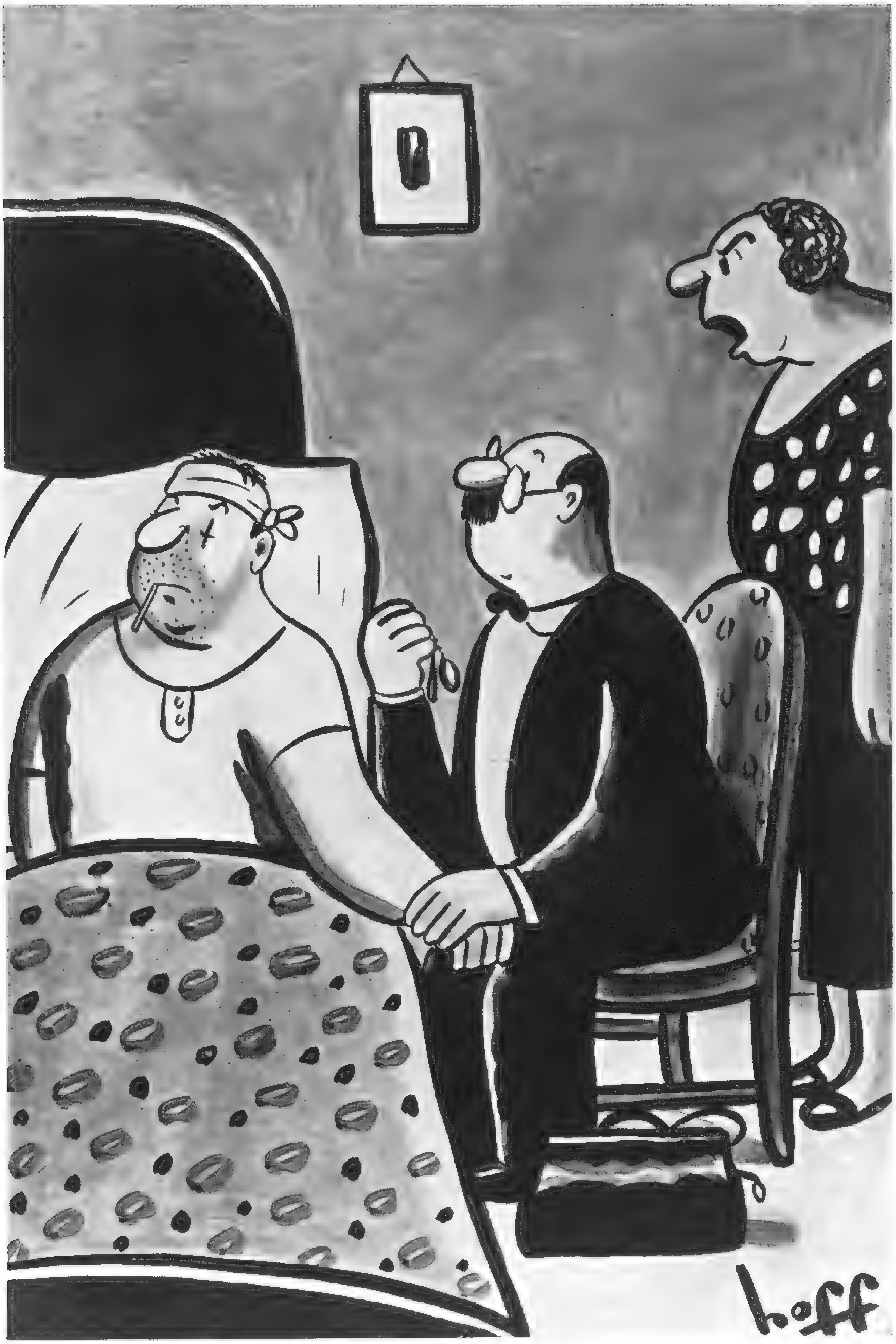

"For my part he can drop dead, Doctor. I begged him to wear rubbers"

Professor, I'm Through

Give a lecturer the air and the low level of radio entertainment will not be raised above sea-level

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

I AM as ready as anyone to take a sock at radio broadcasts and I don't want anyone to think I am no longer sound of limb or hard of heart when I say that in all the everlasting fuss about making the radio educational, I am entirely on the side of the broadcasters, sponsors for laxatives, Woollcott, crooners and all. Without saying a word in favor of radio programs as they now offend the pure upper air—although I imagine a few, but not too many, words should be said—I think that the idea of education over the air is one of those attractive, utterly wrong notions which come to plague a decent citizenry once every five years and have to be borne like any other plague.

I grant you that I am what is called an educated man, in the sense that I paid four years' tuition and something for board at a reputable college, but I am not educated in many things and while I bear a grudge against my college, I have to thank it for one thing: it revealed precisely where my ignorance lies. Not a difficult job; the area is vast. As a result of my college education I was totally unprepared for the three major events of my mature life: the war, the economic breakdown and the discoveries of science. But I am, technically speaking, an educated man. And I do not think the radio is the proper instrument for education for myself or for anyone else. Not education as it is generally conceived.

A good psychoanalyst or a good horse-trader would see at once that I am only leading up to my own private patented idea of how to put education on the air and any determined reader can see that they are correct by digging right down to the end of this article. Yet what I have said has some general sense, in addition to its personal flavor. You can teach French by air, but radio still isn't the place for education.

Major point: education by radio has to be taken in by the ear. This means listening, a sad, apathetic state of being; it does not mean the use of your own energy. It does mean lectures. And lectures are, I seriously believe, the least important part of any system of education although they are, without a doubt, by far the largest part. After years of listening to lectures, in college and, when I couldn't help it, out of college, I am convinced that no lecturer ever says anything of prime significance. A lecturer either oversimplifies or exaggerates; he attempts to please or to shock; he does not have to engage the brains of his audience with his, but can lull his audience to sleep. The good ones do.

At Oxford, which has turned out some pretty scholars, attendance at lectures is not obligatory. You may go, but you usually do not. You get proper notes on the lectures you have missed, you collect half a dozen necessary books and you go off, during holidays, for a long spell of reading, at the end of which you returned, instructed, having used your mind, and take an exam. (All this is pure hearsay, but it is fairly accurate. The masters of the colleges at Oxford know that lecturing is a waste of time.)

At most American colleges, the lecturer glowers at any vacant seat, your "cuts" are reported to the Dean, and if you are very very good, you are allowed a few extra cuts, the sound principle being thus established that if you have a brain, you needn't go to lectures. In your absence, the professors drone on; some of them have had the business acumen to put their lectures into books and to make them required reading in their courses, so they get a royalty. But they go on lecturing just the same.

There must be a reason. There is. An instinct for lecturing lies in the human soul, the instinct which makes salesmen tell funny stories—the instinct which made the Ancient Mariner go on so. *He holds him with his glittering eye*—wasn't it? Nothing so ministers to the sense of power as the feeling that there they sit, helpless, incapable of leaving the room, spellbound (what?) by your eloquence. As a probably second rate lecturer myself, I have felt that sense of power. I have done my earnest best never to tell a joke on the platform and always to say one or two things which might start some one else thinking. But I know that what I have enjoyed was the feeling that fifty or five hundred people were listening to *me*.

So it isn't surprising that teachers like to lecture and that the moment the radio got going, people wanted to use it for lectures. I say you teach mighty little that way. I say that the radio can be made an instrument of entertainment—a few stumbling steps in that direction have been taken—and that so long as radio offers entertainment the intelligent citizens will turn to the figure of fun on their dials and away from the figure of instruction.

Now the movie—the talking movie especially—is an instrument of education, but you do not hear the reformers howling for educational films to be shown in the movie houses, under government auspices, in place of Joan Crawford and Mae West. No. Educational films have been made and they are fascinating; they are used in schools and colleges; more of them should be made and be more widely used in those places, and considering that there are millions of people who need education and can get it from films, all the adult education societies ought to work earnestly in this field. But the air isn't nearly as suitable. You cannot make a scientific demonstration or a geometric diagram on the air. You can only barely suggest the splendors of history, which the movies can show before your eyes, with sound and color and movement.

I suspect that many of the air-educators want to use the radio to broadcast semi-heretical opinions on economics, and as this reduces the radio to propaganda and anti-propaganda, I see it only as a limitation on the radio's function. Of course you can call communists and capitalists names on the air—that's what political campaigns use the air for. But let us genially refuse to call it education.

In the field which the radio has embraced—and which has saved the radio's life—I mean music—education is possible, but education happens to coincide with entertainment. The best way to educate people to liking great music is to get them to listen to great music and it doesn't matter a bit that a cigarette manufacturer pays for their pleasure. You can arrange musical programs so that they trace the development from the great Bach to the great Stravinsky and you can have some one talking between numbers, with a piano or a flute handy, to explain themes, developments and so on. But the essence will still be the major numbers your orchestra plays. And it is possible that the comment may make people dislike music, whereas the playing may make them like it.

I would give a great deal to have a radio station and a very rich sponsor, so that I could put on a fascinating program during which the auditors would always be absorbed and never for a moment know they were being educated, and at the end of

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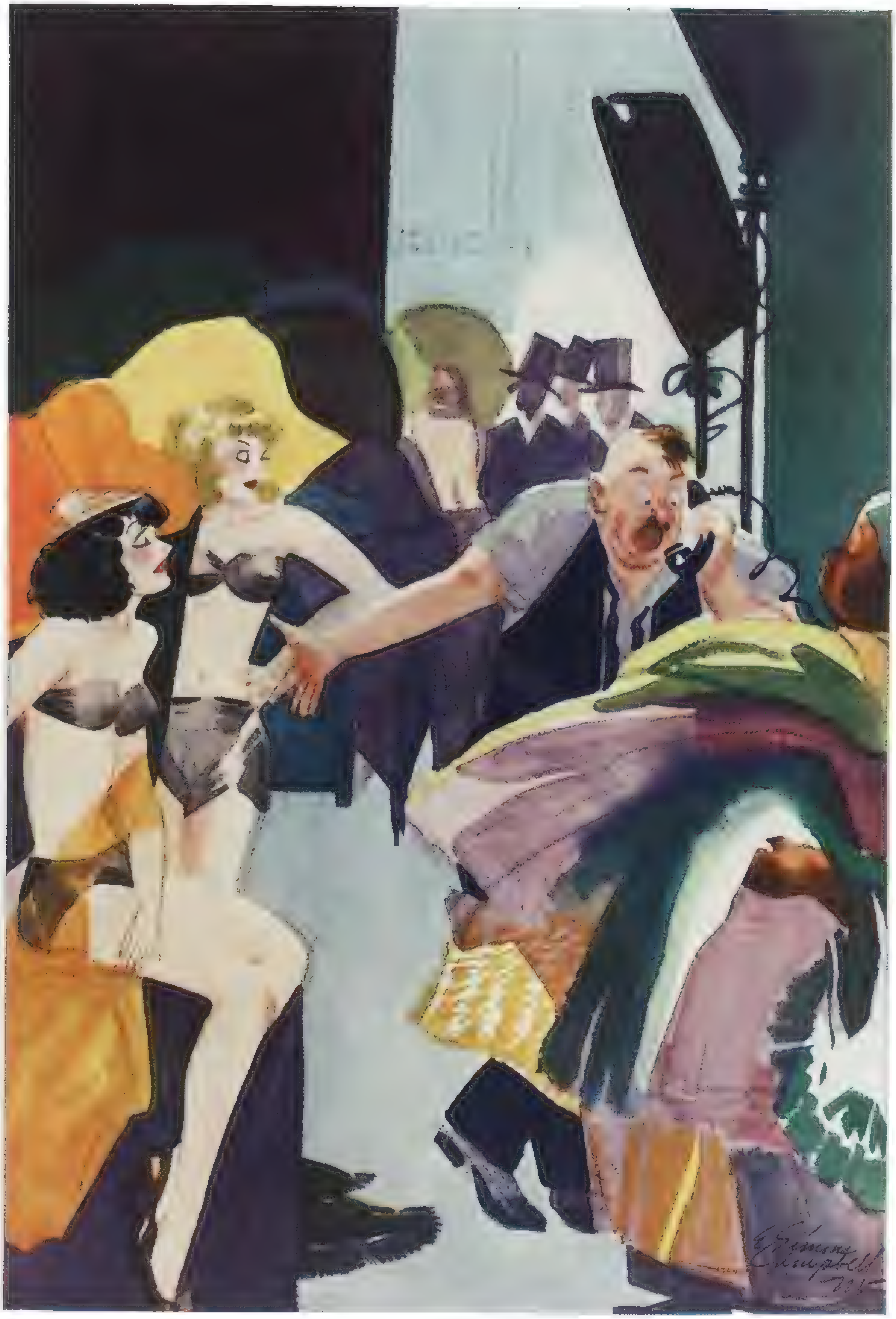
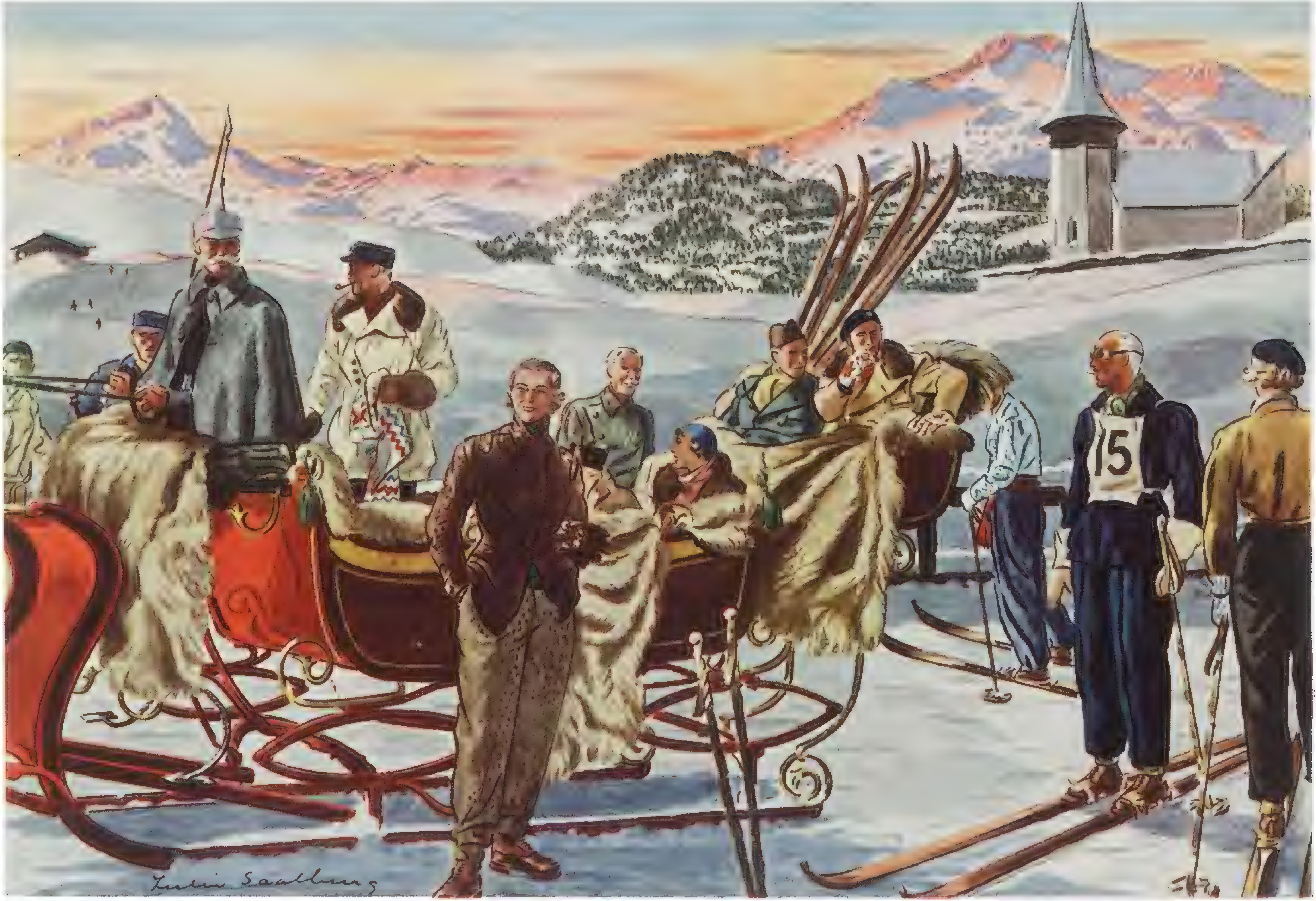


E. Simms Campbell

"My Gawd — —you gonna let a little thing like pneumonia keep you away?"

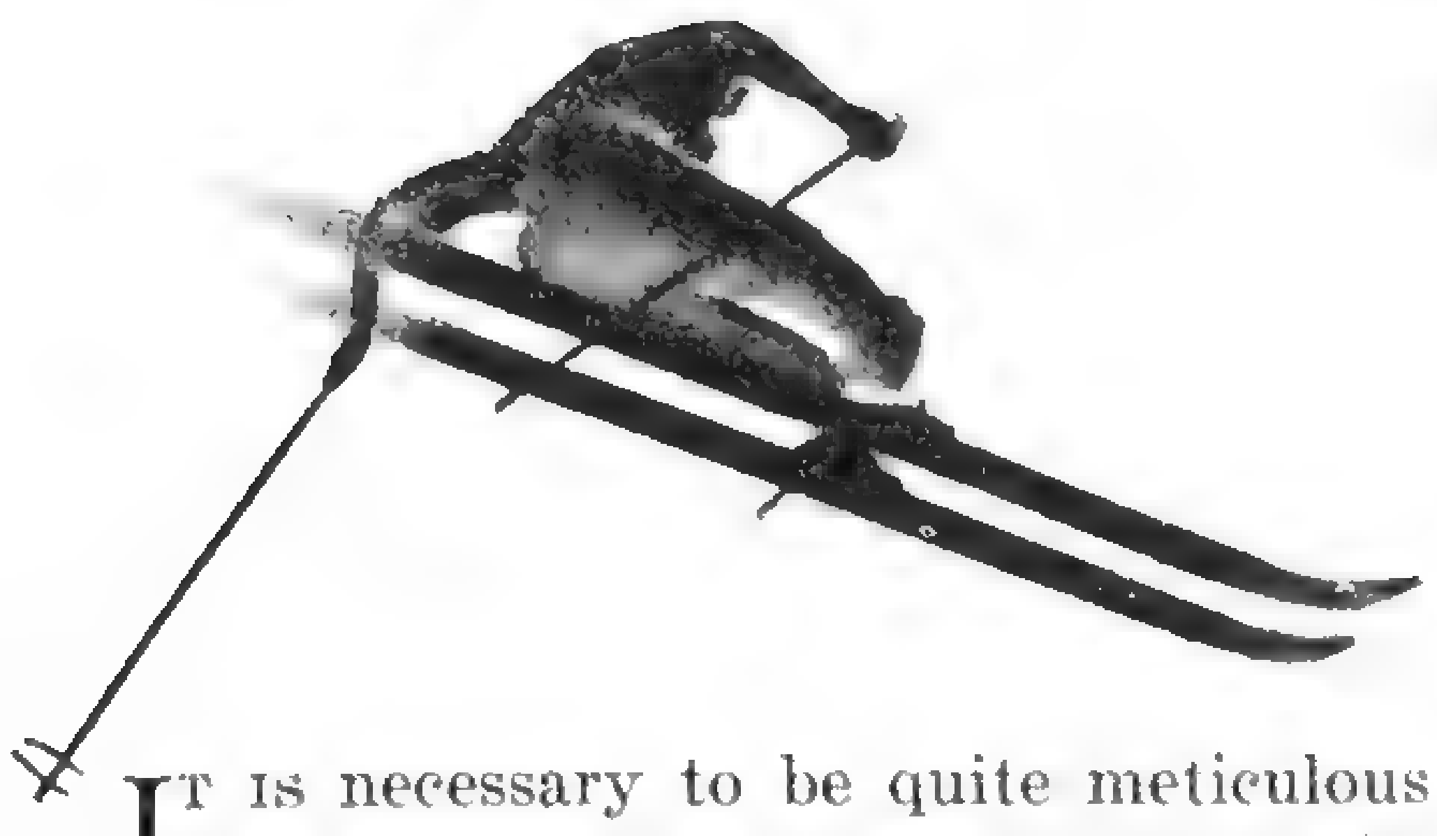


Painted for Esquire by Leslie Saalburg

WINTER SPORTS AT ST. MORITZ

Skiing: Swiss Style

All you need is a ski suit and dinner jacket to make a Roman holiday for a hob-nailed snowman



by HARRY TIPPER

▪ SPORTS ▪

It is necessary to be quite meticulous in discussing skiing as practiced in Switzerland. Between numerous English and Germans, amateurs of the sport, every phase of it has been thoroughly conventionalized. There are correct names for each department; each turn has its proper method, place of use and name (and pronunciation, as: shee-ing, shee-yoring for ski-joring, but not, of course, shee-*yumping*). Thus, skiing is the generic term, while ski-running covers the field of down-hill running, cross-country running and climbing.

Without attempting the finer points of the sport, and opening no debatable question, it is safe to state that Switzerland is the ideal place for skiing. It is possible to go there year after year in the season of three months, not counting summer skiing, with the assurance that there will be snow. The quantity varies, boulders may show through black against the white or they may be covered to the depth of a foot, but snow there will be—a comforting knowledge, I may add, after two snowless weeks at Placid last winter.

The assurance of snow has led the enterprising Swiss to capitalize it to the fullest extent. Everything is regimented so that the skier may enjoy his sport to the utmost without let and hindrance. The train on which you travel, which the Swiss Railways have seen to is the cheapest, most convenient and comfortable mode of getting about, will be pulling a four-wheeled gondola car divided into compartments, labeled with the names of different towns, in which to carry your skis. The third class car will be full of skiers with their haversacks and extra clothes spread all over. Even the conductors all speak four languages for the traveller's convenience.

To me the train trip itself (usually for me from Paris to Pontresina) has become an almost necessary introduction to a good skiing holiday. The last part of the whole journey, which takes from six in the morning to eleven that night, is made in the narrow-gauged Swiss train. The little electric engine hauls its three four-wheeled wooden carriages by the most devious routes imaginable to climb the mountains. Always maintaining its sedate pace it rolls steadily upward. It is impossible to see anything out of the heavily frosted windows, but it is worth while now and then to risk life and limb on the ice-covered open platform for a breath of air and a glimpse at the scenery. In the bright moonlight that turns the surrounding countryside blue-white, you may see perhaps a tiny village casting patches of yellow lights on the snow, the moon outlining the steeple of its church, or you may be moving through a gorge while the moon silhouettes the crags overhead, or gazing over the edge of a precipice which falls into the depths of the valley, a thousand feet below.

Somewhat awed by the engineer's daring planning, you return to the warm compartment, shivering once or twice as you reflect on the cold outside and on the immensity of the view. You open up the ice cold beer and thick ham sandwiches bought in the junction at Chur and talk to the Swiss girl off to the mountains on a holiday from her school in Zurich. Then commence tales of being benighted on some lonely mountain, and stories of racing before avalanches with the snow already beginning to roll under the skis. But in your mind you are looking ahead excitedly to the thrill of the smooth descent of a glacier while the mountains seem to move, instead of yourself, so imperceptible is your speed; then the sudden realization of motion as you lean into a long graceful *telemark*, or the rushing descent of a precipitous slope, your whole body thrown into a *Christi* as you head straight downhill to the next traverse.

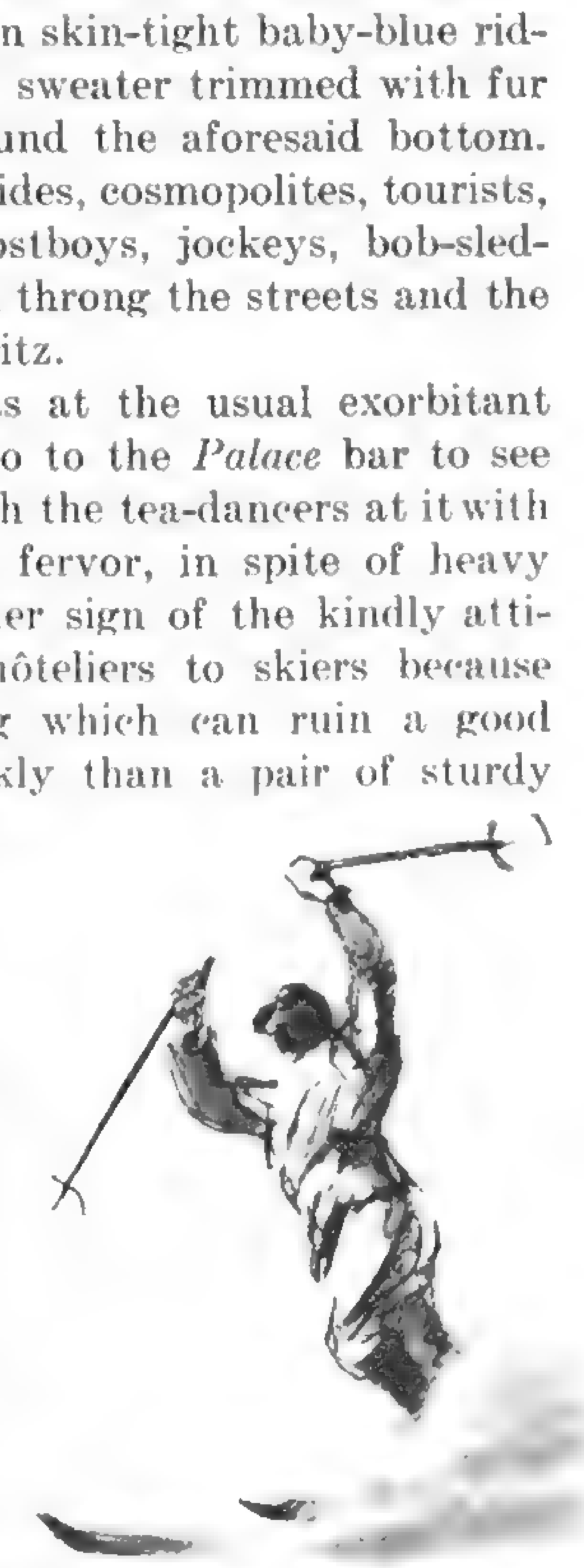
The hotel bus meets you at the station—not an ordinary bus but a sleigh painted light blue with green plush seats and tasseled curtains and heavy plate glass windows. The two horses stir and champ in the icy air, breath coming in plumes, bells tinkling and hooves screeching in the frozen snow. The driver—rosy complexion bespeaking out-of-doors and meals of beer and cheese—puts your bags in the open luggage sleigh which is trailed behind.

You may think that all this is the sort of Christmas card drivel that a travel agent would give you. But I didn't think so when the smiling manager had given me a hot toddy and escorted me to my room. Nor did I think so on New Year's Eve when, after the ladies had gone, he forgot his frock coat and brought out his accordion and sang bawdy songs to the chosen few who had free use of the bar, and we had beer races—a litre at a time of good Celerina beer.

Everyone appears at breakfast in ski clothes—and at lunch and tea for that matter. Never bother to take lounge suits to Switzerland. All you need is a ski suit and dinner jacket. Some get the picnic lunch which is practically standard all over the country. Of the others some go to the "school slopes" practice grounds—and if you think the English are less methodical in their attitude to sports than Americans you should see them there. I have seen some of them there year after year so intent on practicing turns that they never get into the mountains to use them. Some go to the skating and curling rinks, which are sprayed every night so that the ice will be perfect. The rinks are usually made on the ground; and, because of the climate, they seldom melt from the start until the close of the season. The orchestra which plays tea music and jazz at night, plays Viennese waltzes for the skaters every morning. The orchestras, outside of St. Moritz, are uniformly bad, which gives you an idea of the difference between the people there and the rest of Switzerland. It is not wise to tell a Swiss that you have been to St. Moritz for winter sports, because he might doubt the seriousness of your attitude to the sport.

The first afternoon, having spent enough time on the school slopes to stiffen muscles softened by a sedentary life, I would go to St. Moritz to buy presents for those who must have something from Switzerland. The streets there are always filled with the same heterogeneous crowd of automobiles (some Citroëns with tractor tread), buses, sleighs from little cutters to big arks with seats in three tiers and huge bow springs, some bobs, skeletons, luges, horseback riders, errand boys pushing carts on runners, walkers and the ever-present skiers dodging in and out of everything. Costumes vary from the conservative and customary blue gabardine ski-suit to that of one American boy with crimson trousers, yellow sweater and light blue scarf, and one large-bottomed English woman in skin-tight baby-blue riding breeches and sweater trimmed with fur all the way around the aforesaid bottom. Movie actors, guides, cosmopolites, tourists, bakers' boys, postboys, jockeys, bob-sledders, curlers—all throng the streets and the shops in St. Moritz.

I buy presents at the usual exorbitant prices. Then I go to the *Palace* bar to see friends and watch the tea-dancers at it with their customary fervor, in spite of heavy ski-boots—another sign of the kindly attitude of Swiss hôteliers to skiers because there is nothing which can ruin a good floor more quickly than a pair of sturdy hob-nailed ski-boots. Back to the hotel again in the trolley, which is always crowded at this time of night with skiers who have taken the funicular railway up to the Corviglia Hut and skied down.



Funiculars are another of those

Continued on page 136

The Five Soldiers

Part two of the two-part story that darkly responds to the old question "Who killed the Tsar?"

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

The captain was still drinking tea with his orderly. Revolution, you see, brings all men down to the same level. Of our odd detachment of men stationed here to watch the Tsar and his royal family, prisoners in the fortress of Ekaterinburg, three had told their stories: the Beetle, who had climbed up the wall of a prison cell twice a day for four years to keep out of the tide; John, who had spent a year on the Roumanian front, without sufficient arms or any food but raw horsemeat and cabbage; the Philosopher, who had lived a lifetime in a moment, the moment of his execution when his sentence was ironically changed to life imprisonment. Of course the Philosopher had been freed with the Revolution—as had the others—but he had found it too late to enjoy the world, without money and without friends.

As each man finished his story, the orderly had taken a slip of paper from his captain, whom we all trusted, and had handed it to the soldier with the words: "The captain would like you to give this note to the colonel upstairs. Better take your hat."

And now no sooner had the Philosopher gone when a young fellow stepped forward. His chin was covered with that soft fuzz of youth that has never been scraped with a razor. He came forward and told us how he happened to get into our company

The Fourth Soldier

"My father was also a student of literature and philosophy, and even more—he knew everything. And I also have been to one or two places in this world, though I was too young to remember the trip we made to Siberia. My father was a printer, and he printed some of the pamphlets that we used in the 1905 revolution. He was arrested and exiled to Siberia. I was an infant when my mother started out to join her husband. Of course, he had been sent with other prisoners and it took them several months to reach their destination. And we started out by train, almost half a year later.

"As the printing plant and everything belonging to us had been confiscated, there was little or no money except what we got from an uncle who was good enough to pay for this journey. When we got to the end and we were about to take a stage-coach that would bring us north, my mother received a letter from some friend to say that she need not bother going any further. He who was exiled was now dead. And so we remained at this little Siberian town for a whole month, after which our uncle sent us money to return. But I was too young to enjoy this travel experience. My mother became a servant to a shopkeeper's family, and I was sent to school. She died when I was fifteen years old, and I said to myself it was now time for me to see the world. The war was on, and I wanted to be a soldier.

"I went to the enlisting office, and the officer behind the desk said, 'What do you want here?'

"I stood up straight and said, 'I have come to be a soldier.'

"'You are only a boy,' he said.

"'I am fifteen,' I answered.

"'Go home to your parents,' he said.

"'I have none,' I answered.

"'Where are they?' he asked.

"'Dead.'

"'Both?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well,' he said, 'you can't stay here. We've got no room for you. It's against the regulations. We can't take in any recruits under sixteen. There's a severe penalty, and we have strict orders.'

"So I said, 'All right,' and smiled.

"I was about to walk out, when he called me back, and said, 'Where are you going?'

"'Well,' I said, 'I am going to another recruiting station, and now that you have been good enough to tell me the regulations, I will inform them that I am sixteen and a half.'

"'What?' he said. 'You little imp! You're going to lie!'

"And I came forward and looked him in the face and said: 'Didn't you ever lie? Do you think you can live in the world and never lie?'

"He seemed a bit ashamed of himself, and said: 'Well, I declare. You are a rascal. You're a clever one, too. I would take you on gladly, if I only could.'

"And so I said to him, 'How does it happen you're so full of high ideals and a quart of red tape?'

"'Well, really, I declare I never heard of such a thing!' He stammered and he could not find words. 'It's impertinent! What do you want?'

"Then I said boldly: 'Be a good fellow and make out the papers. Put down my name.'

"'Well,' he said, 'I never had a case like this before. I'll start making out the paper and see how it goes.'

"And so I gave him my name, and he wrote it large on the top of the blank. And then he asked me, 'How old are you?'

"And I said boldly, 'Sixteen and a half.' And he wrote in big letters, 'Sixteen and a half.'

"Then he said, 'What year were you born in?' And he kept looking at the paper, and did not look up at me.

"So I answered, 'In the right year.'

"'What do you mean by that?' he said.

"'Well,' I said, 'the right year to be born in is the year that was sixteen and a half years ago.'

"And so he laughed out loud and repeated again that I was a rascal.

"That is how I got into the army. And now I need not lie about my age, because I am seventeen. And during the two years that I have been in service I have been here and there, just the regular places where a soldier is sent. And I had a chance once to become an officer, but I would rather remain a private. I believe that everyone in the whole world should be a private. And I believe also that the revolution should take away all the privileges that one man holds over another. All the young fellows believe in that, and we not only believe it but we are ready to die for it. After all, it's the young fellows who have to live in the world longer than all the others, and they ought to have a chance to say what kind of a world they want to live in."

When he was finished with his simple story we asked him what kind of a world it was that he and the other young fellows wanted to live in. It was then that he explained to us how he wanted a world where everybody had to work and nobody could live on the work of others, and a world where sick people and poor people and old people would be cared for and get those little things they need, as though they were rich.

He had a good deal more to say, but one of the soldiers interrupted him and said: "Pardon me, young fellow. How old did you say you were?"

"I told you before, I was fifteen when I joined, but now I am seventeen, honest count."

The words "honest count" made us all laugh. It sounded as though it came from a baker counting buns.

"Sure," added the Young Fellow, "I could prove that, too." And he reached into his trouser pocket and dragged out a medal. He had been decorated for bravery.

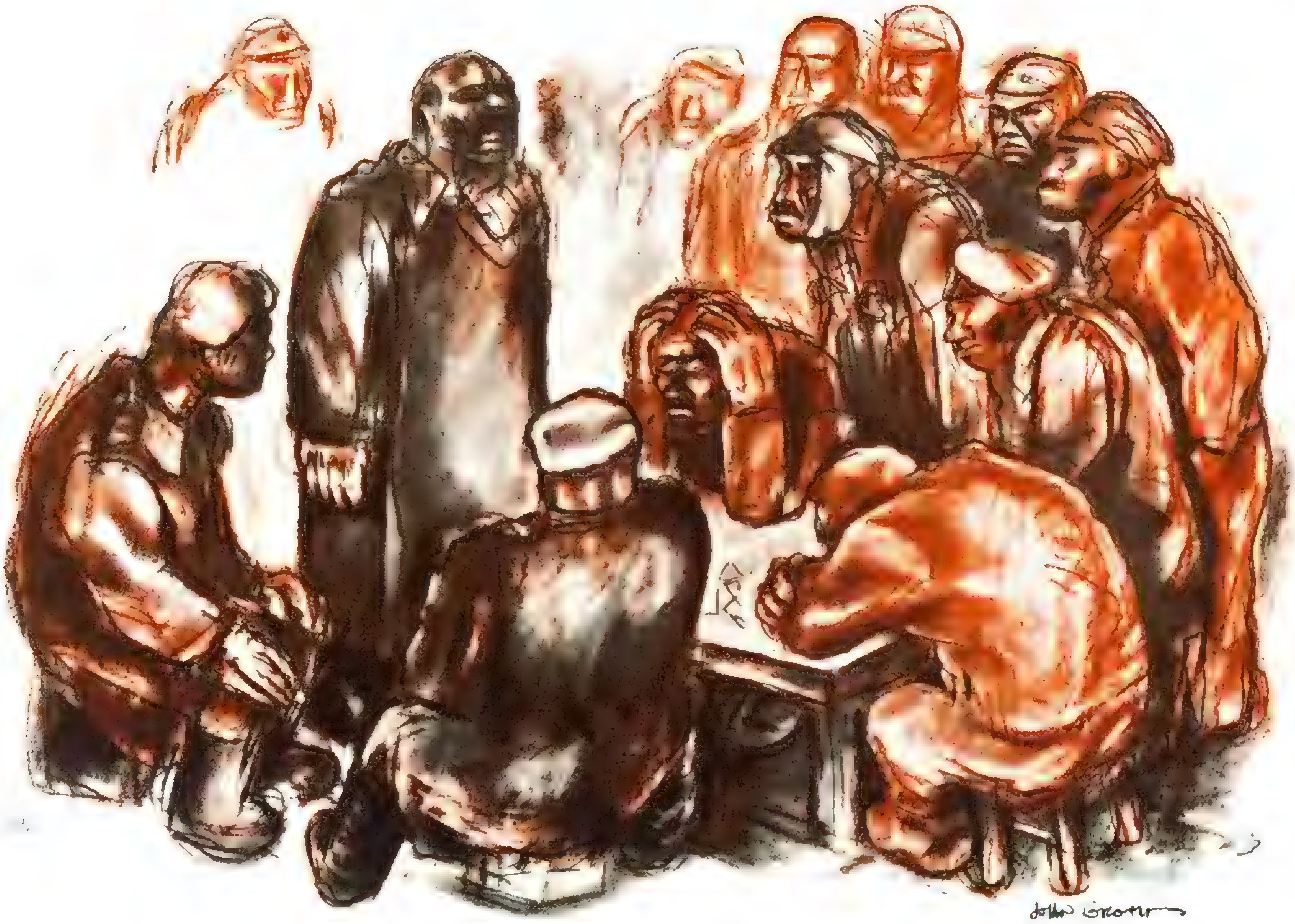
"Why don't you wear it?" some one asked.

"Well," he said, "I did wear it the first day. That's long enough."

The captain, who was still drinking tea with his orderly, looked up and saw the medal. And soon our discussion returned again and again to the subject of that last moment, and how a lifetime of experience seems to crowd itself into one's brain. It was then that the White-haired Soldier came forward. He had been with us for several weeks, but in all this time he said hardly a word. Now he broke his silence.

The Fifth Soldier

"I think I could perhaps explain to you what the sensation is like. Imagine what it



would be if you had two cinemas going at the same time, and both were projected so that one overlapped the other on a single screen before you. On one cinema you have the regular news events that have happened to you—a wedding, a funeral, a birth, a house, a courtyard where a child has stumbled on the pavement and is crying and you stoop to pick it up, and all such harmless things out of your past. You see them all. And interposed, in a sort of double exposure, you have an entirely different sequence. Instead of the events that are recorded in the mind, you have the feelings, the sensations, the emotions. While these two things move rapidly before you, a third pattern is set up automatically. And this consists of the casual and odd figures caused by overlapping. These you have never seen before, for they are only the result of sudden confusion. And how odd they are! Here is the shadow of a tower thrown across the breast of a woman and it resembles an obelisk from Egypt. And suddenly it changes into something quite impossible, like Charlie Chaplin's pants. How ridiculous!

"I know what it is to have such a last moment, and I often wonder if it is not a cruel trick of nature to give a man this rapid, fantastic dance in his brain. The end is the end, and so why should one try to think back and crowd a hundred memories into one moment? No moment is like any other. And even more than this—at one moment you might have been guilty, and now you might be completely innocent. Or you might have been innocent, and now you are guilty. And supposing you are guilty, as guilty as you can be, do you think you would die feeling the burden of guilt? No. Of course not.

"Or, take the opposite—a year ago I was guilty, I was a hunted man. There was no place I could go. And today I am innocent. Time and revolution have pardoned me. And supposing I had to die right now, do you think I would view my past with regret? No! But for an instant I would see myself once more hunted, like an animal in the woods, and every tree in the forest would be a police agent, a spy, a secret informer.

"And so you may well ask, what I have done to deserve all this? And why, at thirty, is my hair so white? And how many last moments have I already been through? Well, it doesn't matter. All this is not important. I am a student of chemistry. I am a graduate of the university, and I hold a degree. But that is not important, either. And I have tampered with things that were highly combustible. But then so is life. And so are all things that make up life. Is not love combustible? And hate also? And do you think a war has in it the nobility that they teach you in grammar school? It would take more than a chemist to invent an explosive that would blow up war for all time. And so the innocent of today will be the guilty of tomorrow. Yesterday—or, to be exact, only a year or so ago— I was guilty and hunted, and I took refuge in the army. For where then can a man hide himself? But today I am free. And what was wrong yesterday is now right. And others who seemed innocent a year ago we know are guilty today.

"Life is not a personal thing, except to some low creature. Life is a general thing. One does not live for oneself alone. And unless you believe with me that the future must be better and cleaner than the past, then I am your enemy. I may be a sweet friend, but I warn you I am a very bitter enemy. At my age one's hair is not white for nothing. There are some people who believe that if you have rats in a barn you should burn down the whole structure. But I am not of that opinion. I believe that when a man lives for himself, selfishly, and for himself alone, he is like a rat in a barn. And there are ways of dealing with that type of vermin."

There was terror in the eyes of the White-haired Man. It was not necessary for him to say what he had done or where he had been. He drew a cigarette from his pocket and lit it very slowly. He looked us all squarely in the eye, kindly, and yet with defiance.

But he had not taken more than two puffs of his cigarette when the orderly came forward and said to him: "My friend, would you mind taking this paper to the colonel upstairs? I believe he has something to say to you."

And then he turned also to the young fellow, who was only seventeen "honest count", and handing him also a slip of paper, said the same thing and added: "Show your medal to the colonel. And take your cap."

The orderly then returned to the corner of the barracks where he had been sitting with his captain. But now the captain had finished drinking his tea and was buckling his belt and adjusting his uniform. He drew his revolver from its holster and examined the cartridge clip.

The orderly said, "That makes five."

"You are sure?"

"The Beetle, John from the Roumanian

Continued on page 133

Strong Stomach in Spain

Second of a series of articles on gastronomy and gluttony abroad

by JOHN GUNTHER

• ARTICLE •

You need a strong stomach in Spain, plenty of curiosity, and a vivid appreciation of the bizarre; and it is wise not to be too squeamish. "No omelette is really complete without a fly or two in it," says the old Castilian proverb.* Spanish cooking prides itself on disorderliness and bulk. You eat a lot, and you are likely to have to face macabre foods.

Today in my hotel the ordinary luncheon, priced 14 pesetas (about $1.75), consisted of the following courses, each served in formidable plentitude:

Entremeses Variados (*Hors d'oeuvres varies*)
Pote Asturiano (*Thick vegetable soup*)
Tortilla de Champignon (*Mushroom omelette*)
Filetes de lenguado San German (*Filet of a sort of sole*)
Perdices estofades Chocrote (*Quail stewed on a juicy floor of cabbage*)
Contra de Ternera asada (*Roast veal*)
Patatas Vapor (*Boiled potatoes*)
Saint Honore a la Parissien (*sic*) (*Chocolate pudding*)
Pasteleria (*Pastry*)
Quesos (*Cheese*)
Frutas (*Fruit*)

This is not, mind you, the choice offered a first class guest on a transatlantic liner or the menu of a banquet served at some official reception, but the standard table d'hôte in a standard restaurant, the Hotel Savoy in Madrid. There are many miracles in Spain. There are many things which I, the author, do not understand about Spain, and one is certainly why all Spaniards do not weigh 450 pounds.

Another odd and interesting thing about Spanish cooking is the time when it is eaten, which is in a word, late. Luncheon is seldom till 2:30 or even 3:00 in the afternoon, and as for dinner, well, just try to make some restaurant function before about 9:30. My inner organs have been perhaps fundamentally damaged by the strain caused of waiting till 10, till 11, or even midnight for ordinary dinner. The restaurants don't begin to get active till about 10 p. m.; by 11 they are blooming; by midnight they are positively aflame with food and drink; and then, very abruptly, just after midnight, they close down. But you do not go then to bed. Not in Madrid. You must digest. This process is embodied in a walk normally taken a full twenty steps away to the nearest coffee house, which, between 1 a. m. and 2, will be comfortably getting down to business. By 3 a. m. you may have relaxed sufficiently to take a turn around the "V" bounded by the Gran Via, the Alcala, and an obscure and dangerous street the name of which I have forgotten, getting exercise in the effort to keep from being pushed off the sidewalk by the streaming, mobbing crowd. By 4 a. m. it is time for supper, or breakfast. Things are then fully awake. The breakfast place I liked most was the Café India, on one side of the side streets off the lozenge-shaped Puerto del Sol.

There are noble things in Spain! There are Toledo, and the gay, purifying Prado, and bullfights, and the province of Navarre, and the orange groves cupping the river at Seville, and ham. Spanish ham is superlative, as good ham as any in the world. It may be Jamón de Avila, or Jamón de Serrano; I liked the latter better. It is a ham like Jambon de Parme or Italian prosciutto crudo, not cooked but smoked, as red as raw beef, and cut from the haunch of a lean, tall pig; the leg (as with Dalmatian hams) is long and shaped like a bottle. It is almost invariably served cold, either sliced from the bone held in a steel rack in thin, rose-like petals; or, and this is an admirable innovation, cut square in cubes. You eat these cubes with toothpicks, while drinking manzanilla, the unfortified pale sherry which I like better than any aperitif in the world.

I will not say much about other Spanish drinks in this article, because manzanilla was almost the only thing I drank. It is a sherry, very pale and slightly bitter, from the San Locar region; it is too light to travel and is almost impossible to procure outside of Spain. It is so cheap that in Barcelona at least, two glasses constitute a single order. You can drink about half a litre before dinner without serious damage. With dinner, you may have Rioja, a strong red wine from Aragon, not bad. Spanish beer is excellent and the best place to drink it in Madrid is the Café Victoria.

Spain has, in a fashion, adopted two great American institutions: the steak sandwich and free lunch. At almost every bar you may order a "pepito" at any hour of day or night: this is a flawless leaf of beef tenderloin, fatless, boneless, grilled very rare and inserted in one of the peculiarly delicious Spanish rolls. I used to lunch on one, two, or three pepitos, washed down with manzanilla, and save serious culinary experiments for dinner.

Free lunch of a sort is served in almost every good bar or coffee house. Order your manzanilla and with it you may consume, gratis, a small but usually very good assortment of hors d'oeuvres. I know no other country in Europe with this happy practice. You may find olives stuffed with anchovies, a familiar Spanish specialty; nuts of all kinds, especially salted filberts; the glorious cubes of ham; sardines fried in bread crumbs; dices of cheese peppered with pimiento; and prawns and shrimps.

Madrid is, and it is very curious, a great town for seafood, even though it is an inland mountain city with bad communications to the sea. But big refrigerated trucks bring nightly loads of eels, prawns, cod, sole, shrimps, crabs, and exotic amphibian monsters from Valencia, Bilboa, or Cartegena to the capital. Note, for instance, the worthy "calamare," a species of octopus, and there is at least one Madrid restaurant where you may have squid cooked in its own inky juice.

Above all there are gambas (shrimps) and langostinos (prawns). Next to Velasquez and Goya, these are the most notable sights of Spain. You order them by the half dozen or dozen, and, in restaurants, eat them either grilled or cold with mayonnaise, or you may buy them as we buy peanuts in America, on the street; husk them with your fingers and eat them as you walk along. They are sold in trays at the bullfights, in baskets at the shoe-shine stands, in portable buffets at the railway stations. And they are incomparable.

Among celebrated dishes of the country:

Paella a la Valenciana. This is a fish stew, like bouillabaisse but solider, built on a firm bedding of rice and varying in constitution with each restaurant that makes it a specialty. You will usually find mussels, clams, claws of crabs, fragments of shrimp, and flakes of cod in a good paella, as well as nuggets of meat and peppers and other vegetables. The stew as a whole is dyed deep yellow with saffron.

Pote Asturiano. A thick soup, it looks like hell and tastes like heaven. Its basis is usually the somewhat comical Spanish bean, known as "garbanzos."

Cocido a la Espanola. This is so monstrous a dish that usually it is served in subdivisions. First comes a thick bean soup in which Part II was presumably cooked. Part II is a wide, deep platter of beans, cabbage, and potatoes; on this, solidly and uncompromisingly, are laid slices of chicken, boiled beef, or veal, together with a circle or two of the strange Asturian sausage, which is

Continued on page 111

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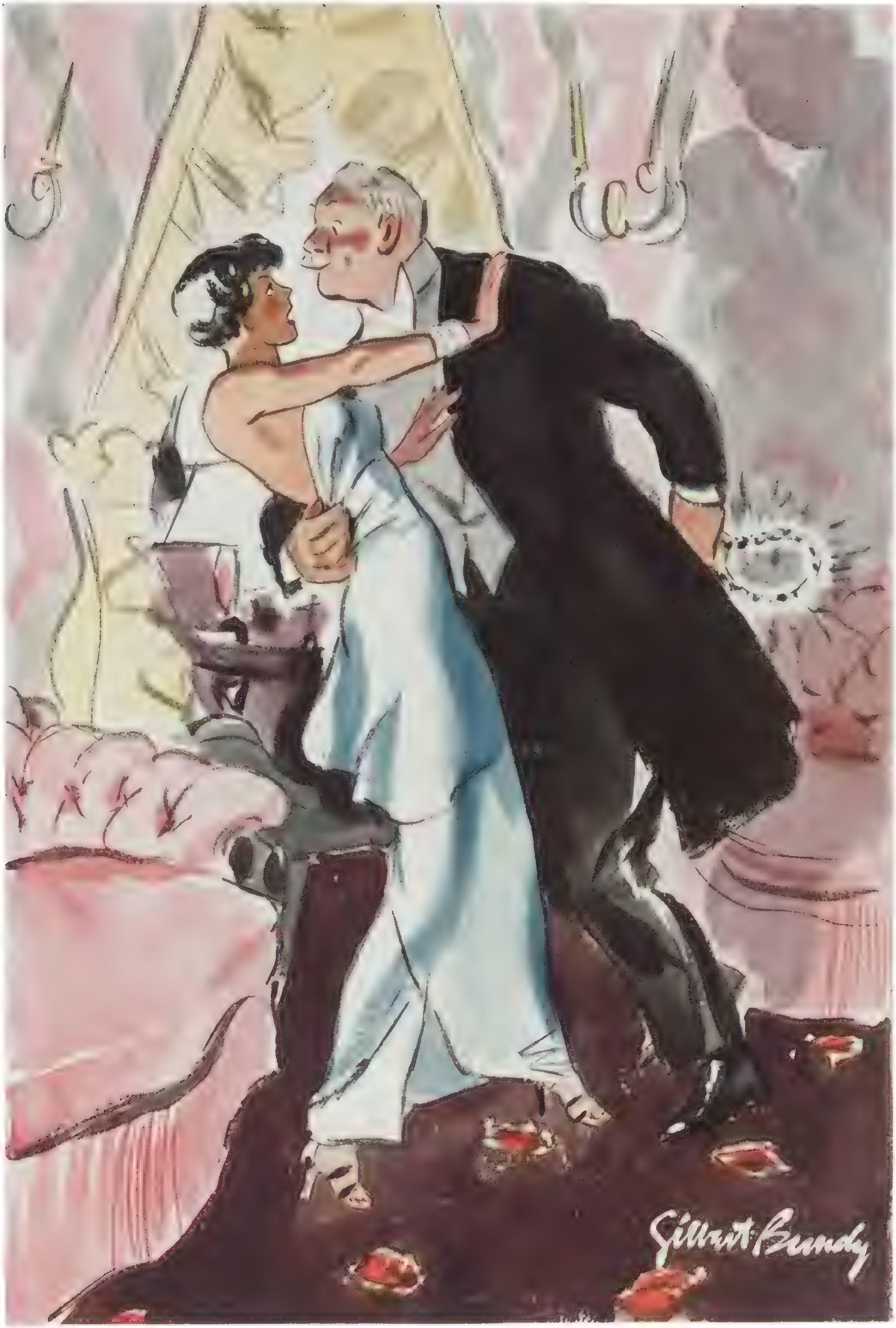
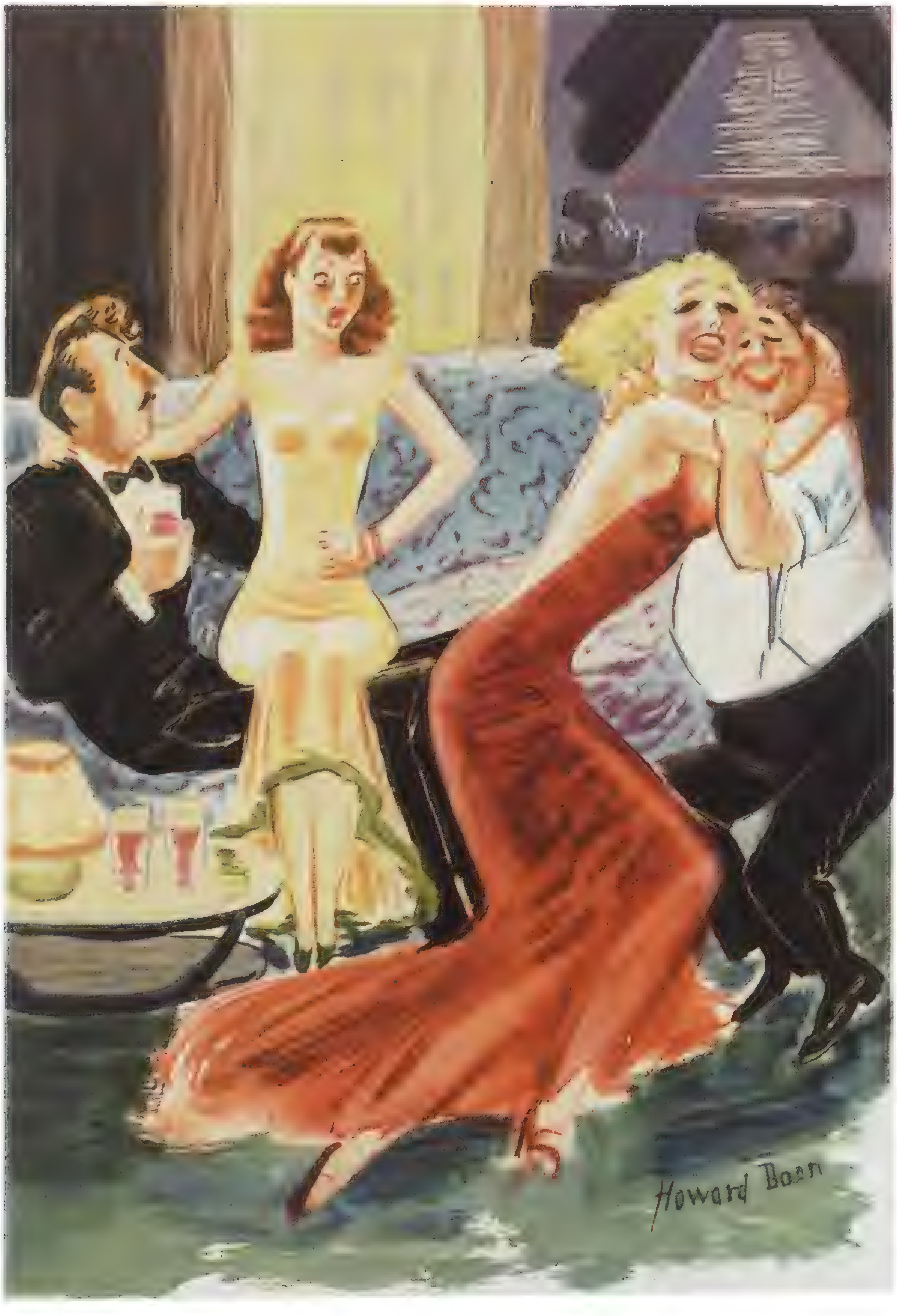
* Invented by the author.



Gilbert Bundy

"Mr. Schnerr! Aren't you putting the cart before the horse?"



Howard Baer

"If yuh can't be more refined, get t'hell out of here!"

Lucky Charm

Sometimes a man's good deed returns to haunt him, and not always with its own reward

by EDWARD L. McKENNA

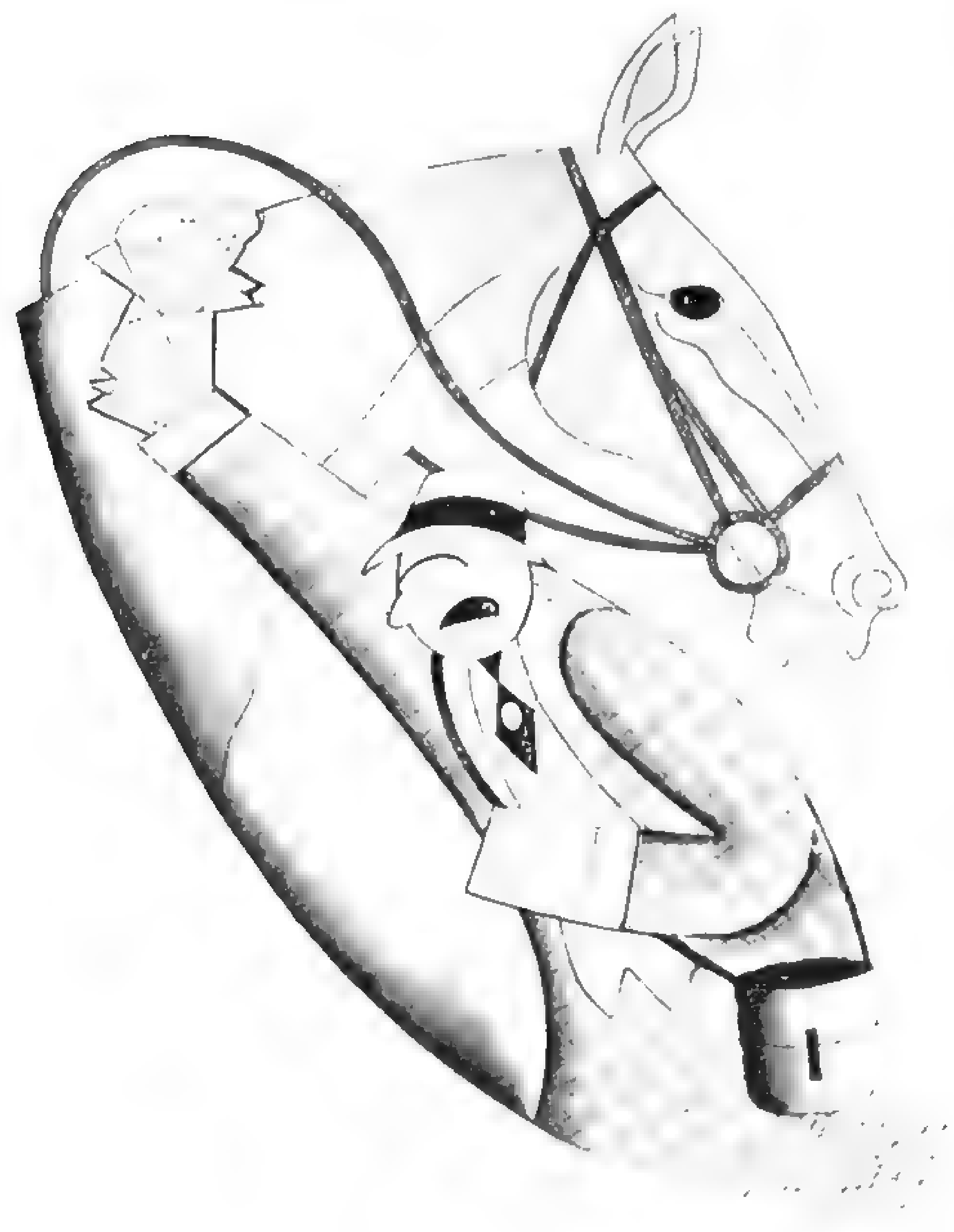
• FICTION •

THIS one is about a pair of glasses, field-glasses, racing glasses, and about the man who used to own them. Johnny Summers, his name was, and he wasn't a person of too much consequence as may be seen. The glasses, however, were something to admire. Fine, big, bulky French glasses they were, covered with shagreen leather and bearing the maker's name, *Lampriere, 1878*, and a number as most good glasses do: *LBX, 7,247,235.*

Johnny Summers bought these glasses the year Hamburg Belle won the Suburban. When was that? 1903? 1904? It wasn't yesterday, at any rate, and Johnny Summers couldn't have been twenty-five. Still, he'd been following the races since he was ten, as boys will when they're brought up in a racing town.

Practically all his life Johnny Summers followed the races, with such interruptions as occurred when he guessed wrong too often. After he'd lost his last dime, he'd disappear for awhile and go to work. He was a good salesman; he could sell practically anything. Short, stocky, sun-burned and florid, he had a disarming simplicity of manner that got him many an interview and many a sale and many a friend.

In the elegant language of his associates, Johnny was known from Tuxedo to Tia Juana as a sucker, an easy mark, a soft touch. Anybody, man or woman, friend or former foe, could have his shirt by telling him something sad. He was a gambler, yes, but he set no great store by money as money, spending it as fast as he could and giving it away. He liked good food and wine and expensive clothes and the music of military bands and bright sunny days and the sound of hoofs drumming in the stretch. As for the girls, well, he was married twice, after which he gave it up. His wives were the sort of women who'd marry him.



You'd see him here and there with a pretty girl, or maybe two or three of them. It was generally understood that they weren't his sweethearts. It was generally understood, too, that he was cheerfully ready to pay rent, board bills, dressmakers' bills, or carfare back to home and mother upon request and without consideration. He was easy, he was gentle, and his eyes for all their fine white horsehair lines were quick to soften.

He was having a great run of luck, then. There was a horse called Irish Lad, a fine, big, gentle horse who'd have raced a locomotive. He didn't win, always, but he won plenty of times, and nobody had ever taught that horse what the word quit means. Johnny played Irish Lad all the time. That was the way he did play: he picked a horse and put the money on his nose. He didn't care about weights or odds, all he wanted to know was: "Who owns this dog? Who's riding him? What's the distance? And what's the name of this horse's papa and mama?" Johnny did know something about horses, at that, and could pick them. However, in 1912 they took him to the cleaners, and he had to go to work again.

It would be mildly interesting to know how many times Johnny pawned his glasses, when he had them. They would be about the last thing he'd pawn and the first thing he'd redeem. He was fond of those glasses, as a man who has no home becomes fond of some tangible thing that he can carry. They were his fetish, his talisman, his gri-gri, his good-luck charm.

1915 was good. 1916 was all right. Then 1917 came along.

Imagine how the war hit him. Nobody is keener for a home and fireside than the man who has none. Why, that's what they yell, when the horses come pounding down to the wire. "Come home, boy. Come home!" There they are, these brittle, garish, crazy people, shouting to a horse to come home. Johnny Summers was indignant at the pillagers of homes, the burners of cathedrals, though it was long since he'd been in one. He believed every talk of brutality to women and children, and of guiding angels in the skies.

If he could, he'd have enlisted, but he was too old. For the first time in his life, he was reading the front pages of the newspapers.

One night, as he was coming along, he happened to see a poster which showed sailors in life-boats and sailors at the masthead. "*Give eyes to the Navy,*" it said. "*Give the Navy your glasses.*" Underneath it told how bitter the need was, and where to send your glasses, and how they'd be returned, as soon as the cruel war was over.

Johnny went back to his hotel and grabbed his glasses out of his trunk. He wrote his name and an address and put it inside the case. Then, before his mood should change, he called a Western Union boy and his glasses were on their way. That night, he lost forty-eight dollars in a poker game.

Nobody knew, or can tell, just what those glasses did in the great war. They were used, that's certain; they were sent to a destroyer, the *U.S.S. De Mave.* Many a ridiculous pair of opera-glasses, cheap, ill-made, gilt-and-mother-of-pearl things came to the Navy, to be courteously returned. But Johnny's glasses went to sea. Some boy used them who'd never heard of Salvator, of Broomstick, of Gold Heels, of Tod Sloan, or the Dixie Kid, or Snapper Garrison.

As for Johnny, he didn't do so well in 1917, or in 1918, either. The flu didn't hit him, but about everything else did. He couldn't pick them to save his life, and he was forced to go back to work, and did he hate it! It wasn't a bad time for salesmen, but he was out of the habit, and it came hard for him, and his new bank-rolls never seemed to be lucky.

"Wait till I get my glasses back," he'd whisper to himself. "Can't do a thing, until I get my glasses."

Armistice Day came. 1919 came. Still, no glasses. . . . Your request for the return of field-glasses marked *LBX 7,247,235* is on file. . . . Your request is on file. . . . Your request. . . . Your letter has been referred. . . . Inventory will be taken upon the arrival of the *U.S.S. De Mave* at the Charleston Navy Yard. . . . We regret to inform you that your glasses apparently have been lost. Compensation will be allowed. . . .

And 1919 and 1920 and 1921 . . . Johnny did have a little flurry in 1921, but he seemed to have lost his grip. He hadn't the old confidence in himself. He'd make bets to place and show instead of playing them on the nose. That's not good for the morals. Who wants coffee-and-cake money? Only a sure-thing player wants it. Better to play them high and sleep in gutters than to be

Continued on page 104

Man with Outthrust Chin

A portrait of Juan Belmonte, the almost legendary figure who has revitalized the bullfight

by LESTER ZIFFREN

• ARTICLE •

A little fellow in the front line spoiled the picture. He wallowed in a hired suit, baggy at the seat and knees. The pink silk stockings wrinkled at the ankles. The black montera wobbled on his head like an oversize derby. First he tugged at the stockings and then he straightened his hat. The feeble spindle legs moved in a queer slithering gait. He was pale but he forced a smile. But the *aficionados*, Spanish for fans, laughed and pointed at him, another one of those kids from the other side of the railroad tracks coveting glory and wealth. So this was a bullfighter.

That was in Seville in 1910.

A few months ago Juan Belmonte crossed the arena again. But this time it was the Great Belmonte, the legendary figure of modern bullfighting, who marched in the front line. There in the ring at Nimes, France, that once was a Roman arena, thousands arose to applaud and cheer the owner of the twisted legs which helped him create the bullfighting style of today. The bowlegs were not ridiculous at Nimes. At the ringside sat famous men and beautiful women. They recalled the comic afternoon down in Andalusia when he was an unskillful, clumsy beginner. Here they saw an admiring crowd pay him the homage worthy of a maestro. Proudly he wore his tailored suit with its golden bangles covering his sparse frame like a glove. His hat sat upright on his head, shadowing deep black eyes. The smile that revealed large white teeth set above an exaggerated chin was natural. Juanito, the "earthquake," the "phenomenon," the kid from Triana, which is across the railroad tracks for Seville, was no longer a nameless figure. There he strode, one of the two greatest bullfighters of all time, sharing honors with Joselito, the gypsy marvel who died on the horns of a bull named Bailaor fourteen years ago.

For fifteen years Belmonte toured the Spanish, Mexican and Peruvian bullfight circuits. He outlived Joselito and amassed a fortune. He became a landed country gentleman and retired. After seven years as a breeder and a farmer, he gave up his life of ease to go back to the ring. Why?

I've asked that question time after time and the answer never satisfied me. Why should he choose to lock himself in an embrace with death in two score fights this season? In almost every fight this year he has been caught and tossed by a bull. He escaped miraculously. At Nimes he was twice on the horns. In Malaga he suffered a light concussion of the brain after being thrown high into the air. Pamplona saw him catapulted by a vicious bull. It was that way, fight after fight. I determined to get the answer, and to get it from him direct.

Ever since I landed in Spain and showed an interest in bullfighting, fans told me it wasn't the fiesta, as the Spaniards call it, of the days of the great Joselito and Belmonte. Many quit going to the *corridas* after Joselito died and Belmonte retired. They said bullfighting had become commonplace, vulgar, boring. There was no doubt that gate receipts had fallen and interest had dropped. Belmonte came back and revived the fiesta.

It was at Pamplona where I caught my first glimpse of him in action. A big smile and shining white teeth lit his dark-skinned countenance. The bowed and bandy legs seemed unstable as he crossed the ring with his old friend, Rafael Gomez, "El Gallo" ("The Cock"), he of the many panics, and Victoriano de Laserna, a young matador. The crowd roared its welcome. Belmonte grinned and doffed his montera. You could see a small bald spot.

He planted himself before the bull and gave the lunging black animal six beautiful passes with the cape within an area of less than ten feet. Always so close that the bull brushed him going by. Then with the *muleta*—that red rag that seems to hypnotize the beast—he pivoted so near the horns that the crowd held its breath in deathly fear.

And then the bull scored. High in the air went the idol and he landed on his back. The backside of his silken pants was ripped wide open by a horn. But he didn't know it because he had been dazed. Back he went again. Still closer. Then, in a rage, he went down on one knee and defiantly stuck out his jaw at the bull. So close was he that he must have felt the hot breath of the animal.

I was struck by his terrible savage bravery. He seemed to regard the bull as the greatest enemy mankind in general and he in particular ever had and he was there to get rid of the beast. He knelt there with his long aggressive jaw jutting out, his arms stretched behind him, and his eyes sparking hate into the eyes of the bull. Other matadors seem to take their bullfighting in a more matter-of-fact manner. Belmonte is intoxicated with fury. But it is a fury fused into the innate Andalusian grace which makes his bullfighting a masterpiece of art coupled with tragic bravery.

I asked Belmonte why he, a millionaire, was risking his life again. When last he fought in 1927 he got his belly torn open and he almost died. He smiled at the question and explained:

"I'm bored doing nothing. I like fighting bulls. That's my life. I know it seems peculiar to some people that I should be fighting again when I'm able to live in ease for the rest of my life. But there's such a thing as becoming satiated with easy living. A fellow gets tired of working and then retires. And then tires of retirement. That's me. Like all of life's great thrills, the thrill of bullfighting is one of minutes. In an afternoon you're with the bulls about thirty minutes, figuring fifteen for each bull. It's brief but it's grand. It's my life.

"If anything should happen to me, there would be enough money to take care of my family. I'm better prepared in my mind to face danger now because I know my family is cared for. What the lure is I can't really tell you. It's art and death. It's the domination of death. And, as I said, it's my life."

He had a minor reason for coming back. His manager, Eduardo Pagés, ran the Madrid arena. He got in a row with the Bull Breeders Association which boycotted him because he refused its demands that he buy bulls from it exclusively. Pagés felt that Belmonte's prestige would induce breeders to withdraw from the association. So one of the reasons why Belmonte went back to play with his life was to help a friend. It didn't work. The association stood pat. Pagés had to give up the lucrative Madrid ring.

Seeing Belmonte on the street, you would never recognize him as Belmonte the bullfighter. The wealthy ranchowner, bullbreeder, and olive and beet grower is a peaceful-looking fellow, always smiling, quiet, unobtrusive, excessively modest. It's difficult to picture him as a man who has faced death with more than two thousand bulls. In the ring he is an artist filled with the sacred fury. There he stands in his brilliant scarlet costume encrusted with golden embroidery. He succumbed to the classic call of blood and sand. He brought to the arena a contribution that though it cannot be recorded on canvas or in stone, is as great in its way as that brought by the greatest figure in the formal arts.

"Going into the ring isn't any sedative for the nerves," he told me one day. "You begin to think you're a fool to get into a gaudy suit and play like this with death. But after you've imposed your will on the bull and killed it cleanly and drunk in the applause of the crowd, you've got to go back. It's fascinating danger."

Belmonte doesn't like to talk about his feelings in the bullring but he made this curious statement which, if proof were needed, shows that he is no blustering hero.

"Every time I set foot in the plaza," he stammered, "I feel, what should I say, a certain lack of confidence. I'm always counting on something happening to buck me up. When I'm lucky I'm always a little surprised. I never think of the possibility of being gored. It's hard to describe your feelings but if there's fear, it's a fear that transcends details."

The olive-skinned, stuttering little man is simple in his tastes and habits. His friends admire him for his intelligence and modesty. Don Ernesto (Hemingway) says he sucks after intellectuals. There's no doubt that he has great admiration for them if they're worthy of it, but this admiration is reciprocal. This mutual respect has become converted into close enduring friendships. His most intimate acquaintances are Ambassador Perez de Ayala and Zuloaga who have been mentioned; Fernando Gillis, a former bullfighter, impresario, producer and theatrical proprietor; Julio Camba, a writer; Juan Cristobal, a sculptor, and Luis Tapia, a poet and playwright.

Belmonte says little unless he is among friends. He has no sense of exaggerated importance. You should see *some* bullfighters! We were talking about his comeback and he said, "I suppose everyone is saying that I've returned just to make a lot of money. If that's so, they're going to get their money's worth. They won't be able to say that Belmonte robbed them."

He is doing the same things today that he did twenty years ago, just as valiantly, artistically, and thrillingly. He refuses to help select the bulls before the fights. "I can't do it. People would say I chose the small and less dangerous ones."

Gregorio Corrochano, who is probably the most influential bullfight critic in Spain today, believes Belmonte this year is as good as ever. "Is he fighting as well today as he did in the old days or is he better?" he asked himself after he saw the matador at the Valencia fair. He found the same "captivating repose, serenity and sculptural form." "You do not see Belmonte; you feel him fighting. What tranquillity, what naturalness, what valor without affectation, what ease! Great is his responsibility for what he was and for the epoch that he represents. But he does not dodge this responsibility. It seems as if he has it sewed to his *muleta* in order not to forget it. He has full knowledge what this tranquil, conscientious valor means because his new costume covers old scars."

Belmonte is a great figure in bullfighting. His life, so different from that we know in America, may be worth telling. Here it is:

He was born in Seville, the cradle of bullfighters, April 14, 1892. Like other lads, he played at bullfighting in the streets. He became fanatically interested in it and when he was thirteen he was permitted to fight a calf in a bullfighting school called "La Venta de Carancha," where he demonstrated unusual ability. He continued to add to his knowledge on the bull breeding farms near Seville.

He informed me that "one moonlight night I swam across the Guadalquivir to a bullranch, carrying my clothes on my head. I had an old suit of my father's. It was much too large for me but it was the oldest thing I could find. The vest hung on me like a sack and I had no coat. As I passed the bulls with an improvised cape, they came by so closely that I lost a vest button every time until I lost them all."

When he was courting Señora Belmonte in Peru, he performed a stunt worthy of an enamored bullfighter. This is his story:

"One day she came to one of my fights. I sent a bouquet of roses to her and kept one. I placed it in my shirt as I prepared to face my first bull. I gave the animal a few passes, each time closer and closer. Finally he came by so closely that his horn ripped away the flower and it fell to the ground."

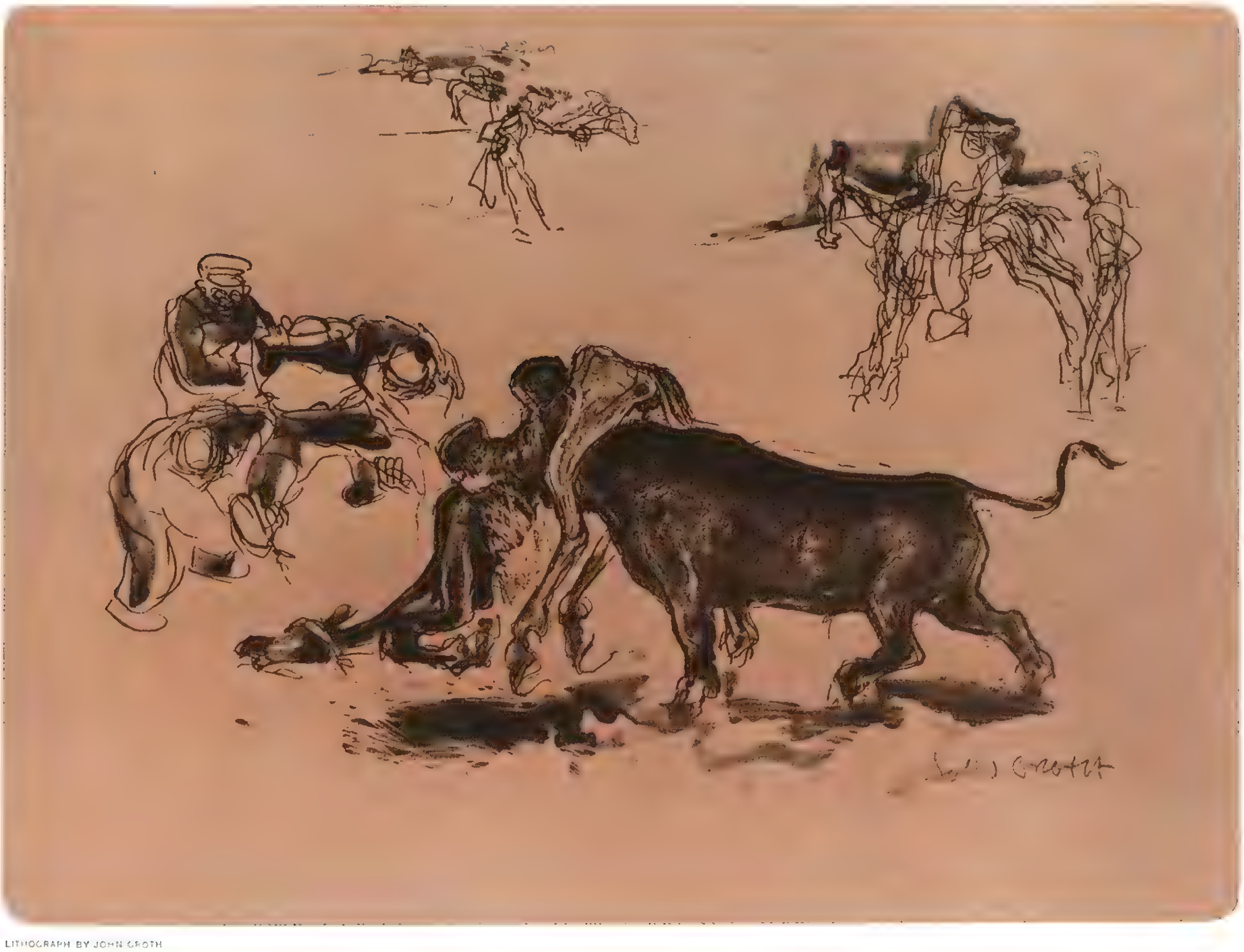
No wonder Julia Cossio fell in love with the valorous conquistador!

Señora Belmonte married Juan, it is said, despite the protests of her aristocratic family who didn't seem to care much for bullfighters. But the relatives have changed their minds since. Belmonte's charming Peruvian wife has been ill for some time and until recently was confined to a sanatorium in Switzerland. They have two daughters.

Juan first wore a bullfighter's suit at Elvas, Portugal, on May 16, 1909. He was a flop in a bullfight at Seville the next year and he decided to abandon the profession. He joined a crew of laborers cutting trees for thirty cents a day. He also worked on a bridge building job on the Guadalquivir. It was the easiest money he ever earned. "I used to pump the oxygen pump for divers working on the river bed. I labored fifteen minutes and rested about two hours because the divers couldn't stay down long and they had to come up to rest. It was a great job!"

On May 26, 1912, he returned to the ring

Continued on page 146



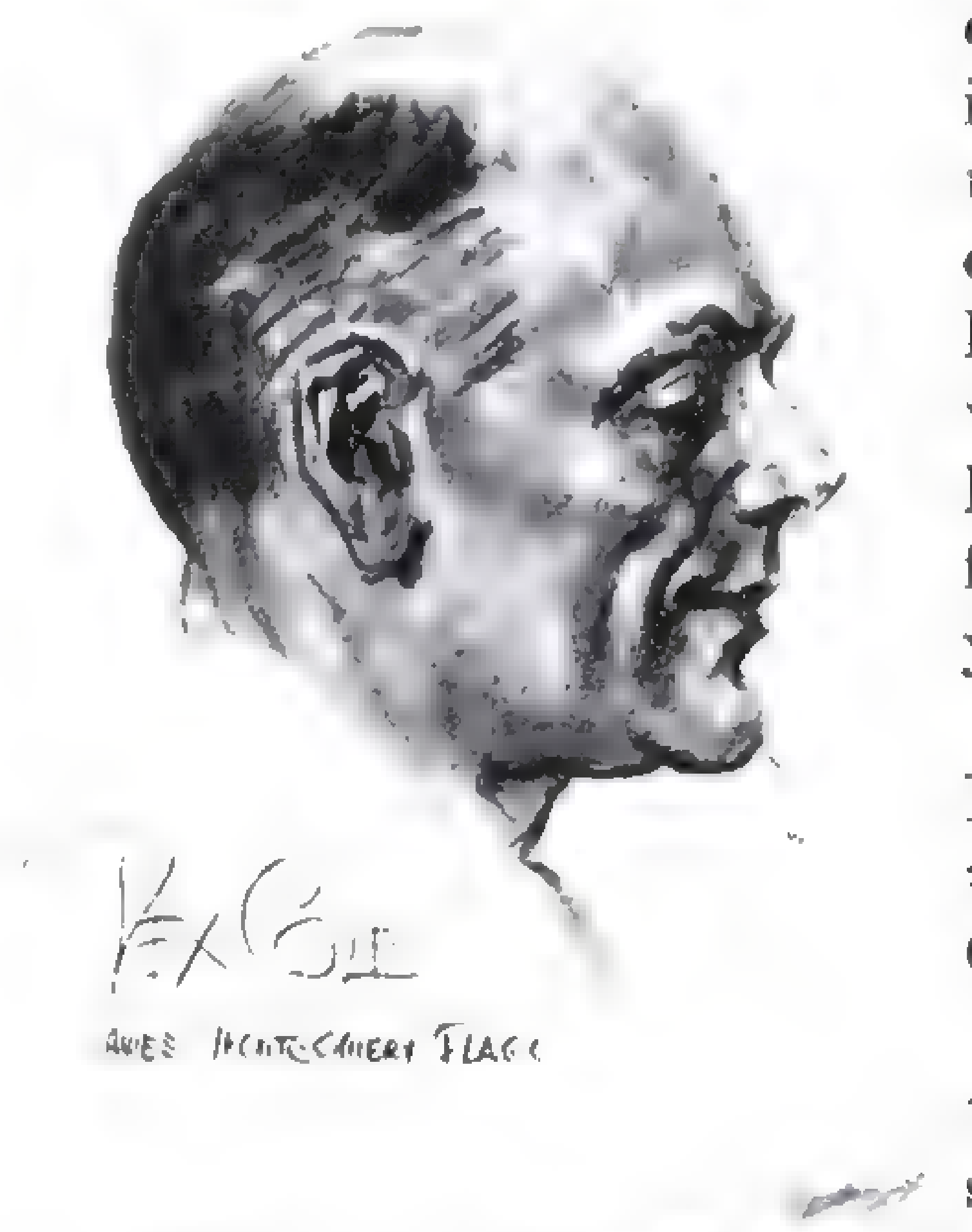
LITHOGRAPH BY JOHN GROTH

A Merry Young Soul

Rough notes on Old King Rex Cole who sleeps only in winter and then with one eagle eye open

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

• ARTICLE •



I ambled into Esquire's New York office and slid idly into a chair.

"Chicago wants a personality sketch on Rex Cole," I announced to a preoccupied artist. "I understand you know him. What's he like?"

"Who, God's gift to the telephone company?" laughed the cartoonist. "Why, everybody knows him—that is," with a nasty inflection, "everybody worthwhile."

"Skip it. *Is* that his right name or a trade mark?"

"It's his name, all right. And having been to one of his parties at that six story penthouse of his, I'll say the godfather pulled a natural."

"A *six* story penthouse?"

"Yeah. Rex Cole does things on a big league basis. Lives in a tower on top of a big apartment on Central Park West. But you've seen his branch offices around town, built in replica of an electric refrigerator? And remember those service cars he used to have: a motorcycle with the side-car an exact duplicate of a shiny, white General Electric box? He does things right.

"As a matter of fact, he's the illegitimate father of Radio City—ever know that? Sure; he had that notion years ago as an architectural monument to the electrical industry to be occupied by leading concerns in the field. Talked about it until his friends began to suspect his mind—got his pal, Ray Hood, the architect, so hot and bothered about it that he made a drawing that could well have been titled, *Eighth Wonder of the World.* But they were about three laps ahead of the electrical industry in imagination so eventually Cole told Hood to take the plans out and try to sell them to somebody. If you'll jump a bus up to Fiftieth Street, you'll see how he made out!"

"So—a business man with imagination, eh? That's a story."

"Not only with imagination, son, but also with that rarer attribute, color. You've seen enough of these money makers to know how they are: this fellow not only has something on the ball but he does his stuff with that same natural sparkle of showmanship which makes Babe Ruth's homer an epic, not just a clout over the fence. But I'll give you a tip that will save you a lot of perspiration: if you want a story, don't go to Rex Cole for it but go to some of his friends. See him by all means because he's one swell guy—but I'll lay you forty dollars that he won't be able to think of a goddamned thing worth writing about. That won't be pose, either. Furthermore, if you get out of there without buying a refrigerator, you'll be one man in a thousand!"

"I've got a refrigerator," I boasted. And making a mental memo to fortify myself with the final receipt, I embarked on the rounds of some of Rex Cole's friends which, after three days, took on the complexion of a *See America First* tour. I'm still going strong on the assignment and it's hard to tell when the piece will be written. Meanwhile here are some rough notes from the first few calls which you can scan if you like.

From Bruce Barton of Batten, Barton, Durstine and God:

Can't give a "quick picture" of Rex Cole. Need a stereo camera to get the three-dimensional effect, for a photograph in any single plane would be misleading. For instance:

He is the All-American Ace in salesmanship, clinching the title when he sold two hundred and fifty thousand electric refrigerators in this territory right through the period when money was frozen tighter than ice-cubes in the old-style tray. He has performed the stand-out quick selling job of business history—yet what does he do when he gets into the dog business? Well, he got into it in the first place because some friend who was crazy about Norwegian Elk Hounds persuaded him to import some. Purely a business proposition, of course! He built a kennel, brought the dogs into the country and got under way. Time passed—puppies were born—the Seven League Kennels expanded with steam-heated and electrified quarters and all that (as good a house for the dogs as he lives in himself up there on the farm!)—and what happened? Ten dogs; twenty; forty—sixty. Making money? Not a nickel. He got so daffy about each individual hound that he couldn't bear to part with any of them—refused five thousand cold cash for one—the world's champion salesman, no less!

He went up to the farm one week-end last winter and didn't come back to town for three days. Nobody knew where he was or what happened—everybody getting anxious, phoning frantically, etc. Turned up eventually, a bit sheepish over the explanation that one of the hounds had jumped out of the car and been lost in the woods. For three days and nights that man mushed through snow and ice and frozen brambles until he found that dog.

A born gambler. Has made three fortunes and lost two. Was forty-five before he discovered Wall Street, then paused momentarily to clean up ten thousand dollars in three days. "Why hasn't somebody called this to my attention before?"

When the first market crash came he was in a rolling chair on the Atlantic City boardwalk when a bellboy handed him a telegram with the news that he'd been cleaned out of fifty thousand shares of holdings. "Oh, my!" he said. That was the only squawk any human being ever heard him make about it. That night he threw the biggest party of his life at the hotel, giving notes for the check—and not a guest there dreamed that their care-free host had gone flat broke that morning.

In a month he was on the way back again, but starting from the top, not the bottom. Took the New York territory for the G. E. refrigerator; plastered the town with advertising; big showroom designed by Ray Hood; striking white enamel delivery trucks, and all that. In two years he had a force of six hundred which presently grew to a thousand. And the warmest-hearted human in the city became the synonym for refrigeration!

Runs his business like a fire chief. Day and night chauffeur; never five feet from a telephone and never out of touch with his office no matter where he is or what else is engaging him, yet he is the town's best host. He can throw as dizzy an all-night party as anybody you could name—and still appear at one of his famous seven-thirty "sales breakfasts" with enough pep left over to send five thousand salesmen out on a mad selling orgy that will last three weeks.

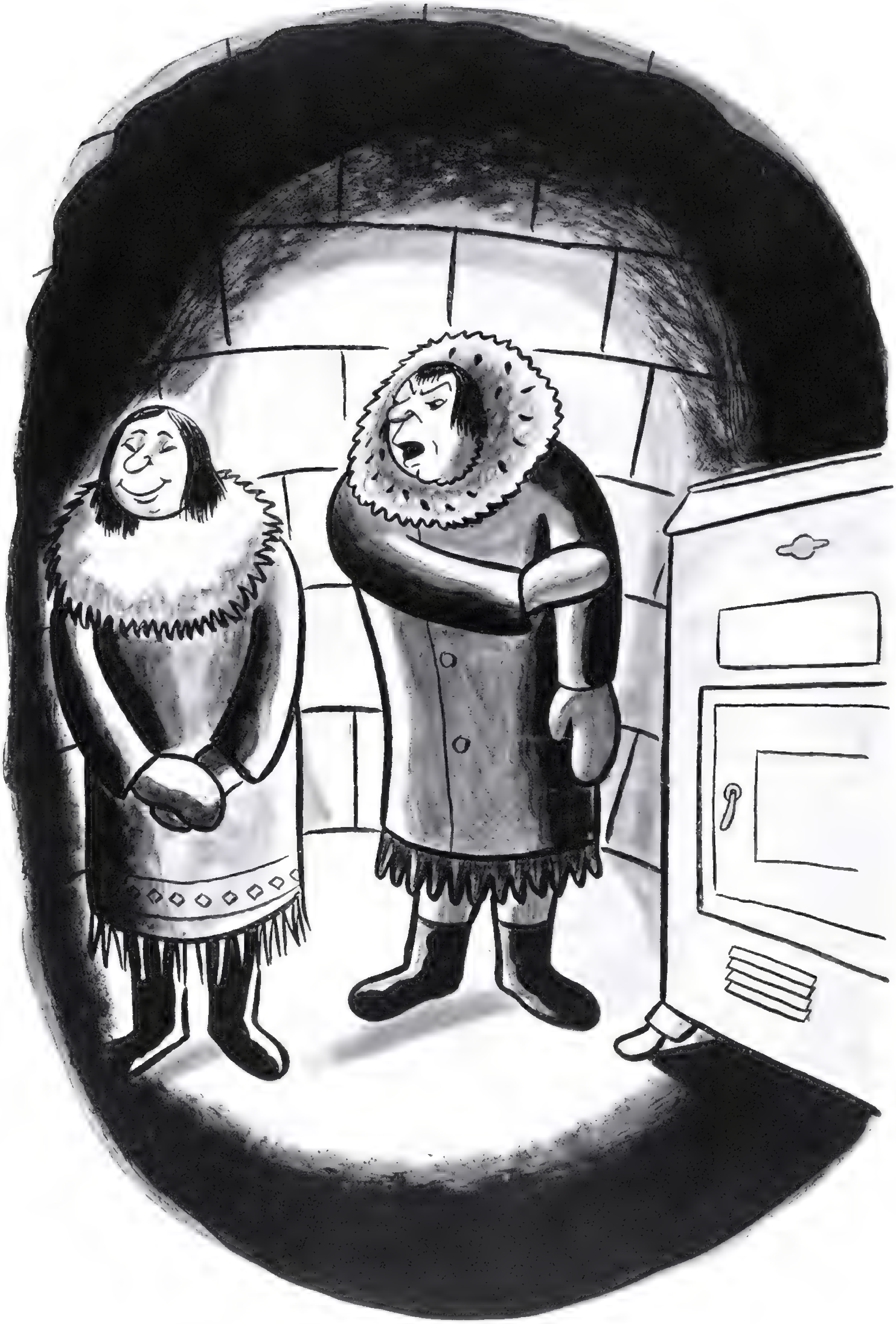
Why sales breakfasts? Because Rex Cole figures that sales dinners at night are a waste of wind. After a dinner, men go home and to bed. After a breakfast, they go out and *sell!*

From Frank Mason, Vice-President, National Broadcasting Company:

Rex Cole? The fellow with the largest capacity for friendship I've ever seen: the kind everybody instinctively turns to in a jam and who invariably has the solution they overlooked. And no noise—no fuss and feathers—none of that Great I Am domination.

For instance: Betsy Barton gets smashed up in an automobile crash and is carried off to the hospital. Rex calls up to inquire—has trouble getting her—in a half hour there's a telephone installed at the bedside on his orders. Later he went out and scoured the

Continued on page 134



"Ain't you got no sales resistance at all?"

Deserter from the Legion

Romance? Adventure? Bah! An American gets into the unit and risks death to get out

by No. 14,192—GEORGE SEITERS

• ARTICLE •

I STOOD on the wall of old Fort St. John at Marseilles looking out over the bay. Riding at anchor out there was an American merchantman flying the stars and stripes as if condemning me for what I had just done. Two days I had been here, a recruit in the French Foreign Legion. Already I had begun to regret my action in joining the Legion.

At last I had summoned sufficient courage and gone to Fort St. John. I entered by an ancient draw-bridge. The wall beyond this must have been twelve feet thick. After following innumerable stone passages and winding stairways, I at last found myself in an open parade ground. On all sides were gray stone barracks and at the end of one of these I found the recruiting office of the Foreign Legion.

Here sat a sergeant whose face was a solid mass of scars and who wore every military decoration that I had ever seen. His position as a recruiting officer in the Legion made it necessary for him to speak several different languages. He replied to my inquiries in perfect English. Having informed me that the Legion was no good and that I was making a terrible mistake, he took me to the Major in command to be questioned.

The Major proved to be a very kind and considerate old soldier who had grown gray in the service of the Legion. "You are the type who seldom comes to the Legion," he said in English. "We class your type under the class of gentlemen. You are an American, I judge, and it is easy to see that you are not a criminal. Americans are few here and as a rule make good soldiers. You still have time to change your mind, and please remember that I have advised you to do so. The life of the Legion is hard. It is noted for its hardships and discipline which grow almost unbearable to the Legioneer. The Legion is the hardest fighting, hardest marching machine in existence so far as I know. Very few ever live to finish their enlistment and desertion is next to impossible. If it is adventure and action you want, that is all I can promise. Now I am going to read you the oath of allegiance to the Foreign Legion of France, and I warn you that if you raise your hand and accept it you are doomed to five years of hardship and privation beyond your reasoning."

He then read the oath and I raised my hand and was sworn in. I signed the enlistment for five years service and was sent to the medical examiner. The examination was little more than a glance. A corporal then led me to the barracks room where I was to wait two days with the other recruits to be sent to Algeria where we were to receive our training.

As I stood there looking out at the American ship in the bay a corporal came and told me to get ready to leave. We were to sail for Oran, Algeria, in thirty minutes. The other recruits apparently having no belongings but what was on their backs were already formed when I came out and we were at once marched away. When we arrived at the dock we were placed on the forward steerage deck of a trans-Mediterranean liner, having no cover over us at all. Late that afternoon it began to rain and continued through the night. Sleep was impossible.

At the military depot identities by name ceased and here I became *Legioneer No. 14,192*, second class private, first regiment. We were then sent to the barber where our hair was clipped off and our heads shaved. This for identification in case of desertion, which was impossible as the military depot was surrounded by a high wall. It is a prison penalty in the Legion to allow your hair to grow out over an eighth of an inch. Each man having been issued a messkit, we were then fed and marched away to the railway station with at least a hundred recruits that had arrived before us.

In Sidi-Bel-Abbes we were met by a sergeant who made himself as abusive as possible and who cursed us in many languages to be sure we all got the full benefit of his anger. Having spent his anger, for which he had no occasion, he accounted us all present and marched us off double time for the first three blocks. Slowing down as we came to the lights of the city, I was surprised to see what a life of gaiety went on here. The band of the Legion was playing in the square, which was brightly lighted. Officers and civilians and their families sat while the Legioneers stood back at a respectful distance to hear their own band. Legioneers in ill fitting but spotless khaki uniforms walked about the streets or were seen in a few of the cheaper cafés. We were marched on past the square and finally came to the high walls of the headquarters of the Foreign Legion. Here the guard threw open the iron gates and we marched in and halted before the building at the far end.

As we were halted, the old Legioneers crowded about us asking if any of their nationality was present. At each call some recruit would answer and be greeted in his own language. As I stood there hoping to have some one call out in English, a huge black Negro approached. He stopped a minute and looked about rather doubtfully; then: "I craves to heah some American speak. Are dey any American gentlemans present?" This was my first meeting with Enoch Sutton, whom later we called "Black Magic", because whenever any part of my equipment was stolen all I had to do was to see Enoch. He immediately went out and replaced it at some other Legioneer's expense, thus saving me two or three days in prison.

At five o'clock next morning the corporal in charge of the Chamber, as the barracks room is known, awoke us. A soldier was appointed *guard de Chambre* and sent out to the kitchen to return with a huge can of black coffee and a basket of small bits of toast. This was the breakfast of the Legion. We were then marched to the quartermaster department for uniforms. Here there was no such word as fit. The colorful red breeches, blue overcoat and red cap of the Foreign Legion had passed with the end of the world war. They had been replaced by an olive drab overcoat of the same style, khaki covered cap and ill fitting khaki uniforms covered with patches. Shoes, overcoat and cap were fitted. The shoes must be suited to the feet of a Legioneer for the Legion is noted for its marching. The overcoat is worn on all parade occasions, on the march and in action, and this covers the uniform—so what difference the fit of the uniform? The cap must show, so this also was fitted. Inside the cap I drew were the initials and class of a French soldier and the date of 1860. Khaki cloth had been sewn over blue.

We were ordered to dress in our khaki uniforms and report for sale of civilian possessions to the Algerian Jews who came regularly on such occasions. Lined in single file before the wall our possessions were placed in front of us. The would-be purchasers of our possessions began to dig into them and make offers. Mine consisted of a pigskin kit bag and civilian clothes. A buyer offered me five francs for the lot. When I refused the sergeant in charge came over to make me take it, but an officer stepped up and gave me one hundred francs and told me to bring the things and follow him.

The officer proved to be an Englishman who was shortly resigning from the Legion.

He gave me the names of two English-speaking Legioneers, Sinclaire and Krimmerinko, whom he told me could be trusted and who could help me while in training. Krimmerinko was a Russian, Sinclaire a Scotchman; they had gone through Oxford together and signed up in the Legion for the adventure of it.

From my two new comrades I learned the ropes of the Legion. The pay was three francs and seventy-five centimes a month, equal to thirty-five cents American exchange at that time. Each Legioneer is given two hundred and fifty francs at the end of his first three weeks' training and two hundred and fifty more at the completion of his three months' training period. After that he receives only the three francs seventy-five centimes a month. The government furnishes the lamps for the barracks room but the men must buy the oil. Soap was precious, only a small cake being issued each month to keep your person and all uniforms clean. I was taught to wash my mess kit with sand and never with soap, which was too rare to be used for that.

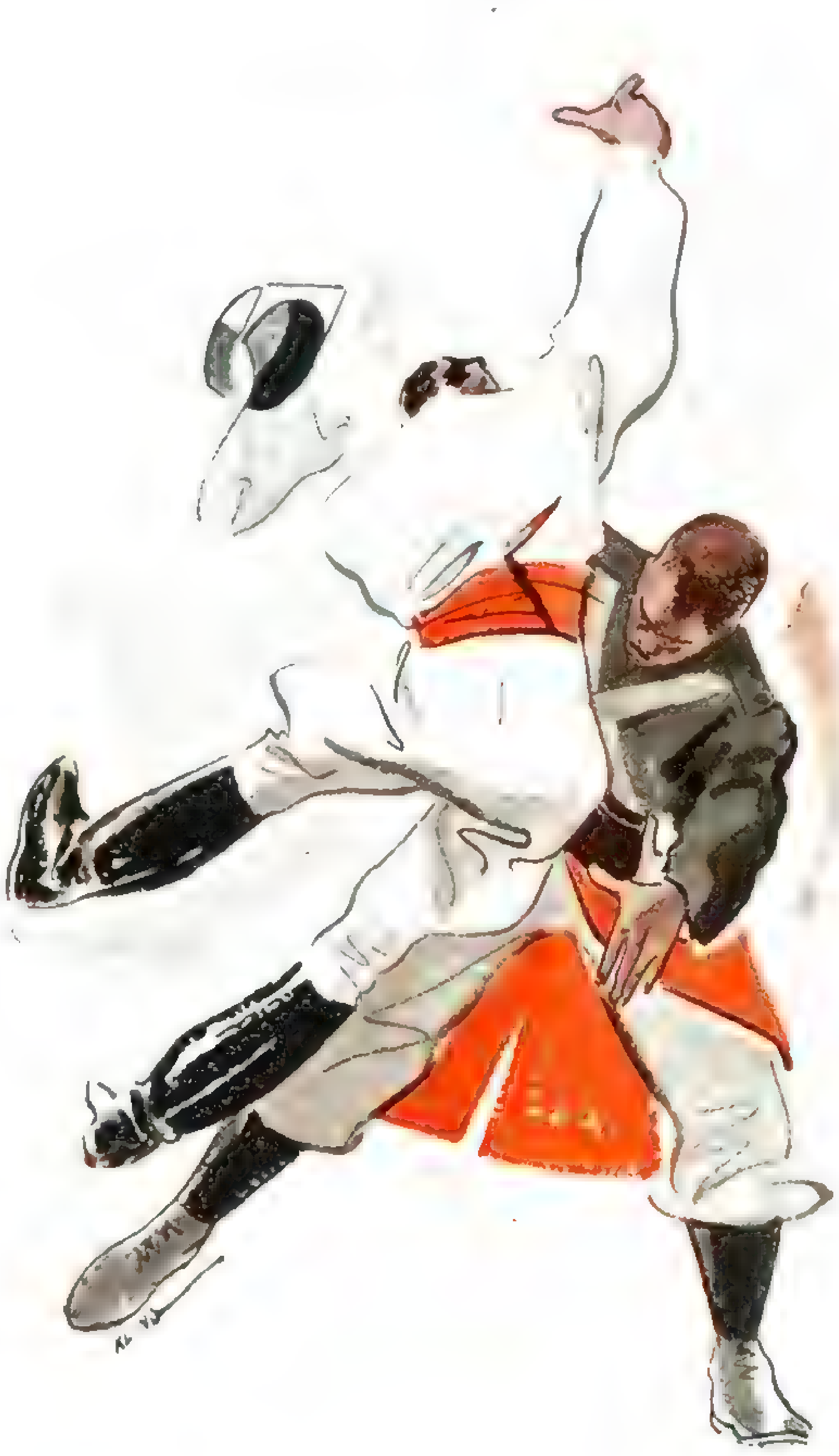
It is all right to steal anything in the Legion but money. That is an unpardonable offense. While I was still in training a cry of "thief" rang out one night. Some one had been caught stealing money. The discoverer held his man until the others sprang from their beds and beat him into insensibility with their heavy shoes or anything they could get their hands on. When the guard arrived to investigate the noise, he found a half dead, bleeding Legioneer lying on the floor and all the men in bed feigning sleep. A hurried conversation between the Corporal de Chambre and Sergeant of the Guard, and no further investigation was ever held. The fate of a thief of money in the Legion is recognized further up. It is the monotony of the Legion that drives men mad, and with a little money one may relieve such monotony. There is nothing more scarce than money with the Legioneer.

At Sidi-Bel-Abbes we were told that we would receive three months training and at the end of that time would be expected to volunteer for active duty in Tunis, Cochin China or Morocco. The Legioneer has the privilege of volunteering for active duty or remaining at the post where he receives his training on garrison duty. Those who remain behind are always the first to respond to the next call for volunteers to active service. Their lives are made a perfect hell until they do.

We were on the drill field from daylight until dark, with the exception of two hours siesta period at noon. This time was spent in the hopeless task of shining equipment without polish and washing uniforms without soap. After seven o'clock, provided the Legioneer is in proper uniform, he may go out into the town but must not go beyond the town limits. He must be back in barracks by nine or else receive ten days in solitary prison confinement.

It was on one of these periods in town that I met Reubini, a private in the Legion for more than eight years. To all appearances he was an Italian but spoke English and claimed to be an American. Reubini, poor fellow, had *Le Cafard*, "a bug in his skull," as it is known in the Legion; a state of temporary insanity brought on by heat, privations and the monotony of the Legion. "Le Cafard" is quite common in the barracks and usually ends in the unfortunate killing of a comrade, or desertion.

Legioneers Sinclaire, Krimmerinko and I were seated at a table in a cheap café when I first saw Reubini. He came to our table and begged us to buy him a drink with the promise he would sing for us. Having had his drink he sang, and I have never been so startled. He had a wonderful voice and his song was from a well known opera. I have often wondered since who he might have been. Having finished he sat down and began to weep. He then claimed he had the opportunity to go to heaven and escape the miseries here on earth, but was prevented from doing so by the lack of a harp. It was all Sergeant Cavero's fault he said, for twice while he had been at drill, he had seen one and started after it only to be driven back into the ranks by the sergeant.



"The next time Cavero interferes," he said, "I shall kill him. He has no right to keep me from heaven."

We took this lightly and quieted him with a promise to help him get the harp.

The following day while my section was resting, a commotion broke out in a section march on the other side of the field. A soldier darted out as if in pursuit of something trying to escape. He was followed by the sergeant in charge, who on overtaking him caught him by the collar and threw him to the ground. Like a tiger he sprang to his feet, drew his sword bayonet and stabbed with the same stiff wrist that this same sergeant had taught him. It happened so quickly that by the time we reached the spot where Sergeant Cavero lay dying, the bayonet run completely through his body, his murderer was well away, running like a deer. There was no doubt in my mind who the murderer was. Reubini had made good his insane threat.

A few days later an Algerian *gome* rode in with something dragging at the end of a rope, collected twenty-five francs reward and rode away leaving what was left of Reubini on the end of the rope. For days and nights that almost headless, limbless, bloody, dust covered mass haunted me and I came to fear *Le Cafard* more than all else in the Legion. My friends and I tried to get permission to put a little flower designed harp on his grave, but we were refused.

At three a. m. on the morning of May 25th, 1923, we were awakened by a bugler and ordered to assemble in full equipment which consisted of all we possessed. We were marched to the magazine and given "steel jacket" cartridges for the first time. In parade formation we were addressed by our officers.

Abd-El-Krim, a powerful chieftain, had started an uprising in Morocco. The plans for our training had been changed and we were to go to Siada on the Morocco frontier to finish training there. We would be rushed through as all available men were needed.

After traveling all day in small freight cars we arrived in a small village and then began one of the most gruelling marches I had ever known. The straps on my pack wore into my shoulders and blisters came there and burst, burning like fire. My feet were bleeding from lack of socks and my uniform was dripping in perspiration. When a halt was called every man fell to the ground and would lie there until the march was resumed.

During one of these rest periods I saw a small group of men slowly slip out of the line and run into the night. All who saw them kept quiet: desertions in the Legion are many and unsuccessful. At midnight we were halted on the outskirts of a village and the roll call showed eight Germans missing. The next day a detachment of Legioneers joining us brought news of them. They had been found not far from where they had deserted, cut to pieces by a band of hostile Arabs, a horrible sight, an English speaking Legioneer told me. They had been disemboweled and filled with sand.

At the end of a second day of marching, our little detachment of *Les Blues*, as the new soldiers of the Legion are known, came to the outskirts of Siada on the Moroccan frontier. Siada was composed of the little fort of the Legion with the town itself built about its wall. I have never seen a more desolate spot. The band from the post marched out to meet us, playing the *March of the Legion*. The soldiers came to life and advanced into the fort. We were given medical attention, with inoculations against tropical diseases, and returned to barracks where we spent a miserable night of illness as a result of the inoculations.

* * *

At Siada I learned that Legioneers were

Continued on page 117

Less Game and More Glory

A plea to the boys of the hunt to get out their bows and arrows and give the Carnivora a break

by WALTER C. MARTIN

SPORTS

A GREAT gray eagle swept up through the clouds piled like dough in the White River valley. His wings were wide, his claws were long and his gizzard more than capacious. In it reposed the ghosts of nineteen fat and marketable pigs he had kidnaped from Ozark farmers.

With free and confident strokes of his mighty vanes he oared back the fog in light whirlpools. Soon he burst from the cloud-mass into sunlight. His shadow strode silently over the crags as he wheeled above an oak forest.

The shadow fell on the back of a strutting old turk, who folded his fan as if punctured. "Phutphut-phut-phut-phut!" he clamored. The white hen heard him and cackled. The yellow dog yowled. The mallard ducks squawked. The terrified hillside yelled, "Eagle!"

A man stepped from the cabin in the midst of the oaks. He saw the long shadow of wings on the earth; he saw the gray bandit wheeling. He turned and plunged himself into the house in the manner of one who means business.

The man passed by a rifle and shotgun. He snatched a longbow from the wall. Near the bow a brown quiver was bristling with broadheads—heavy birch hunting shafts with steel fangs.

The man took the bow and the quiver of shafts and ran again into the yard. He paused only to shove the bowstring to its horn. The eagle was flying away.

The man laid a shaft on the bowplate without taking his eyes from the bird. As the winged buccaneer crossed a patch of sky beyond treetops, the man drew to his breast and let fly. It was all in one motion, no aiming. His fingers flicked. The bowstring chunged. The wild-turkey feathers which steered the shaft whistled softly their omen of death.

Out between the tall white-oaks, up through the sun-glare, the arrow pursued the eagle. It darted beneath his wing. Its steel tooth thrust the full length of the bird and emerged at his breast, like a beak. Without a cry the gray eagle bundled over raking leaves from the trees as he crashed.

The man's wife, who saw the old pirate's descent, got a camera and made him immortal.

So the last of the great ones to fall before the longbow lay down with the bear, moose and cougar.

Today, in America, exists no game large or small which has not tasted the swift death of the broadhead.

As the hero of the tale foregoing, I have told it in the third person, better to illustrate the conclusion: If I had not chanced to be the first modern archer to bring down a flying eagle with an arrow, some other hunter would have spared me the effort. One by one the ancient records are matched or excelled, as the arrow soars into civilized favor.

The astounding spread of target archery these past two or three years has been companioned by an equally startling epidemic of bowmen amid the deeps of American forests. Target shooters, of course, outnumber the Robin Hoods of the wilds by a ratio of fifty to one. The hunter must deal with live targets as agile and sly as a banker shot at by the senate. His is a most delicate art. A straw beast on three legs may have its sulky off-days, but it never was known to charge.

When Arthur Young put an arrow into a huge Kadiak bear, it was either his life or old Bruin's.

Target work calls for thinking, slow nerve, precise arrows, and a definite knowledge of distance. The hunter lifts, draws and releases his bow as the bob-cat springs, by instinct. Be the game large or little, he has no time to think, and no time to lay down a tape-line.

I once trekked a-hunting with a friend who shot well. He shot well, I mean, at targets. This friend had a farm and the farm had young trees, which supplied caviar to wild rabbits. He got wroth, one day, and declared by the gods he would extirpate *Lepus Floridanus*. Furthermore, he would do it with arrows.

To make good his boast he acquired a hound dog, a basset, price twenty-five dollars. A basset, said he, was the archer's ideal: fast enough to keep the rabbit awake, but not too fast for good shooting.

My friend explained this as we walked. When we reached the young orchard, he unleashed the Ideal and told him to go jump a rabbit.

The Ideal nosed around until he stepped on a bunny, which stretched himself, yawned and started. He led the dog by five yards. The rabbit circled us, acting smart, not more than forty yards distant. My friend squared his jaw and let fly. He failed to lead the game far enough, by five yards, and another Ideal was punctured. We buried him there beneath the sad trees and stuck the shaft in his grave for a tombstone.

It is odd that the moment you mention hunting with arrows, you stimulate violent reactions. One indignant lady, having read of a man killing a buck with a bow, wrote to her editor essentially this:

"I do hope this archer himself some day will be transfixed by one of his horrible shafts, and I can imagine him in his agony praying God to end his life with a merciful bullet."

This lady is not so untypical as common sense would beg us to believe. She is so numerous in fact, both in pants and in petticoats, that I feel justified in pausing to palliate her before she does irreparable damage.

Pain from a dead shot is improbable. The lightning flash that kills us is the one we never see. Pain, too, from a badly disabling shot is brief, for another shot follows to end it. The true cruelty in hunting, the only cruelty worth writing to Congress about, is the pain bestowed by those "escape wounds" which cripple but do not prostrate.

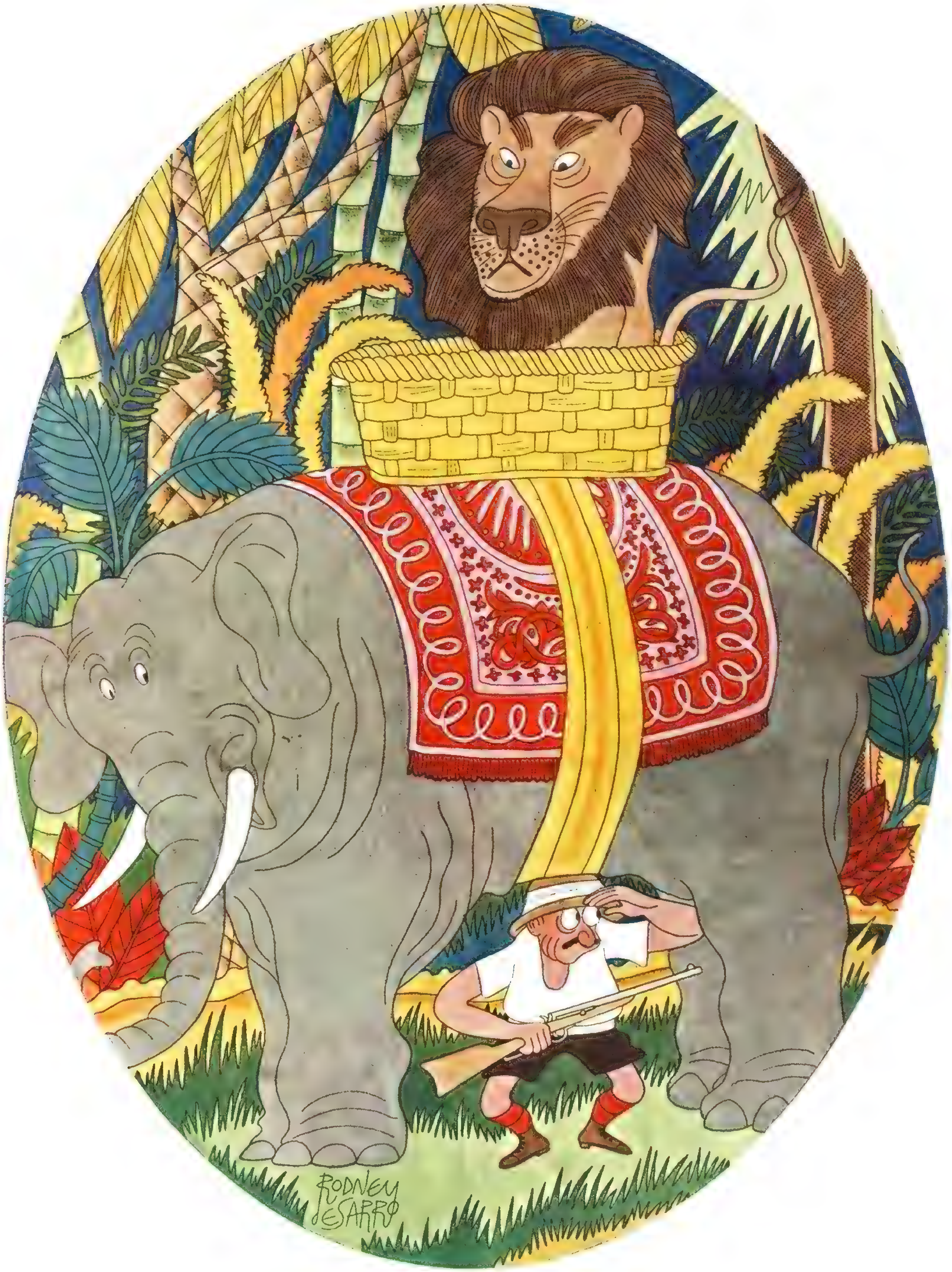
By this test the arrow is the most humane of all the missiles of death, for the stricken quarry almost never escapes.

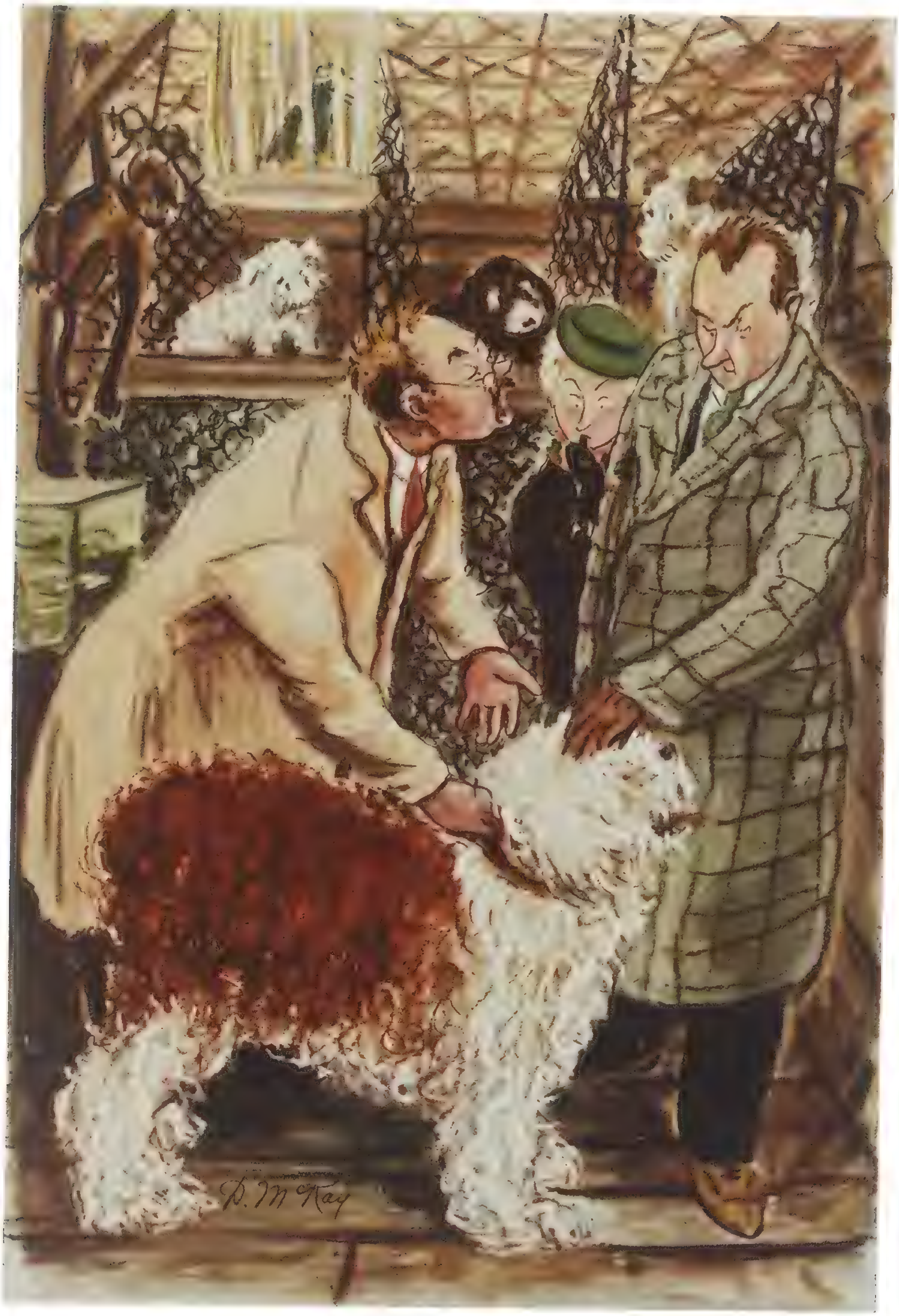
One autumn I camped north of the Boston ridges of Arkansas, seeking chittamwood trees for bowstaves. For diversion I cut a bee tree. In the stem of the tree, far above the bees' nest, I discovered two gray squirrels, one dead. The creature not dead was dying. Both were full of chilled shot and the aspect of the pair indicated they had suffered for days. I at once fell to pondering this sorry state of affairs, and decided to go in for statistics. I began hunting with the scatter-gun men. I observed that about fifty percent of the squirrels shot at, moving, are missed. But these "missed" squirrels are peppered: smacked hard enough to flinch or change course. As one tiny shot in the vitals can bring ultimate death, we can figure that most of them, like the two grays I found, bleat out their poor lives in dark holes.

Never yet have I seen a bird, beast or reptile get away when impaled on an arrow. If the shaft goes clean through, the game may bolt several yards, but the feathers are apt to prevent this.

I once killed an outlawed razorback boar after two mountaineers with twelve gauge shotguns conspicuously had failed to subdue him. One broadhead shaft was

Continued on page 98


RODNEY deSARRO



"It's the real thing—it's imported!"

But is it Art?

In which a pitchur snatcher gets his man and an extra piece of change in reward

by DOUG WELCH

• HUMOR •

SO THE desk calls me over and says: "Joe, I wantcha to cover the consecration today and grab off a swell pitchur the new bishop. The boss figures it for Page One art and it's got to be hot. I don't wantcha come back with no mugg shots the new bishop. We got plenty good mugg shots in the liberry. And I don't wantcha catch him sitting a chair somewheres. And I don't wantcha take him out in the alley after the ceremony shaking hands with some one. We been running too many pitchurs people shaking hands lately. Shaking hands don't mean a thing. Don't come back any pitchurs the new bishop shaking hands."

So I says to the desk, "Whatcha want him doing—riding a bicycle?" But the desk don't get me.

The desk says: "Lissen, Joe, I don't wantcha kidding this assignment because the boss is plenty hot the idea, see? He's gonta bust the bishop all over Page One the bulldog, see? You come back a good pitchur the new bishop and it's a cinch for twenty-five thousand extra run. The boss says he wants unposed shot. He says tell Joe I want action. So if you come back the right kinda shot it may mean extra piece of change, see?"

"Lissen," I says, "how am I gonta grab off an action shot the new bishop unless I get into the church?"

The desk says to me: "You gotta take your box inside and set up near where the heavy stuff is pulled and when the right time comes you give them the old speed flash. The boss don't want a lot of muggs looking into the camera. He wants action shot, see?"

"Lissen," I say, "the only action around there is going to be when they give me the bum's rush out of the joint and bust up my box and I won't be around to grab no shot of it. I'll be setting on my pants out on the sidewalk."

So the desk says: "You'll have to talk them into letting you inside Joe. I forget to mention that."

"It's gonta be a cinch," I says. "All I'm gonta need is about half the United States Army."

And the desk says to me: "Lissen, Joe, I wanta tell you how the boss sees this pitchur. The way he gets it, there is a big shaft of light coming down from a Gothic window on the side. Like a spot-light. And the new bishop and a bunch of them other big shots is moving around in it, see? And you can just see the shadows of the other people faintly, Joe. Like an old painting, see? Medievil, that's what."

"Lissen," I says, "whatcha want for forty bucks a week, Michelangelo?"

Well, anyway, Bill, I goes up to the cathedral and you'd bust out crying to hear what I told them birds. I told them if I don't grab off this shot I get canned and I got a sick wife and five kids. But I don't get anywhere until I promise them all a bunch of free pitchurs. The bishop holds out for a life-size glossy, colored.

So, anyhow, they let me set up the box at the side of the church and I grab off a couple of pips, what I mean. Every time I let go with a flash everyone ducks and down in the back of the church they got me figured as a bomb-thrower. But lissen, Bill, I got the pitchurs. The shaft of light and everything.

So on the way out I see a good-looking dame setting outside the church waiting for a date to come along and she's got the sweetest pair of gambs this side of Hollywood. So I grab off a nice leg shot and I hustle into the office.

Well, twenty minutes later I'm putting the wet prints down on the desk.

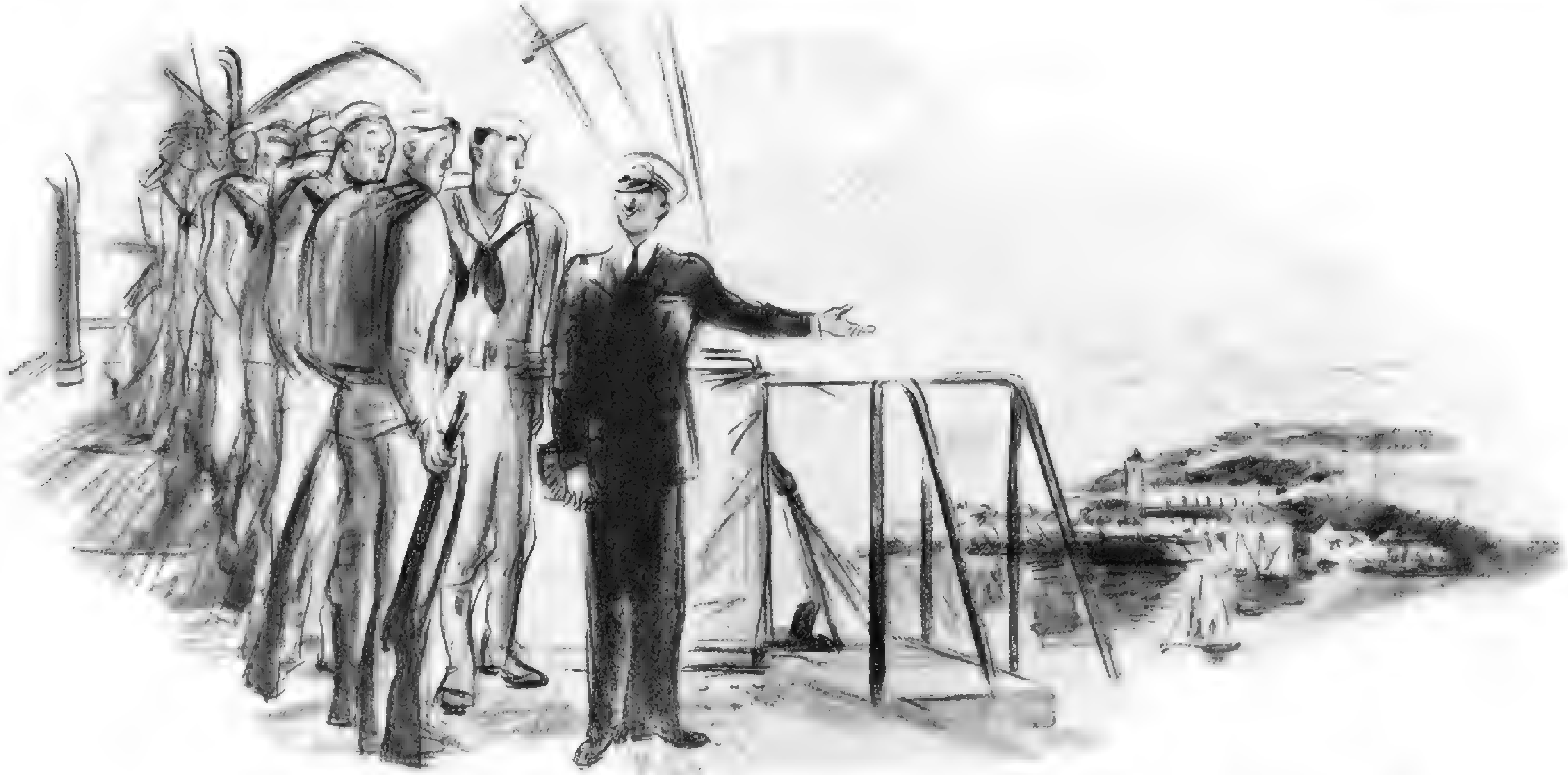
"Who's the dame?" they ask.

"Just a wren I seen outside the church," I says. "I figure she might go into the layout with the bishop just to give it a little class."

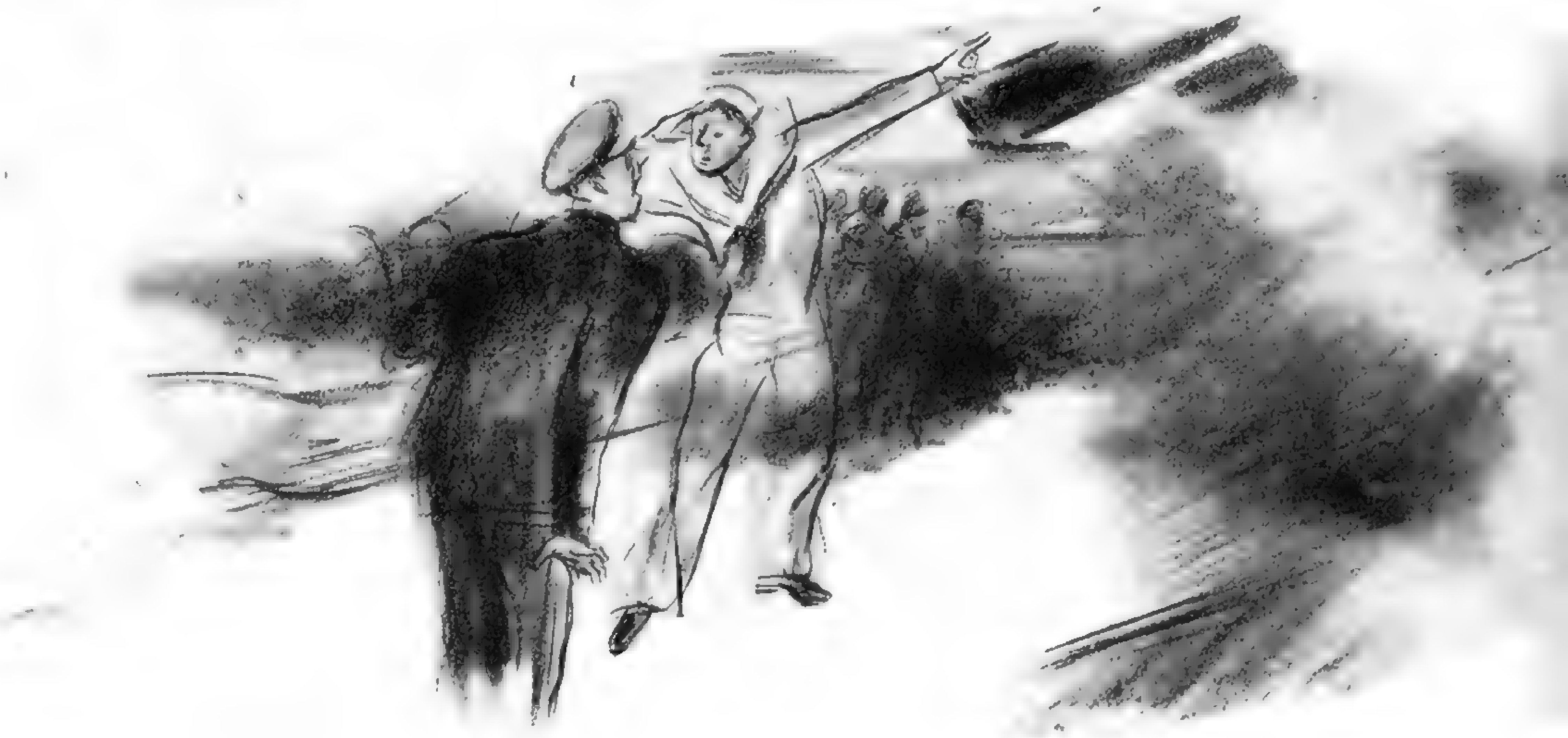
And lissen, Bill, when the boss sees this leg shot he runs a pulse and says: "The hell with the bishop! We can grab a mugg shot of him out of the liberry. This dame has got heart interest."

So they run the dame five columns to the fold on Page One under the caption *She Saw the Consecration* and they cut the bishop in for a thumbnail pitchur on page eighteen

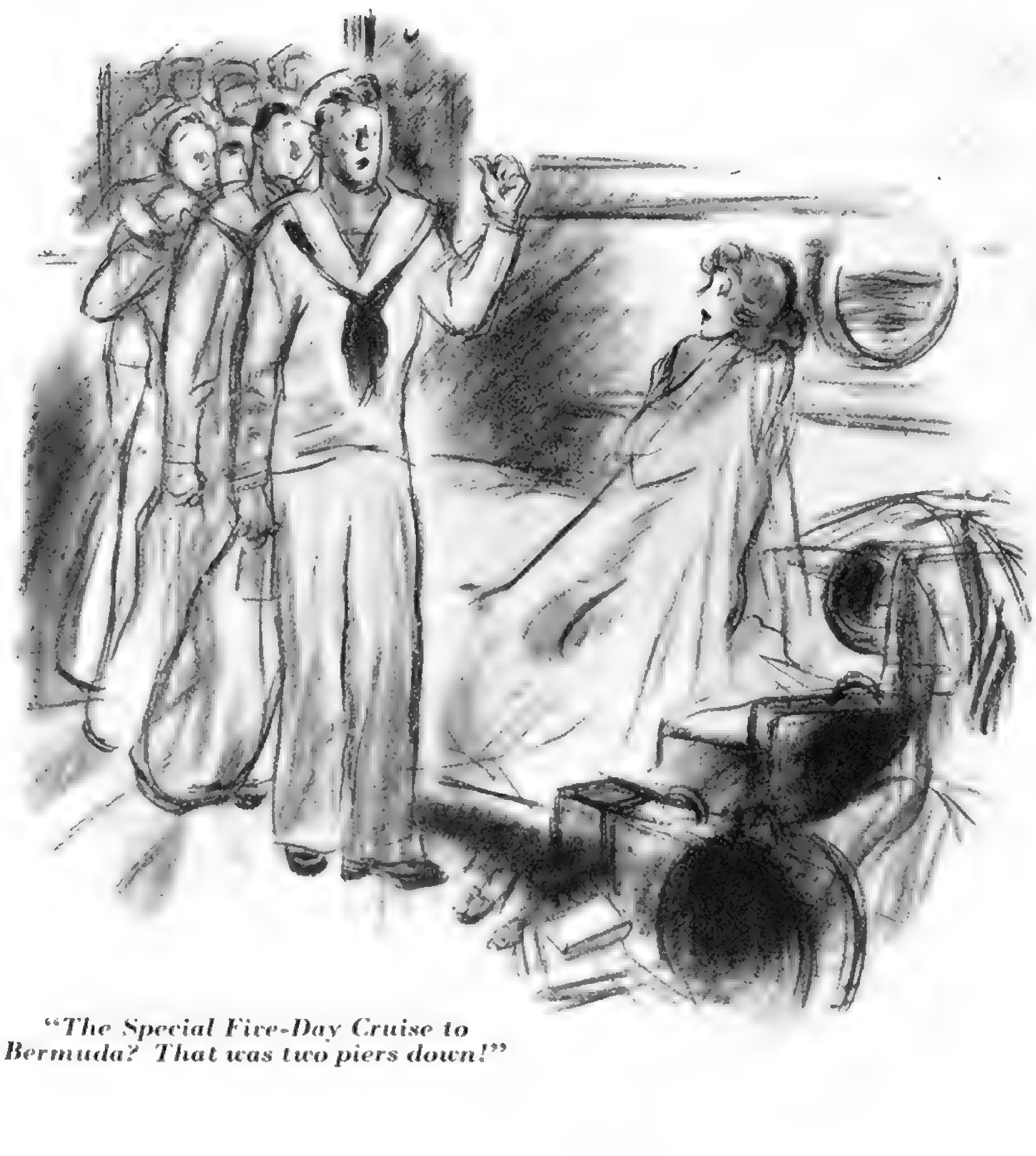
I tell ya, Bill, sometimes I am sorry I ever closed my barber shop.



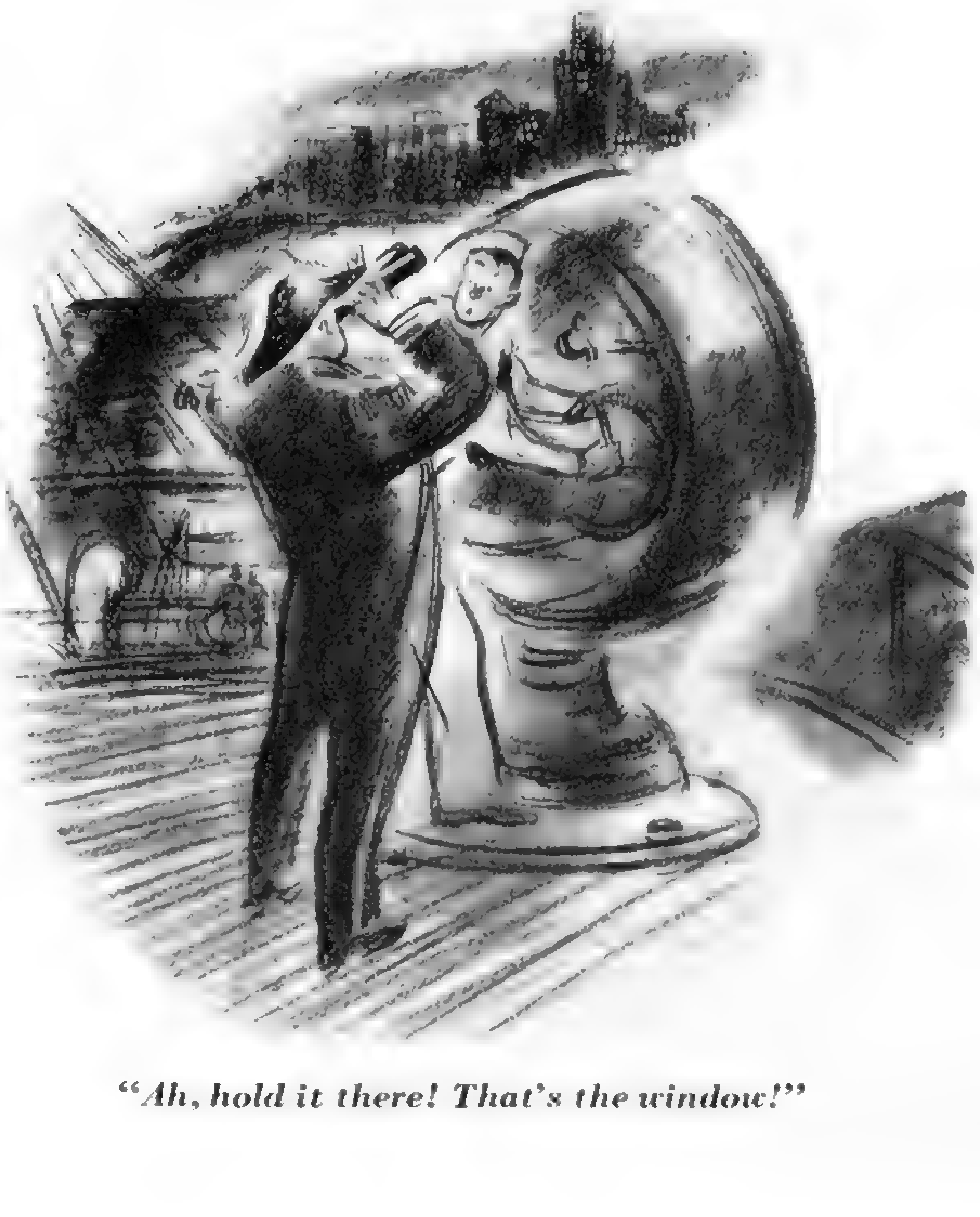
"The first thing you want to do is explore this splendid library they have here!"



"That's Jackson, sir. He was in the gun cleaning it!"



"The Special Five-Day Cruise to Bermuda? That was two piers down!"

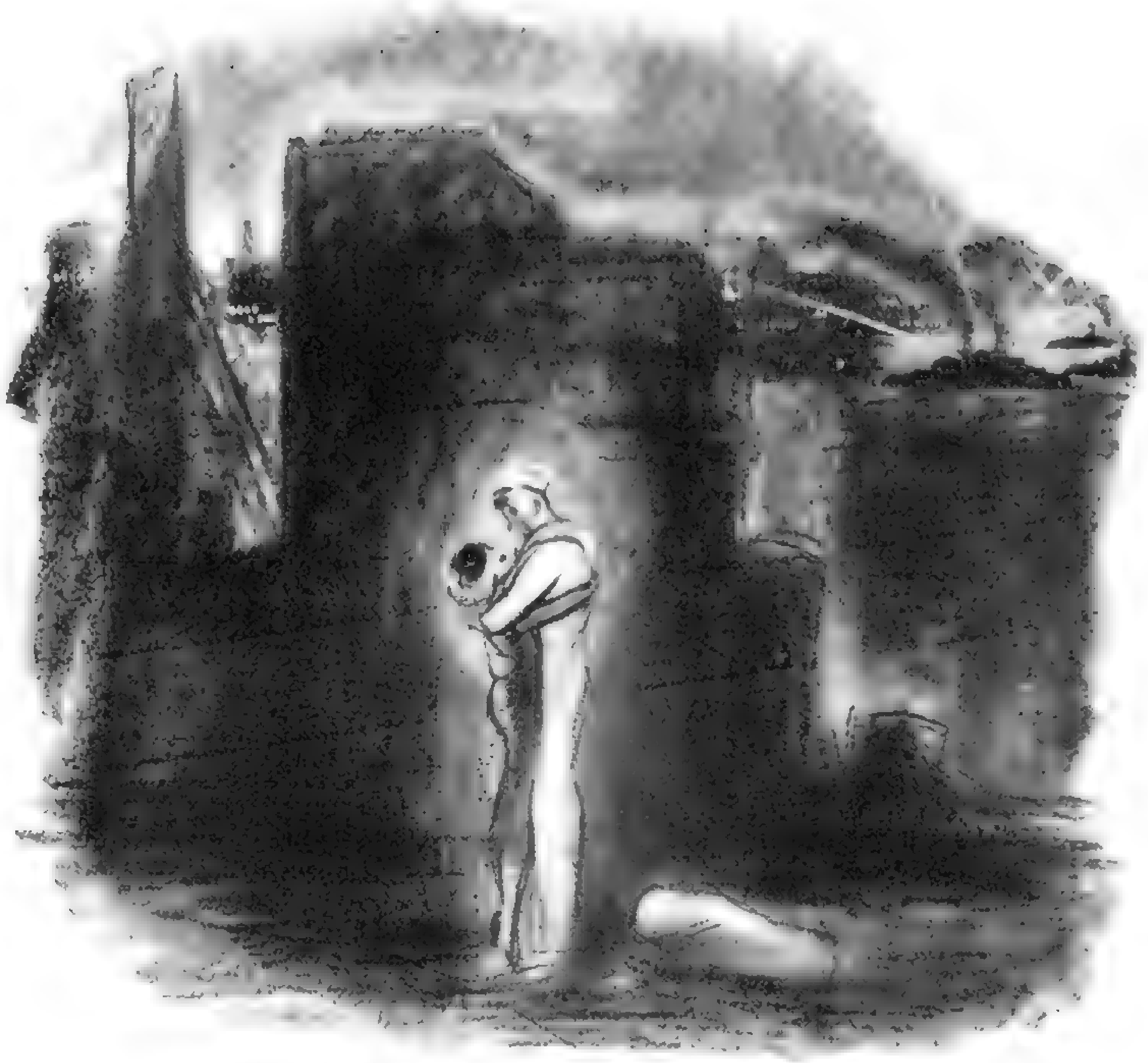


"Ah, hold it there! That's the window!"

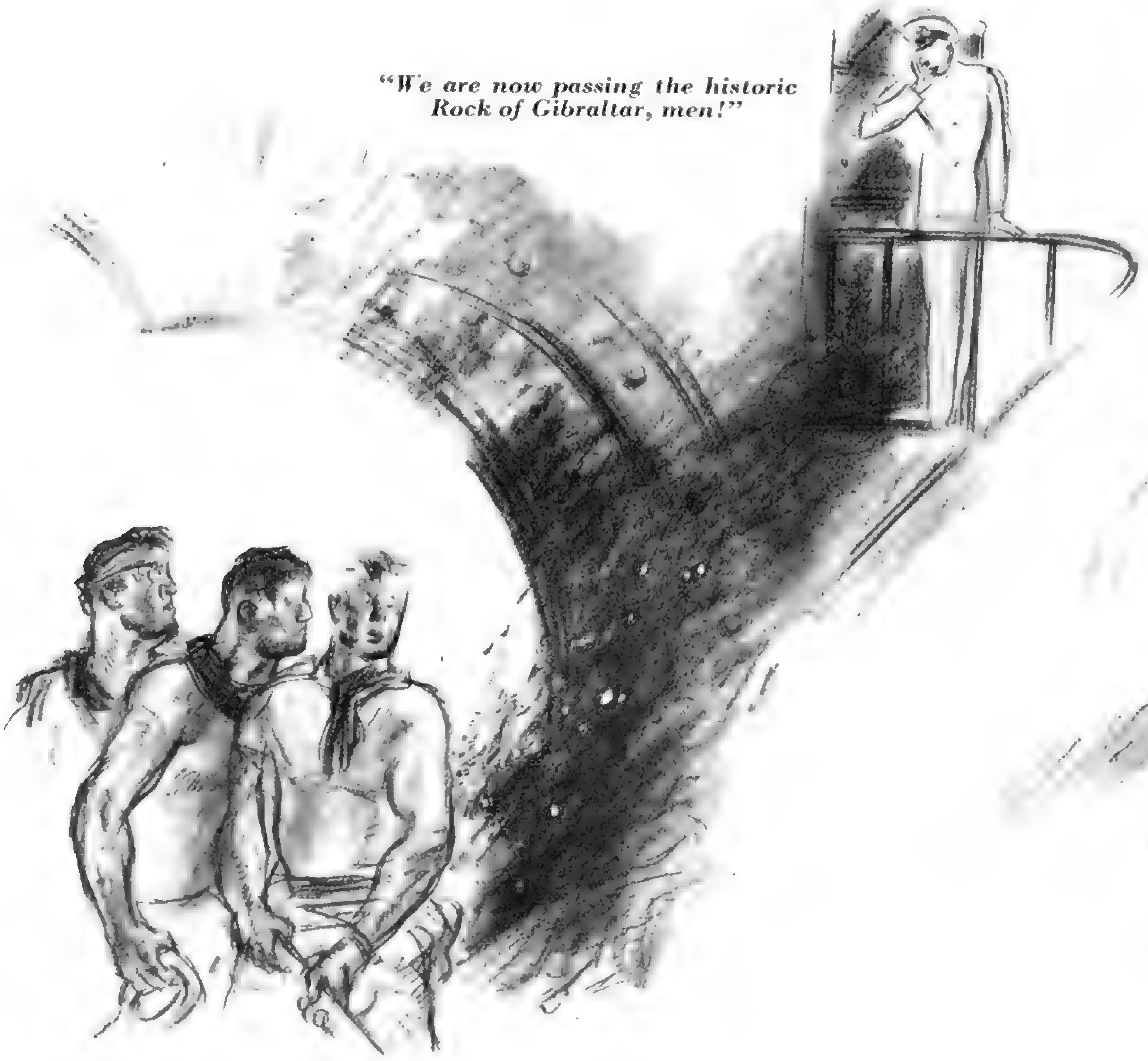
Join the Navy—and See the Girls

by E. SIMMS CAMPBELL

On the debit side, we don't know much about the Navy, except that there must be a deal of brass to be polished, but on the credit side—well, give a look! There was another gag, too, that we didn't have room for. It showed a dozen gobs sitting around in the foc's'le or whatever they call it—anyway, where they have the bunks. And one little guy, probably in his second month in the service, saying wistfully: "You know what I miss most, away from everything like this? *Newspapers!*"



"Now this is absolutely the last one, honey. . . . They'll be pulling off without me"



"We are now passing the historic Rock of Gibraltar, men!"

Yo-Ho and a Bottle

A theme song, with variations, treating of the romance, as well as of the aroma, of rum

by LAWTON MACKALL

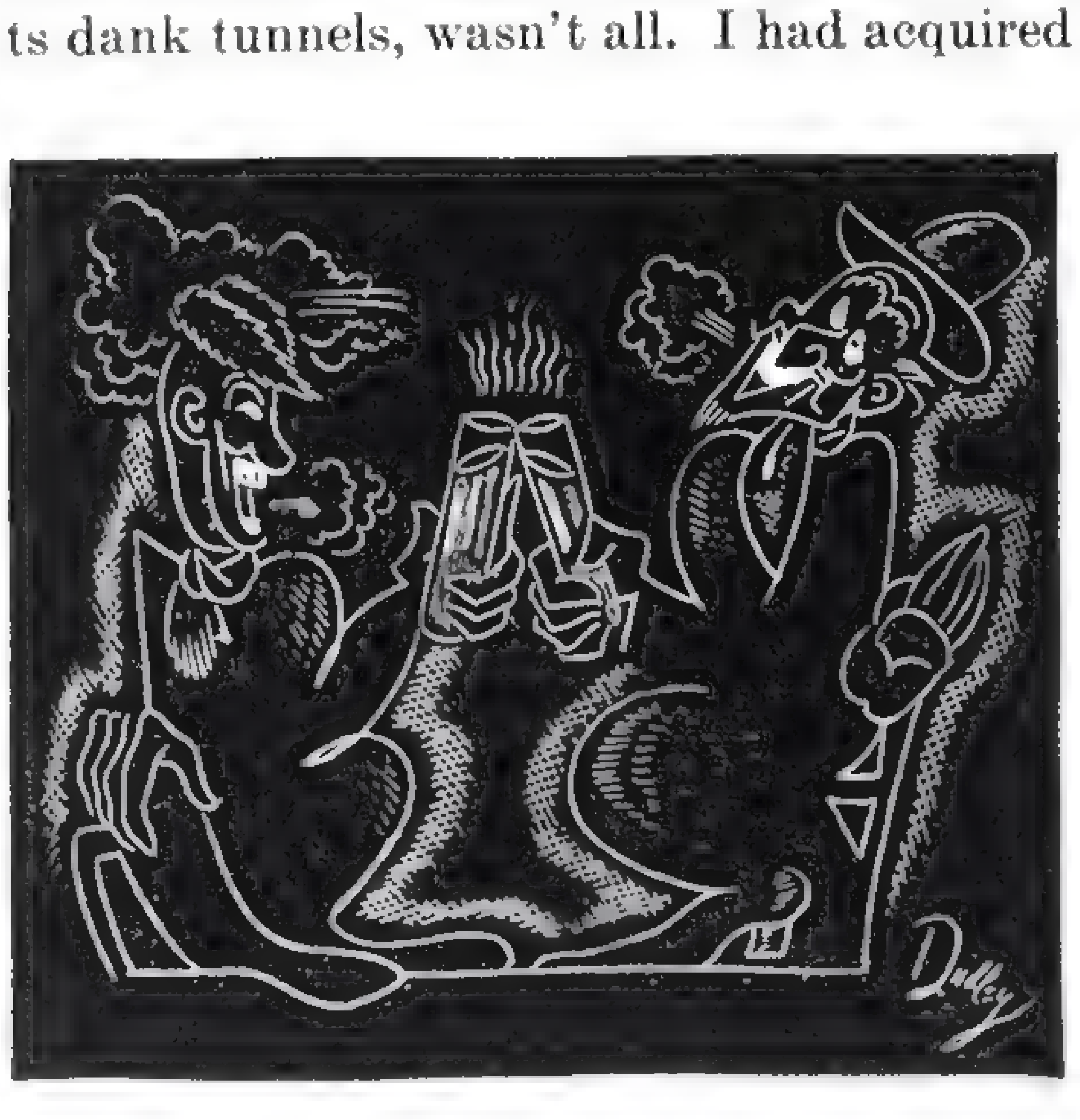
• ARTICLE •

THANKS to the West Indies, man can escape the red-flanneled fate to which his inadequacy as a fur-bearing animal would seem to doom him. For those Sugar Isles send a reprieve, called rum. Thermally speaking it's a sort of glow they give off in the form of puncheons which somehow become punches, strewn with fruitsam and jetsam, and hot toddies presenting The Tropics in Person.

Proof spirit? This *weather*proofs. Whether the menace threatening to shiver human timbers be sleet, sub-zero blizzards, or the possibility of a draft—and good rum can always suggest its own good reason—he that is proofed, experiences snugness as of kangaroo junior in mamma's pocket.

In cold figures, and not counting pungency, the warmth ranges from forty-two to fifty per cent alcohol. What it means in terms of radiation and rib-toasting, the labels don't state, but drinkers argue about it, some claiming complete effulgence, others insisting that they feel wonderfully natural, only better. A bit puzzled myself, I had the good fortune, a few years ago, to encounter circumstances where a real test could be made with proper measuring of results. The latter was the important part, because unless you have a yardstick of some kind—calories, ergs, kilowatts, jorums, or something—you're no scientist.

These were stoves—five of them in a row, lined up along the front of a sidewalk café in Nimes, Southern France: a town which in January didn't seem so southerly, especially with that mean wind called the *mistral* whistling down from the Cevennes Mountains where Stevenson, at a more seasonable time of year, did his well-known donkey traveling. My ascending, with no long, hirsute ears to beguile me, had been done locally in the semi-ruined Roman arena—Nimes' pride—as cold and gust-haunted a coliseum as anybody would be crazy to ask for. But the bleak bowl, with its dank tunnels, wasn't all. I had acquired a special jitter-chill as the result of an adventure with a landscape which had refused to stay put when viewed, nervously I'll admit, from the top of a 200-foot aqueduct I had elected to cat-walk over: the jumps refrained from were still with me. Consequently my marrow and my morale were both in a bad way when I met the five stoves and took a seat between two of them.



"*Garcon*," I said. "*Un grog.*"

(The French word *grog* was borrowed from the *Anglais.* It harks back to the nickname of Admiral Vernon, British sea-dog active in the Caribbean in the first half of the Eighteenth Century, whose sailors dubbed him "Old Grog" because of the peculiar boat-cloak he wore, made of a silk-and-mohair material called grogram. It was this admiral who first drew up regulations requiring that the rum ration issued to British crews be diluted with water. In subsequent times his innovation—Rum à la Old Grog, one might say—was rated as "two-water grog," "three-water grog," etc., according to the number of "parts" of water added.)

My de-froster arrived steaming in a large goblet, with lemon and sugar on the side. *Rhum!* Martinique stuff, I judged—and favorably, for, not half bad, it possessed something of a nosegay. And it functioned. By the time my spoon tinkled amid sugar-grained emptiness the five stoves felt like six.

This was interesting. It roused me, the way the apple roused Newton; I sensed that I was on the track of something big. So I had another grog and thought about it, till the stoves said: "We are seven."

Then all at once it flashed upon me. The Mackall Rum Theory. I let x equal rum and water plus sugar plus lemon, and y equal stove, and here's what I got:

$$2x + 5y = 7y$$

Dressing that 5y on the right with a wing shift:

$$2x = 7y - 5y$$

Taking it away:

$$2x = 2y$$

Finally, dividing by 2, I reached the startling result:

$$x = y$$

In other words I'd had the equivalent of five drinks on the house, and now *I* was buying 'em. So, not to seem a piker, I bought another. But here some sort of differential set in; for the third grog, instead of bringing along guest stove number three as per understanding, brought several. And with the fourth glass, things became crowded. Indeed, if the original base-burner quintette had broken down I could have pinch-hit for them.

Yes, Nimes is a nice town with a nice climate if you treat it right.

But it was Paris that had taught me. For Gay Paree, with its winters consisting of black mud underfoot and bean-soup sky overhead, generally raining, is a place where you either condition the weather or succumb; and it was there, in one of those thawing-out establishments called cafés where Parisians so unfortunate as to lack the natural heat of *l'amour* go to get warm artificially—it was at one of these, the Café Soufflet (praise be to its furnace!) on the Boule' Miche, that I met my enlightener. Without ever expecting to. He was an oldish, gently frowsy individual with something about him suggestive of an unfrocked clergyman gone Latin Quarter; and also about him were four cocottes, to whom he was feeding sandwiches and coffee as one feeds sparrows.

Seeing me watching the scene, he nodded and smiled; then sauntered over with the greeting:

"American?"

Throwing away my imagined cosmopolitanism, I suggested drinks. What would he have?

"Well," he said, giving the matter his attention, "since we're two Americans, how about two *américains?*"

"Are they cocktails?" I ventured.

This stirred him. "No, my dear sir," he declared. "An *américain* isn't any such sin against the human stomach. It's the stranger's friend. It's gum boots. It keeps you from being caught short by the thermometer. It's kept me out of half the hospitals in France. If this is your first inoculation with it, do, please, allow me to be your doctor." And to the waiter he called, "*Henri, deux américains*"—explaining to me: "The full title of the thing is "*grog américain*," so called because of its having been *the* drink of the Doughboys during the War whenever they stormed into an estaminet for something that would do a quick warm-up job. Madame at the bar got so that she would automatically reach for the *rhum* the minute she saw an American uniform.

Continued on page 154

Esquire's
PREVIEW
1935
AUTOMOBILE PARADE

Drawings by Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

AUBURN

Those who have envied the racing gentry their exhaust pipes can appease that hunger with Auburn's Torpedo Type Speedster, whose stainless steel pipes rake the hood. The running-board-less Speedster heads the new line of Super-Charged eights, each and every one of which is certified to go "one hundred miles an hour or more." A plate on the car says so. The four chromium bars that score the louvers re-appear on Auburn's regular line of straight eights and sixes. The regulars stress improved springing, balance, insulation, claim a quieter and smoother ride-as-a-whole. All have Dual-Ratio control, a type of overdrive.

BUICK

Out to appeal to the moderately conservative tastes, "as well as to those which tend toward the youthfully modern," Buick refuses to embrace the radical tendencies in stream-line. However, square-nosed effects and flat surfaces have been avoided. The appeal is to the solid citizen who keeps up with the times. Thus, a dignified exterior, and a highly practical engineering approach under the hood. Buick seems to have introduced no new word combinations in the automotive field this year, but the makers will tell you that they have incorporated a lot of new ideas under the old words in their 1935 line.

CADILLAC

The long, aristocratic mien of the Cadillac wears little transformation this season. The top may be somewhat more rounded, seeming to sit snugly a little closer to the frame. Reminds one a bit of those elegant, low-crown derbies poised over a well-groomed face. Refined, and more refined is the theme of the makers of the V-16, V-12, V-8; and still more ways have been found to add to what the same makers call the traditional comfort of the Cadillac. Presumably, the owner of a Cadillac is never personally concerned with the mechanism of the article, so let us preserve an aloof attitude toward hood and chassis.

CHEVROLET

Once upon a time there was a burning curiosity as to who would write the great American novel, but today the question seems to be "who will make the great American family car." Chevrolet is anxious to be so identified, and offers the Special Six as the most familiar of its works. There are two sets by Chevrolet, and the creators call attention to their wide-selling powers by the fact that for six of the past eight years Chevrolet was the world's largest maker of motor cars and trucks. The Chevrolet is one of the lowest price cars in the world. A comfortable but not fancy appearance marks the family car.

CHRYSLER AIRFLOW

The tear-drop emulators evidently have no tears to shed over the innovations of last year. Most evident change in the Airflow is the pointed radiator, which does away with the blunt-nosed effect. Some folks find this more graceful. "Effortless steering" is claimed as the result of improvements in that department. More leaves have been put into the springs, which are tapered, and of a new type. The interior finishing has a few agreeable surprises. Add Synchro-Silent transmission, a new device for quicker and easier shifting. Airflow retains the automatic overdrive feature, for gas and engine saving.

CHRYSLER AIRSTREAM

It may be because a stream flows or a flow streams, but it is becoming increasingly difficult to differentiate between the two Chrysler lines. The stream is still the conservative member of the family, but is rapidly turning into a flow. Seats and engine have been moved forward in this model, as the innovation was tested and found workable in the Airflow last year. The Airstream has more headroom, legroom, elbowroom by virtue of the new arrangements. Also wider doors. New tapered spring leaves and Synchro-Silent transmission, as in the brother model. And a revised interior, with improved finishing.

DE SOTO

The little brothers of the Chryslers go a parallel path, in flow and stream. The Airflow De Soto, too, has a re-styled front end, but is rounded instead of pointed. Tapered-leaf springs all around. The Airstream De Soto is a new line, designed to put De Soto back into the popular price field. It has many of the innovations introduced by Airflow last year, but is more modestly made. While the Airflow motor works itself up to 100 h.p., the Airstream makes 93. Both engines have high-compression ratios, if you know what that means: Airflow, 6.5 to 1, with 7.0 to 1 optional. Airstream, 6.0 to 1.

DODGE

Ninety-five advancements are listed by the Dodge engineers for their new model, but we won't pretend to enumerate them. Dodge puts all ninety-five together, calls it Airglide, and tells you the new ensemble skims over the roughest roads without jolt or jar. They also call it synchromatic control, a mechanical improvement which makes for almost completely effortless steering, almost completely effortless shifting, and ditto operation of clutch and brake pedals. The idea is to make driving almost completely effortless. Hydraulic brakes and all-steel bodies are the safety arguments which are thrown in for extra measure.

DUESENBERG

As formal as its name implies, the Opera Brougham has the severe elegance of the ultra-smart. The snug curves of streamline fashion are scorned for the sharp-edged, stiff-backed character of the original horse-drawn Brougham. The running-board is abolished; steps to the front and rear compartments take its place. Pillar lamps of the old-fashioned coach type give the finishing touch of "correctness" to the square-cornered exterior. Only the sharp-cutting sweep of the elongated fenders concedes to the changes of the last few years. The driver's compartment has a collapsible roof curtain, glass windows.

FORD

From the zippy cant of the radiator grille to the counter-slant of the spare carrier, Ford goes streamline. The departure is not nearly so great as that which marked the end of Model T, but the 1935 Ford is distinctly different from its predecessor. The low hood slopes all around, the windshield slants more sharply, and the rear does a flying skirt. The interior reveals innovations for the V-8. Mr. Ford, too, would have the distinction of being the author of the Great American Family Car, and would remind you that his vehicle is in the low price field. He is out to sell a million copies of the latest edition. How's your sales resistance?

GRAHAM

That lowest price class is going to be as thick as Tourist Third this season; the newest entry is the Graham Six, which, at 2500 pounds, claims to be the lightweight of the division. This doesn't mean it's a small car; in fact the makers claim that "a new principle of body construction" gives their model more inside room than any other car in its price field. So far as we know, there has been no trick name invented for this roomy feature; we suggest Super-Space-Enveloper. Graham also introduces water-jacketed cylinders through the full length of the piston stroke, and "Outboard Springs." Nothing like a springboard.

HUDSON

Restless automotive engineers have finally worked their way up to the roof. And now comes Hudson with an all-steel one stretch body that includes the roof. So the body color can go right on over the top without a break. Hudson started out to be exclusive in this feature, and the few other engineers that got to their roofs at about the same time thought they were exclusive, too; but not many cars have it. And Hudson has the Electric Hand. It is not the same as Reo's Self-Shifter, but is a sort of magical device that lets you pick out your gear-shifting in advance, and attends to the job for you when the moment arrives.

HUPMOBILE

Fifty-three-and-one-half inches for three front seat riders is Hupmobile's offering at the shrine of aerodynamic design. Instead of hiding everything under a sweeping over-all cover, the Hupmobile has a sort of functional blending of the parts into the car-body; thus, the troublesome headlights are long-tailed into the profile, instead of being treated separately, or being sunk into the facade. The spare wheel is not hidden, but half-submerged, so as not to interrupt the form-flow of the rear panel. A pilot-house windshield and extra-wide doors are featured. Stylish, but different enough to be recognizable—rare this year.

LA SALLE

Note the family resemblance to the Cadillac. The characteristically narrow radiator, the long horizontal treatment, and the sleek pompadour dome. Individual features are the cup-like louvers. La Salle is pretty well satisfied with the reception of last year's model, and continues "in the same line of streamline thought." This is the school that does most of its aero-dynamizing on the top and rear panel of the car, and believes in absorbing add-on protrusions into the body proper. The fender-skirts by their high, full arch give the car another touch of individuality. Note how they snub out, in front.

LAFAYETTE

Second season for Nash's entry in the lowest price field. La Fayette enriches the lexicon with "Synchronized Springing." That's the name for a new type of spring insert which, the makers claim, produces a constant, level ride in front and rear for the life of the car. Moreover, no lubrication is required for those parts. This innovation in spring leaf suspension is just supposed to make you forget about springs. Furthermore, La Fayette has a feather-touch control which, we suspect, is another name for the new trend in effortless driving. Dual-construction, sound-proofed bodies. Changes in design make the car look longer.

LINCOLN

You can have your Lincoln eighteen ways. All will contain the 150 h.p. V-12 engine, and will conform to the conservative-but-modern treatment of the model shown. The eighteen body types are built long and low, with a full, instead of shallowing streamline effect in the rear panels. Like most of the higher-priced cars, Lincoln has the deep crowned fenders, the rounded modelling that contains the opulence of filled curves, rather than the nervous grave of the hollow forms. The front end of the car has been re-designed, with a new treatment for the radiator grille and headlamps. But the angle is firm, rather than rakish.

NASH

This job, too, takes off with head flung back and hair flying. Nash has a one-piece body that, like a one-piece bathing suit, contains all the vitals. Six passengers fit easily; moreover, the design makes baggage, spare tire, and tools accessible without disturbing the riders. Shares the Synchronized Springing secret with La Fayette, calls attention to super-hydraulic brakes and ball-bearing steering. The feather-touch, no doubt. Nash also has a "fourth speed" or automatic cruising gear to bother the gas and oil interests, and wishes you to remember the term airplane-type twin-ignition Flying Power. Put it down under efficiency.

OLDSMOBILE

The secret of the all-steel top, which makes life so much safer and the view from the fourth-floor window so much more attractive, has been discovered by Oldsmobile, too, and the Fisher all-steel no-draft bodies include that innovation. The new models, both sixes and eights, show an increase in size and in power, nevertheless, an improvement in operating economy is claimed. The six-fisted model now develops 90 h.p.; the straight eight can churn up a hundred horses. Super-hydraulic brakes, center-control steering, and the ride-stabilizer. No upstart brand, the Olds manages to step right along with the fashions.

PACKARD

"In designing a new Packard model," says their catalogue, "the first line the engineer draws is the 'life line'—the Packard radiator line." So the arc with flattened ends that has been on top of the radiator for thirty years is still there, and a Packard remains a Packard. One more word, quoted in awe: "Just as only a few acres in the world produce the rare bouquet of old Burgundy, so too only a single county grows wool that is fine enough to upholster the new Packard Twelve. The fleeces' pick of 40 sheep from three choice flocks, grazed in the lush pasturage of a tiny Texas area, are required for a single car."

PLYMOUTH

Much has been ado in the Plymouth factories. Father Chrysler has brought this model into the Airflow line. Floors go down four inches. Motor gets a high compression ratio (6.7 to 1), and gets moved forward over the front axle. Rear axle goes back. Hence, a roomier body, which is of all-steel construction, bolted sidewise through the frame as well as top-mounted. Back in the line somewhere was a six that flounced its full-length water-jacketing. Plymouth has this too, plus "a new directional water circulation," and an air-cooled clutch, generator, and rear axle. Idea is to eliminate unwanted heat.

PONTIAC

Here, at last, is a name for the steel roof innovation that Fisher Bodies have given exclusively to three or four cars. Pontiac calls it Turret-Top. If you like, your all-steel car can just lie down and roll over without injury to its crown. Pontiac sixes are now in the low-price division. Sixes and eights have spare tire buried in a "Speed-lined" rear end, and a new modeling of the front end. Sealed chassis, triple-sealed hydraulic brakes. Knee-Action improved by a new method of weight distribution. Engine improvements include silver-alloy bearings, crankcase ventilation, electro-plated pistons, and gusher valve-cooling.

REO

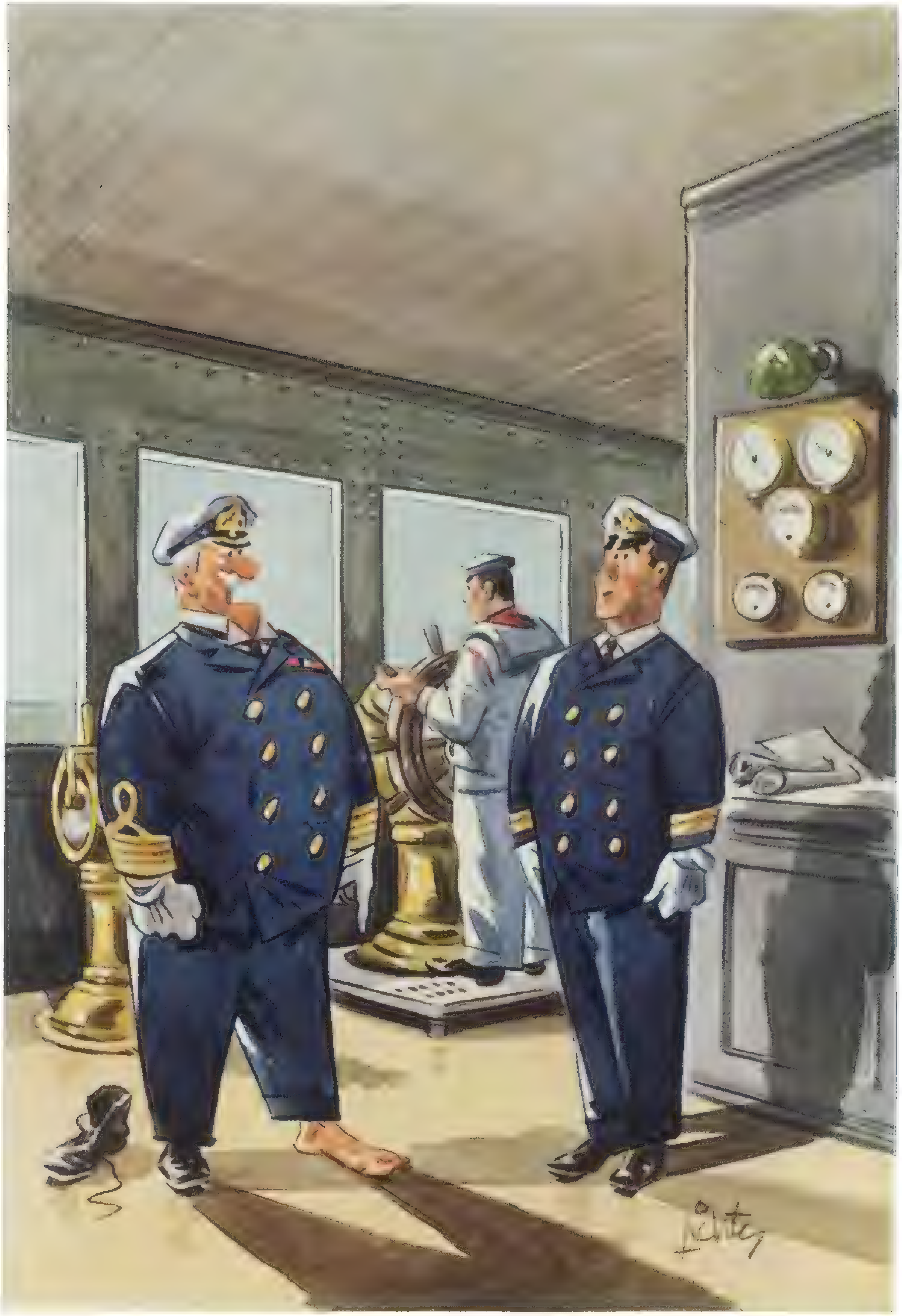
Reo would have you remember that aerodynamic design is an evolutionary, rather than revolutionary development, and that the "free flowing lines" of the new Flying Cloud may be traced to the pioneer streamline hints of Reo's 1930 model. The evolutionary department has also been busy on the Self-Shifter Transmission, which the pioneering department introduced last year. The automatic gear shifter seeks to emulate the perfect butler for quietness and efficiency. The spare tire and luggage disappear under the sweeping skirts of the rear panel. This dark and shiny cloud has no silver lining, but rather smart upholstery.

STUDEBAKER

"Skyway silhouette." No one else thought of that one. The Dictators, Commanders, and Presidents have bodies of steel reinforced by steel, these days. And that's no comment on the political situation, but a simple engineering improvement. Presidents, by the way, come about twice as high as Dictators. "Slim silvery radiators, intriguing new hood louvers, and gull's wing fenders" are part of that skyway silhouette. Compound hydraulic brakes especially designed for super-strength. And an "exclusive with Studebaker" new independent planar wheel suspension, said to add restfulness to the ride. Each wheel for itself.

TERRAPLANE

Hudson's entry in the low-price class claims to have all the "class" of the parent motor. Narrow radiator, low sweeping lines to suggest length, spare wheel merged into the contour. Mark up another discoverer for the steel-top innovation. Terraplane also shares Hudson's "Electric Hand," which enables you to pick your gear in advance and let it shift for itself. A no-nudging front seat, capable of housing three passengers. The designers are determined to prove that three no longer is a crowd. There's no ordinary Terraplane: it comes in two lines, Special, and DeLuxe. Has 112 inch wheelbase and 88 h. p. with 100 h. p. optional.



"To hell with the instruments—when my corn twitches there's a storm abrewin'"

The Greatest Invention

Rabbits come out of hats, storks bring babies, miracles are performed and men disappear

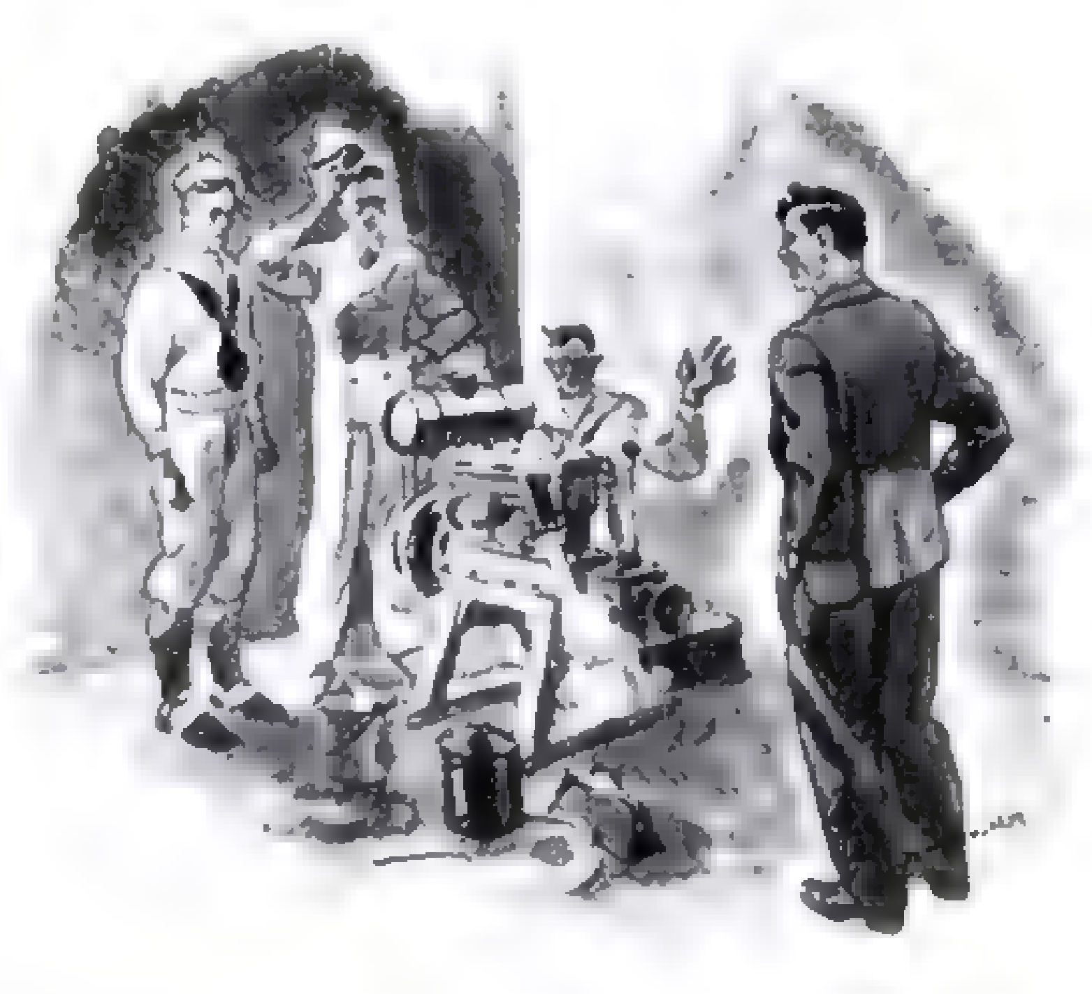
by WALTER SCOTT MERIWETHER

• ARTICLE •

IT WAS in the early part of 1917 and at a time when the World War was occupying the first page of all newspapers, that one of the office boys of the *New York World* came to my desk and said the Brooklyn Navy Yard was on the phone and wanted to talk to me. The message was from Commander Earl P. Jessop, Captain of the Yard and also senior engineer officer of this naval establishment. The commander asked me to come to his office at once as he had something of importance to tell me. While on my way and speculating as to what was on his mind, I thought it more than probable that he had received through some private source some important news from "over there" for at that time the Navy was extremely close-lipped as to what was going on at home.

Habitually one of the most imperturbable of officers, I found him pacing back and forth in his office, obviously under suppressed excitement. He plunged at once into what he had on his mind. "I have just seen something," he said, "that I know is impossible. All of my technical knowledge, all of my common sense tells me it is impossible. But if my eyes deceived me, certainly my instruments of precision did not. In short," he went on, "we have just finished testing out an invention that gives every evidence of being the greatest since the invention of gunpowder. You have only to think a moment to realize what that means, specifically what it means to nations now at war, particularly to the one that gets control of it."

The substance of what he told me was this:



That ever since the beginning of the World War the Yard had been the recipient of numerous letters from inventors designed to improve war efficiency and that as senior engineer officer, these had been referred to him. He had found most of the ideas visionary or impracticable. But there was one writing from McKeesport, Pennsylvania, who was so persistent, so insistent that his idea was worth attention, that he was finally told to come on. The claim of the McKeesport man was that he had devised a chemical mixture which would give to water—either fresh or salt—the explosive force of gasoline, the proportion, he said, being ninety-five per cent water to five per cent of chemical; also that the chemicals were so inexpensive as to make the cost of this mixture almost negligible, about two cents a gallon.

The man, John Andrews—a Portuguese—had arrived at the Yard the preceding day, traveling in an automobile. In the laboratory of the Yard was a three-cylinder Navy motor boat engine emplaced upon a block and undergoing a test with dynamometer attached. This was used for the inventor's test.

Andrews had brought with him a gallon can fitted with a pipe at bottom and top. This was carefully inspected and found to be empty. He was also equipped with a small, black satchel, such as doctors use. At his request he was provided with a bucket of water drawn from the Navy Yard hydrant by one of the Navy Yard attachés.

"We gave Andrews the bucket of water," Commander Jessop said. "He got into his car with the can and the little satchel and in about a minute handed out the filled can which I personally carried to the feed tank, an open one—fitted with a sight glass so we could see how much liquid it contained. When Andrews opened the bottom valve of his can, the liquid ran into the tank in plain sight of all. While doing so, Andrews held a lighted cigarette close to the pouring liquid and as the liquid was not ignited, that showed it was not gaseous or inflammable at that part of the demonstration, which to me was most important."

And then came the amazing thing, how that bucket of water, to which Andrews had added something known only to himself had been made to equal gasoline. "The engine," wrote Commander Jessop in a memorandum I have before me, "caught almost at once, just as quickly as it would have done with gasoline, and after a moment's adjustment of the carburetor, it settled down to its work and used up all of the mixture in the tank, developing seventy-five per cent of its rated horsepower, a remarkable showing with any fuel with so slight a readjustment of the carburetor."

But the most incredible of all had been the happening the day of my summons to the Yard. Upon leaving the Yard after the fresh water demonstration, Andrews had said he would be back the next morning and would run the engine on salt water, if the Navy Yard would provide it.

As the water of New York harbor is brackish, a Navy Yard tug was sent outside of Sandy Hook to get water fully charged with salt from the incoming tide. In this second test Andrews was placed in a bare, concrete room with no drain and no possible way for disposing of the bucket of salt water that was passed to him in the room, except by placing it in his gallon can.

"In a moment," Commander Jessop testified, "he emerged with the gallon can filled and the engine again used it up, no difference being noted between salt water and fresh. Besides myself, Rear Admiral G. E. Burd, the Industrial Manager of the Yard, was present and with the precautions we had taken—our own Navy engine, our own Navy Yard tank and carburetor and our own men supplying the water—there was no possibility of deception.

"From a military viewpoint, it is almost impossible to visualize what such an invention means. It is so important that we have hurried an officer to Washington to make a detailed and personal report to the Navy Department. It is obvious that Andrews has discovered a chemical, or a combination of chemicals, which breaks down water to a form that is inert until mechanically vaporized by the carburetor, when the spark causes it to burn as gasoline burns."

Asked the whereabouts of Andrews, Commander Jessop said he had registered at the *Continental Hotel* and on my way there I thought of the many implications of that invention; of airplanes dropping a suction hose into the ocean to draw up its fuel; of submarines keeping the seas indefinitely by opening a seacock to renew fuel supply for charging their electric batteries. And in the commercial field—no limit for imagination there.

Arriving at the *Continental*, I was told that Andrews had checked out for McKeesport about an hour before. Railroad time tables showed barely time to catch the Iron Age Express for Pittsburgh and telephoning the story to *The World*, I asked that a messenger be hurried to the Pennsylvania Station with expense money. Bill Thayer, on the night city desk, saved time by having the cashier telephone an order to *The World's* uptown office, almost directly across the street from the *Continental*, and I caught the train with a few minutes to spare. Arriving at Pittsburgh early the next morning, I took a train for McKeesport and began a search for Andrews. His name was not in the directory or telephone book and no one seemed to know him. I was on the point of suspending the quest and seeking breakfast when a final inquiry was successful.

"There he is, just getting out of his car," said a man of whom I had inquired. The car had halted in front of a small cottage and from its radiator steam was escaping.

Andrews was opening the gate to his little

Continued on page 165

The Listening Post

Every day and in every way the concert hall and auditorium are more dependent upon showmanship

by SIGMUND SPAETH

▪ MUSIC ▪

More and more it becomes apparent that the old days of routine concert and operatic performances are about over. Every day in every way our makers of music are trying to find better and more entertaining ways of presenting their material.

A straight singer or instrumentalist is no longer news. There must be some special angle of showmanship, some individuality, something that sets a performance apart from the conventional and the traditional, before that elusive thing known as the American public will sit up and take notice.

These lines are written with the full knowledge that by the time they are printed the Metropolitan Opera House will have opened another season with "Aida," by Joe Green (Giuseppe Verdi to you). But even that honorable antique-shoppe has announced that in the positively five-star final year of its Gatti-Casazzaship it will produce some comparatively unfamiliar material, besides the complete novelty of non-squeaking seats.

The Emperor Jones: After capitulating to the apparent lack of any operatic audience beyond that of the hackneyed Italian repertoire, Max Rabinoff suddenly discovered a demand for Gruenberg's "Emperor Jones," and proceeded to fill the New York Hippodrome to capacity for one presentation of that work. The negro baritone, Jules Bledsoe, original Old-Man-River singer, took the title part and did it well.

But the conviction grows that this modern American success is not a very good opera, even as operas go. Its virtues are chiefly those of the O'Neill play, and the music clutters up the words and action, instead of helping them along.

The one feature that cries out for musical treatment, that of the savage drums in the distance, emerges as an insipid rub-a-dub of the nursery, entirely devoid of horror or suspense or foreboding. And the one bit of honest-to-God melody in the whole cacophonous clatter, a direct quotation from the negro spiritual, "Standin' in de Need of Prayer," is ruined by being bawled across the footlights fortissimo.

Mr. Gruenberg's music sounded terribly ugly at the Hippodrome, no matter how valiantly Mr. Franchetti labored with the orchestra nor how strenuously the singers and dancers worked on the stage. Possibly what the audience heard was not always exactly what the composer wrote. That is one of the advantages of modern music and its creators. But even if it had been good, etc.

"The Emperor Jones" was handicapped still further by having to follow the Hall Johnson singers on the program, thus competing not only with authentic negro music, sung by negroes, but also with choral arrangements that had enough of the modernity garb without losing any intrinsic beauty. Mr. Johnson has done wonders with such material as the "Saint Louis Blues" and "Saint James Infirmary Blues," as well as the spirituals themselves, and his singers do their stuff as only negroes can do it, with complete and consistent success.

Philadelphia's "Rosenkavalier": The importance of the orchestra in any operatic performance was never so clearly emphasized as in the Philadelphia presentations of the "Rosenkavalier" of Richard Strauss. Everybody knows by this time what that band of Quaker City instrumentalists can do at its best, and Fritz Reiner seems able to produce that best quite as well as the resigned but still publicized Stokowski.

With all possible respect for other details of casting and production, these revealing shows at the old Academy of Music might easily have been billed as "Lotte Lehmann and the Philadelphia Orchestra." Even those who have long recognized Miss Lehmann as a great singing actress must have been astonished at the perfection of her "Feldmarschallin," one of the most exacting roles in all opera. She had most of her audience and even some of the critics crying at the end of the first act.

Emanuel List, also of the Metropolitan, made a satisfactory Baron Ochs, with a nice mixture of low comedy and patrician distinction, singing the music far better than Goritz used to do it. Eva Hadrabova, imported from Vienna for the occasion, was a sprightly and attractive Octavian, especially in the earlier scenes with Miss Lehmann. She almost succeeded in creating the illusion of an actual boy and, later, of a boy masquerading as a girl.

Elisabeth Schumann, the original Sophie of the cast, still sings beautifully, and young Julius Huehn, with fine voice and stature and some acting ability, threatens to develop into another Nelson Eddy, which would be far from a calamity.

But it is the orchestra that really counts in "Rosenkavalier." For the first time some of us heard the music as it can and should be played and suddenly became aware that "Rosenkavalier" is not only the finest opera that Richard Strauss has written, but probably the best that has appeared since Wagner. There are irritating banalities in the score, as always in the larger works of Strauss, but the waltzes and Mozartian melodies are as lovely as anything you would wish to hear.

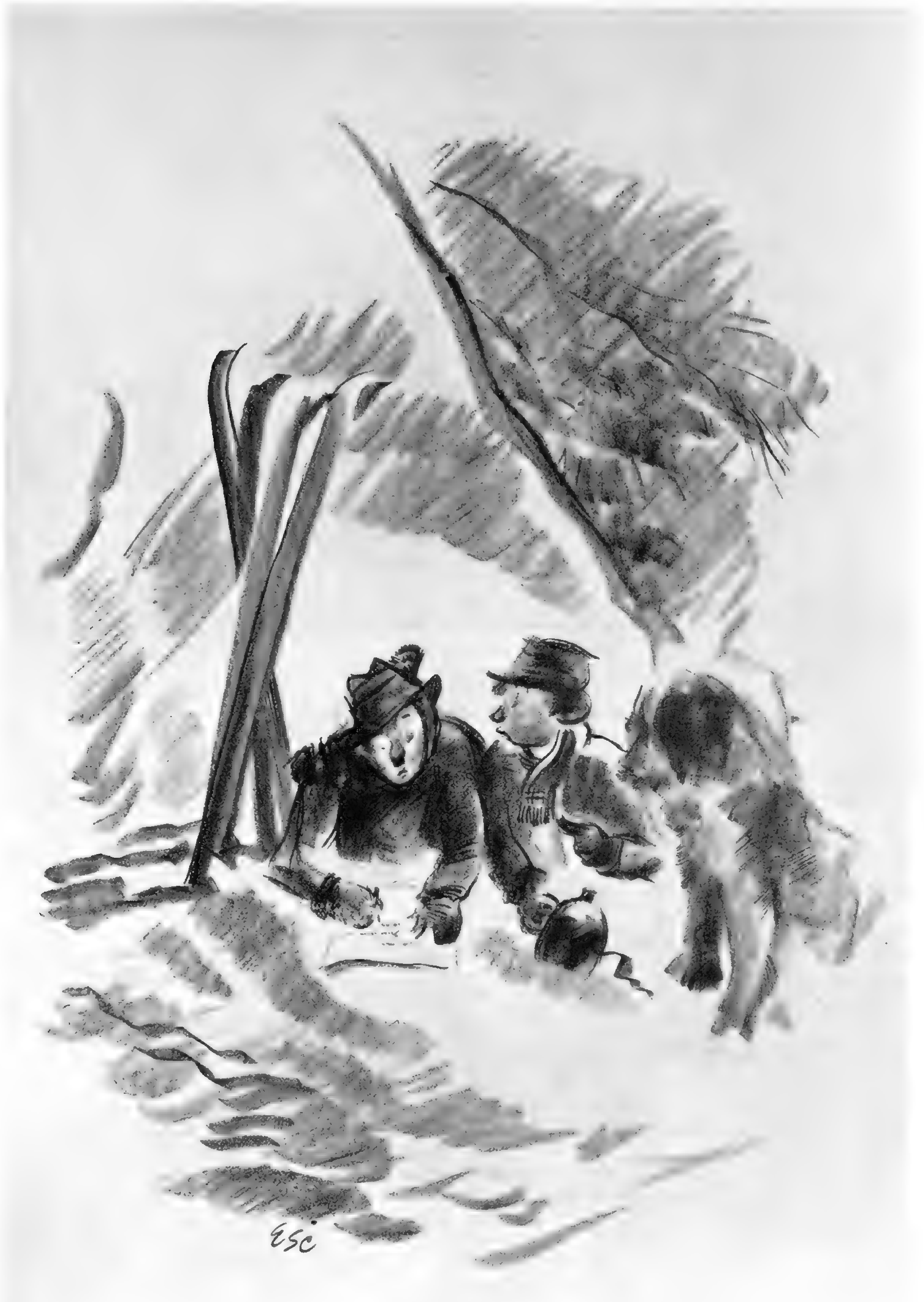
Ariadne, at the Juilliard: Just to confirm this opinion, a pilgrimage was made way up-town to the luxurious auditorium of the Juilliard School of Music, where they are industriously digging up all sorts of music that might not be heard otherwise. Another Strauss novelty, "Ariadne auf Naxos," was the December feature, and, while it is no "Rosenkavalier" by many miles, it proved well worth hearing.

This time a student orchestra under Albert Stoessel took care of the instrumental end, and did it remarkably well. Some of the singing was even more impressive, especially the terrific aria of Zerbinetta, in whose florid mazes Josephine Antoine and Ruby Mercer alternated, and the important role of the Composer in the first act, well handled by Maxine Stellman and Alice Anderson. There was also a ladies' trio that approached the standards of the Boswell sisters.

Strauss frankly echoes much of his "Rosenkavalier" in this strange conglomeration of Gluck and Molière, but he has lost his punch so far as melodic invention is concerned. The old man was obviously slipping in "Ariadne," and he has continued to slip ever since.

Alma Mater and *Calling All Stars:* While the beautiful Gladys Held was playing a Boston bit in Lew Brown's new musical show, "Calling All Stars," her husband, John Held, Jr., patron saint of flappers, colts and Scotties, ran up to Hartford with a few friends to see what the new School of American Ballet would accomplish with "Alma

Continued on page 151



"—and tell 'em this last brandy was lousy"

Less Game and More Glory

Continued from page 80

enough—directly through the adrenals.

In the autumn of 1931 a six thousand acre tract in Blaney Park, Michigan, was opened to deer-hunting archers.

Rifles, buckshot and machine-guns were barred. A band of six bowmen availed themselves of the treat, and three of them brought back something to hang on the parlor wall.

Two deer were taken with vital hits, a single arrow to each. The other buck required two arrows.

Next season I checked up a mortality list writ by hunters with high-powered rifles. This lot from one section of the Ozark range is typical of the reports:

Area scouted: about ten square miles.

Number of hunters seen: thirty.

Number of shots heard: fifty-nine.

Number of deer got: five.

Number dropped instantly: one.

Number escaped wounded: *seven.*

After season the natives who lived thereabouts found does and fawns wiped out by mistake. The feverish nimrods had cut loose at a "patch," then sneaked away to keep out of trouble. These snap shots, at hair spots two hundred yards distant, never happen to the man with the arrow.

He must see his game clearly, whether moving or still, in a place fairly clear of low branches. A bullet will flick a small twig and go on. An arrow jumps like a burned cat. The archer must figure his curve through the trees, so that not the least leaf will be rubbed.

I do not have a logbook of all deer killed by archers these late years since the revival of hunting, but I can recall several exploits at random.

I cite them to lift a little more light on the death-dealing conduct of arrows:

H. J. Cooper, who brought down a Michigan buck, said it dashed twenty yards and fell dead.

Chester Stevens of Eugene, Oregon, felled a buck with one shaft in the flank. The arrow sheared forward, the post-mortem revealed, emerging between the front ribs.

Forest Nagler, roving British Columbia, hit a caribou, trotting, close range. Two shafts completely drilled his lungs, either one of which would have been mortal. Nagler, also, encountered a bear which he reduced to a rug with two arrows.

The public sees glamour in deer, bear and moose, and demands fair play for those stalwarts. But Carnivora have sporting rights, too. A mountain lion, mangled by traps or wounds, suffers fully as much as the Buck-on-the-Snow, even though no poems glorify him.

Like wolves, mountain lions make no sound when doom strikes. They have their own banner of courage. A. D. Shepard, of Death Valley, sent an arrow through a great cat, which gave not a cry nor a tremor. Perched a minute or two in a tree fork; then dropped. He was too dead to flop when dogs rushed him.

Two archers, Ed Whittock and A. T. Walker, were visiting a mine camp in the Cascades. A mountain lion dug into the meat house. It was dark when the cook discovered his guest, and called for volunteers to eject him. No one could be found who thought it would be good manners to throw out the lion, so a council of war was held.

Firearms of all types were forbid at that camp, but Whittock and Walker had bows. They rigged up an arrow torch, Indian style, which Walker shot into the dark meat room through a stealthily opened door. The flames, by luck, scorched the feline's fur pants, and he emerged like a gust, spitting fury.

Walker met him, point blank, with a bladed shaft which buried itself to the wings. The beast flopped away in the darkness, but was easily trailed to his corpse, next morning, by the red headlines in the snow.

Big game, with the bow and arrow, is a most impressive theme. You can hold the world by the ear for an hour with the tale of a giant slain.

Yet the dull, dusty truth forces us to admit it is mainly a matter of stalking. That is why Pope and White and the redoubtable Young made a fizzle on African game. They did not savvy how to sneak to it.

The pot-bellied pigmies, with toy bows and doped arrows, had the laugh on our big time archers.

The real hunting with bows, the job that takes speed and skill, is pinking small creatures, not big ones. You can't miss a bull moose at thirty-five yards, unless your hand shakes with buck ague.

But you can't hit a squirrel half the time When you hit him, however, he is yours for keeps. The buzzards and ants do not share him.

True sportsmen have pride in their handicap hits. They seek no easy slaughter.

A turkey bagged on the wing with a bullet or shaft is worth twenty called up and pot-shot.

As a boy I shot game to bring home a fine bag. I believe most youngsters love slaughter.

As we grow up, we develop a decent distaste for the shots that are all in our favor. We learn to enjoy giving Fuzzy a break. We let Cotton have a run for his life. We never shoot Reynard ahead of the hounds and inwardly pray that the hounds may not catch him.

Not how big the bag, but how thrilling the shots, is the proof of the archer's pudding.

The precision which makes your gun deadly was built in by somebody else. You, the hunter, use another man's genius and skill when you glance down the sights and pull trigger. A thousand technicians, more or less, have arranged for you to obtain that nifty snapshot, with your foot on a four-point buck.

With the bow the whole job, the whole credit, is yours. The bow has, in itself, no precision. One man may miss a woodchuck by seven yards, though his partner may send it rolling. And the bow you chewed out with your hunting axe may compete with the best manufactured.

To hit with a gun, you must do two things right: aim straight and pull without jar. To hit game with a bow, you must do seven things right, and you do them all in a twinkling:

Draw quickly, with no interference.

Estimate elevation or distance.

Estimate lateral error.

Estimate wind, on long shots.

Keep bow hand steady without gripping hard.

Get a clean, smooth release (most important).

Know every shaft in your quiver. It is rare that an archer will find three dowels which fly exactly alike.

Of all queries that pursue the man with the bow, the most oft repeated is this: "How far can you kill anything?"

Nobody ever has asked me: "How far can you miss anything?" For all our peaceful protests to the world, I fear we are a nation of killers.

A longbow will throw an arrow well over five hundred yards; a Turkish bow perhaps half a mile. The American record for a standing shot, as I write, is four hundred seventy-eight yards. And that beats the Britishers, plenty.

A war arrow will kill a man or a horse as far as the bow will fling it. English archers proved that on French lords. Their bows flew target shafts over three hundred yards; heavy war bodkins nearly two hundred.

I once killed a jackrabbit at a hundred and thirty-five yards with a shaft weighing five hundred grains.

I doubt if a flimsy flight arrow would kill a rabbit that far. Arrows do not prostrate like lead bullets, from shock, but from sudden hemorrhage let loose by sharp broadheads.

The British always have been proud of their long hunting shots. There's a jolly old ballad which tells us:

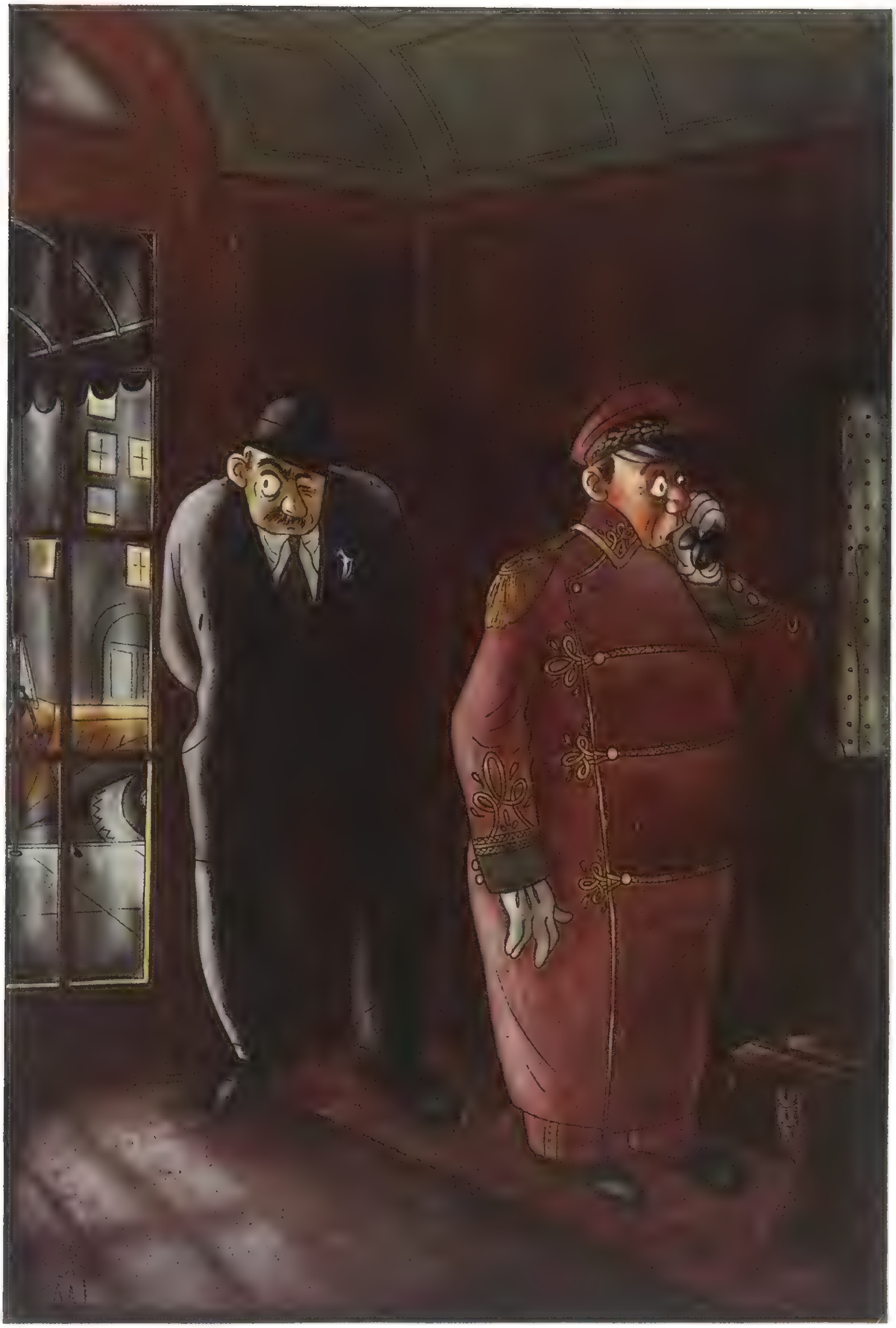
Will Scarlet killed a buck,
And Midge, he killed a doe;
But Little John killed a hart in grease
Five hundred feet him fro.

Now, a *hart in grease* is a robust buck in the prime and pink of condition. Five hundred feet, one hundred and sixty-six yards, is a first class shot with a rifle. One shot like this, to an archer's soul, is worth ten years of potting. That is why I got into archery.

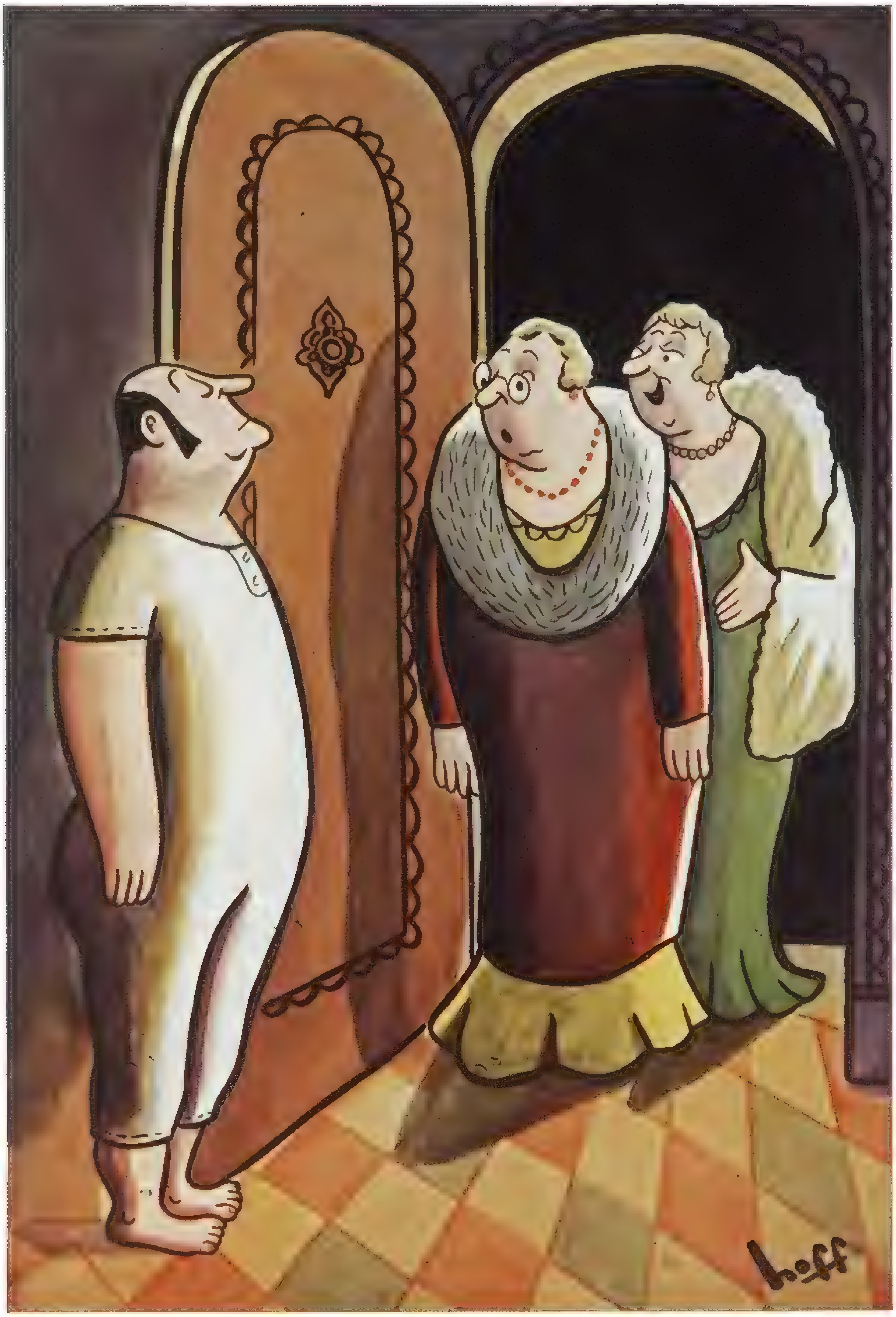
I still use the old scatterbus against quail, and the rifle on game in dense brush. The bow is a limited weapon. It works well in tall woods, on a float, or on horseback, but it won't shoot when you lie flat on your belly.

The bow requires shrewder stalking. It demands finer skill when you shoot. If you are the best hunting shot in America, you will split one in four when you try mallard ducks on the wing. Few archers drop one in a dozen.

So your bag will be light, but the game you do get will not rise in your plate to reproach you. You gave him big odds, and then won.



"Were you expecting the sheriff, sir?"



"It's only Louis—he's been with us a lifetime"

Hockey—As You Like It

Continued from page 51

mates have come up he will pass, of course, the instant you're drawn toward him, and it's you who will be out of the play, and the teammate will be left uncovered.

They have come up, too. One wing cuts across in front of Boucher and skates along the boards to your right. Having seen Ranger tactics before, you know, without looking, that the other wing is sneaking along the boards across the rink to your left. Three men to cover, and two of you to do the covering.

You get a little help. One of your forwards reaches Boucher, clawing and poking at the puck with his stick, and Boucher, hindered, slips the puck diagonally to the man on your right—it's probably Bun Cook—and himself heads toward your left.

Now Bun, as you know, is a great hand for making a long shot and then looping in to take the rebound. He is off to the side, but so close in, now, that if he doesn't shoot and you don't engage him at once he can slip around behind the goal and pass out to one of his teammates in front of it. You have no choice, now; the time has come when you have to "take" him.

You go at him. You are going to body-check him, of course—it is too close to the goal to risk a poke check—you're going to hurl your body at his, when he's off balance if you can time it, and try to knock him down, keeping your own feet if possible, but somehow, anyhow, stopping him and taking the puck away. There are rules about the body-check that you must observe, of course, or you'll find yourself out of the game in the penalty box for two or five minutes, and your team will be short-handed. You can't "hoist" your man unnecessarily far off the ice with your hip, for instance; no part of your stick may be higher than your shoulder when you collide with him, you must not trip him with stick or skate, you can't run or jump into him, but in general the idea is to stop him.

It's Bun Cook that you're going to stop—big, raw-boned, fiery Bun. He drops his shoulder, a characteristic of his when he's about to shoot, and then, just as you set yourself for the shot—zip!—and he has passed the puck clear across the width of the rink to Dillon, who, if he has been successful, is far away from the man whose duty it is to cover him.

If this Ranger combination play works out, Boucher will have shaken himself clear of your forward who back-checked him, and will have slipped up to the very goal mouth. Dillon will pass to him and he will shoot, and if there is a rebound, Bun will have got past you to the corner of the goal to slam the rebound in. If Boucher is covered Dillon may skate in for a shot himself. In any event, your duty is to engage Bun and keep him engaged, holding your body so close to his (without gripping his arms) that he cannot wield his stick. Bun, of course, is just as anxious to get past you as you are to block him, and the result is a lot of shoving and pushing and perhaps a fall or two. You hang on as best you can, keeping an eye out for the puck, but knowing its whereabouts more by instinct than by eyesight.

Let us suppose—not intimating anything detrimental to your world-renowned ability as a defense man—but let us suppose that Bun evades you. The puck comes to him, he's set for a shot, close in on the goaler crouching in his wide pads with the handle of his broad-bladed stick in one gauntlet and the other spread to catch the puck, if he can. The goaler has his problems, too—whether a threatened shot is a feint or not, whether to drop to the ice or keep his feet, whether to await the attack or go out to meet it—but you now have a problem that falls most frequently to the lot of defense men to decide, and that involves not only the fast-shifting situations of the play but the temperament of the individual. The question is, shall you trip Bun or hook him with your stick or hold his arms or otherwise stop him, by illegal methods, from making what appears to be a sure shot at goal?

Such offenses are called fouls, but unless they are committed with what the victim believes is a deliberate intention to injure him, professional hockey players do not look upon them in quite the way that the word would imply. If you intentionally jabbed the butt end of your stick into Bun's short ribs he would consider you a foul player—and do plenty about expressing his feelings, too—but if you tripped him to save a sure goal he would think you were within your rights, no matter if he did not exactly applaud your action. You were gambling, he would know: if you didn't trip him, your team would be scored against; if you did, they would have to play several minutes with five men instead of six. You took a chance, either way. All in the game.

Some defense men decide in favor of fouling much more often than do others. They are the direct-action boys—they thrive on violence and they have to take it as well as give it. Red Horner, of the Toronto Maple Leafs, the Bad Boy of the National League, for example, is a regular one-man parade to and from the penalty box. Red Dutton of the New York Americans emulates him in that respect, and so do flashy Eddie Shore of the Boston Bruins, and husky Lionel Conacher, last year with the Chicago Black Hawks and now with the Montreal Maroons. Conacher, who once was held to be Canada's greatest all-round athlete, is or was a star at football and lacrosse and boxing as well as at hockey, and seems, on the ice, to have an insatiable craving for the shock of body against body. He really doesn't commit so many fouls as the audience is apt to charge him with. That is to say, he fouls frequently enough, but he does it quite openly, and then skates slowly to the penalty box, looking sullen and defiant, and a hostile audience naturally thinks him a wicked fellow indeed. (He enjoys their booing, however; he isn't afraid of the lot of them and he shows it.) Horner and Dutton are open about their tripping and the like, too, and I for one think that they get penalized more for their reputations than for their actions. Shore, if he will pardon my saying it, is the greatest actor of all hockey players. He can conceal a foul, or make it look accidental, or even more dramatically, make it appear as if the other player had fouled him. Ching Johnson, the smiling baldhead of the Ranger back line, serves plenty of time off the ice, too, but he is so obviously good-natured about his roughness that nobody minds—much.

There are other players, forwards as well as defense men, who really go in for dirty work, of course—in what sport aren't there dirty players? (I once was told of a chess master who deliberately smoked the world's vilest cigars in his opponents' faces, and it seems to me I have heard of prominent bridge experts who were ruled out of their clubs.) But dirty hockey players get taken care of in exactly the fashion you would imagine, and a player who fouls when the situation is not critical is, of course, harmful to his team.

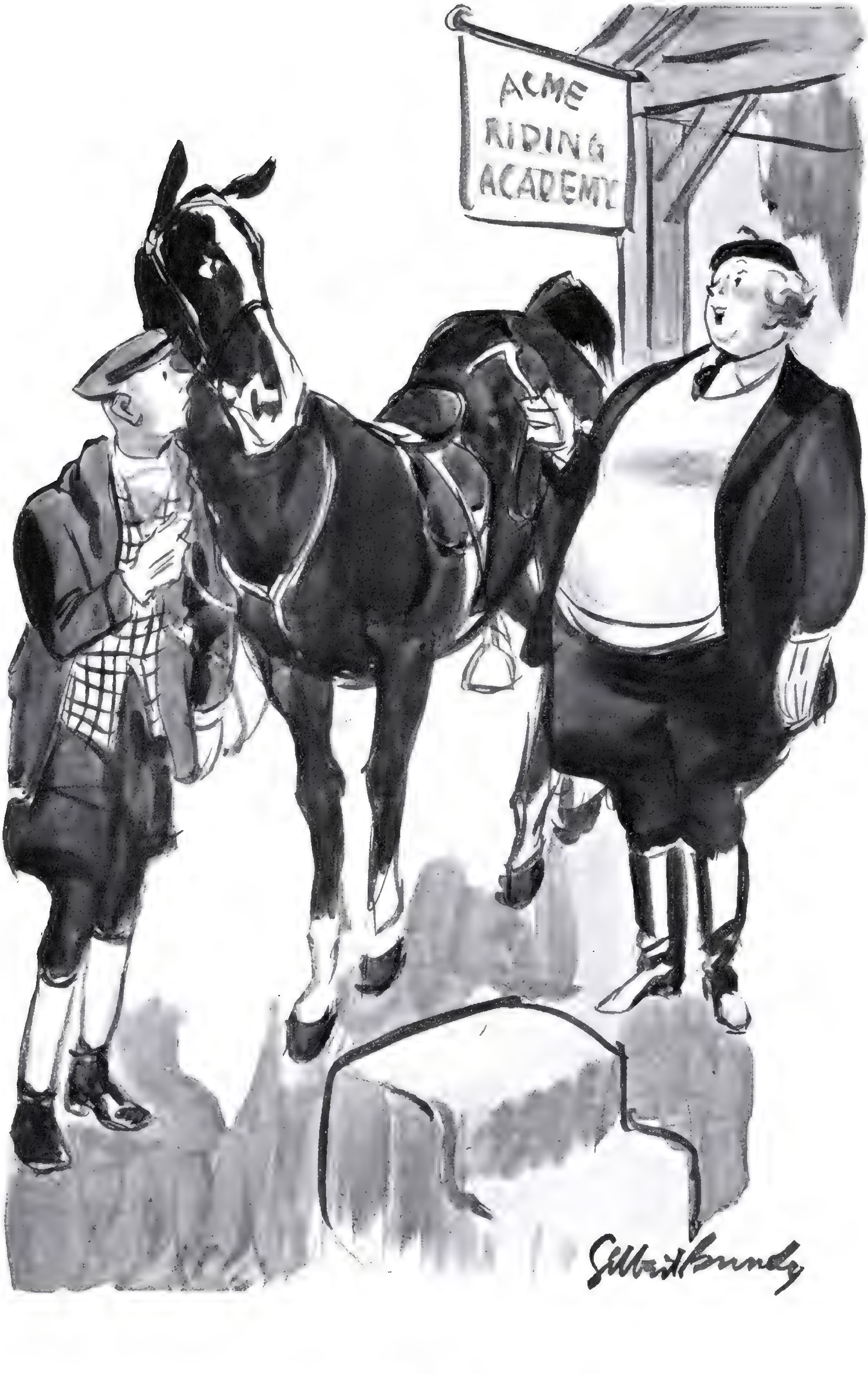
You were, I believe, deciding whether to foul Bun Cook or not. Well, this year, if you foul him when it seems to the referee that except for your foul Bun would surely have scored, in addition to being sent to the penalty box to think over your misdeed, the Rangers will have a free try at your goal. All of the players will get out of the way except your goaler and the player who is to make the shot. (It will probably be Bun, by the way, not because it was he whom you fouled, but because he is considered the hardest, trickiest shot on the team.) The puck will be placed in that ten-foot circle thirty-eight feet in front of your goal, and Bun will shoot it from a standstill or on the run, as he chooses.

This is the first year that the National League has used the penalty shot, but ten or twelve years ago it was in vogue in the Far West. Eastern players, at that time, sneered at the penalty shot. They maintained that it was a sissy performance, just as they hinted that the forward pass, also introduced in the West, was designed to save the legs of aged players. Actually, the Patricks designed the penalty shot for the obvious purpose of lessening the number of fouls—though they have a penchant for the spectacular and the shot is all of that—because the fouled players were getting badly injured. It is no joke to have your feet knocked from under you when you're skating almost half a mile a minute. And they had only a few reserves, then, instead of ten or twelve, as now.

Just how well the shot worked to cut down the number of fouls is not a matter of record. The chances are it did not help much, for not many of the tries scored goals, and the chances are that they won't score often in the National League, either. But it is something a defense man has to consider, in weighing the problem of whether to foul or not.

He hasn't much time for problem-weighing, either. Early this season the Toronto Maple Leafs scored two goals four seconds apart. Each was started by little Ken Doraty, the center, and included a double pass—from Doraty to one wing to the other wing, who shot. All that in four seconds from the face-off, about one hundred feet from the goal. That record may be broken by the time you read this, but it gives you an idea of how fast these defense problems arise.

Unless I'm mistaken, you're still trying to decide whether to foul Bun Cook or not. Well, good luck—you'll need it, either way.


ACME
RIDING
ACADEMY
Gilbert Bundy

"Dandy-Boy and I are old friends!"

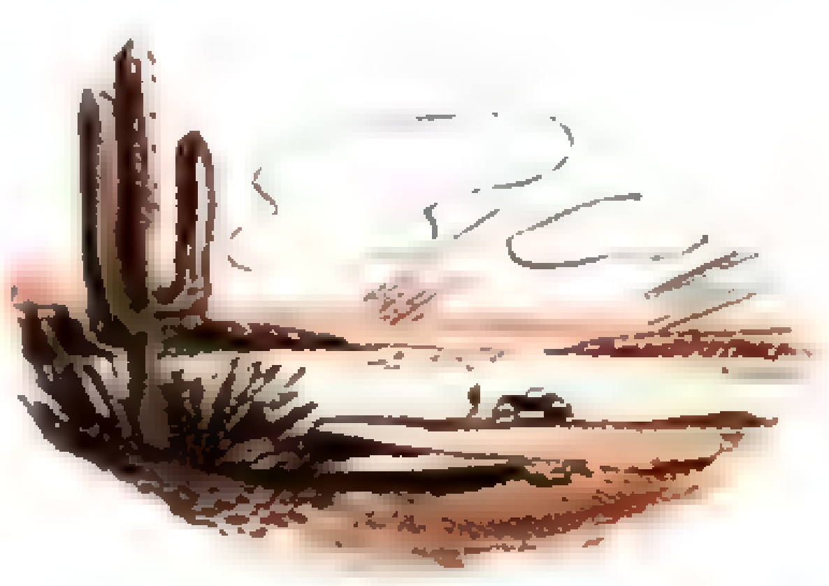
Two Hours Late

Tour de force by the O. Henry Memorial Prize Winner wherein man goes mad in the midday sun

by LOUIS PAUL

• FICTION •

It was somewhere between Lovelock and Battle Mountain, two oases in Nevada's desert of scrub weed and dark sand. The shimmering outline of a violet chain of mountains relieved the horizon to the south. Keeler's car was humming nicely; the desert was a blurred wheel that twisted slowly as his eyes followed the rolling ribbon of concrete. The sun heated the dry air to a hot breeze. Motors on this highway seldom disturbed the quiet monotony. Perhaps the two vast horizons were intimidating. Keeler was thinking of his wife in Denver. He would be home tomorrow night. This trip to San Francisco had been excellent, with two juicy lead contracts for Alaska. The engine in his car sputtered suddenly and died.



He didn't think long about motor trouble. It was those filthy garage thieves. They'd stolen his gasoline in Reno. Left just enough to strand him in this god-forsaken wilderness. A hell of a note. Why hadn't he noticed that the red liquid in the indicator had vanished? It shouldn't be much of a task to bum a couple of gallons from the first tourist passing by. Only thing, tourists along here were as scarce as hen's teeth. Well—not so scarce: here was a car humming toward him across the barren plains.

Keeler tried to indicate distress with his upstretched hands, but the automobile roared by him, uninterested. Lousy people one met. What sort of job had their parents made of them; what sort of virtue had they been taught? Another car grew out of the distance, slowed, but purred by as though chasing the first. Must think I'm a bloody gangster with stick-up intentions, he told himself. Never knew I had such a wicked face. He cursed softly as he waited. One of 'em would possess, likely enough, a single drop of the milk of human kindness. Only, how long was he to be stranded here? It was warm, almost noon. Eventually several motorists whizzed by in succession. But none stopped for John Keeler.

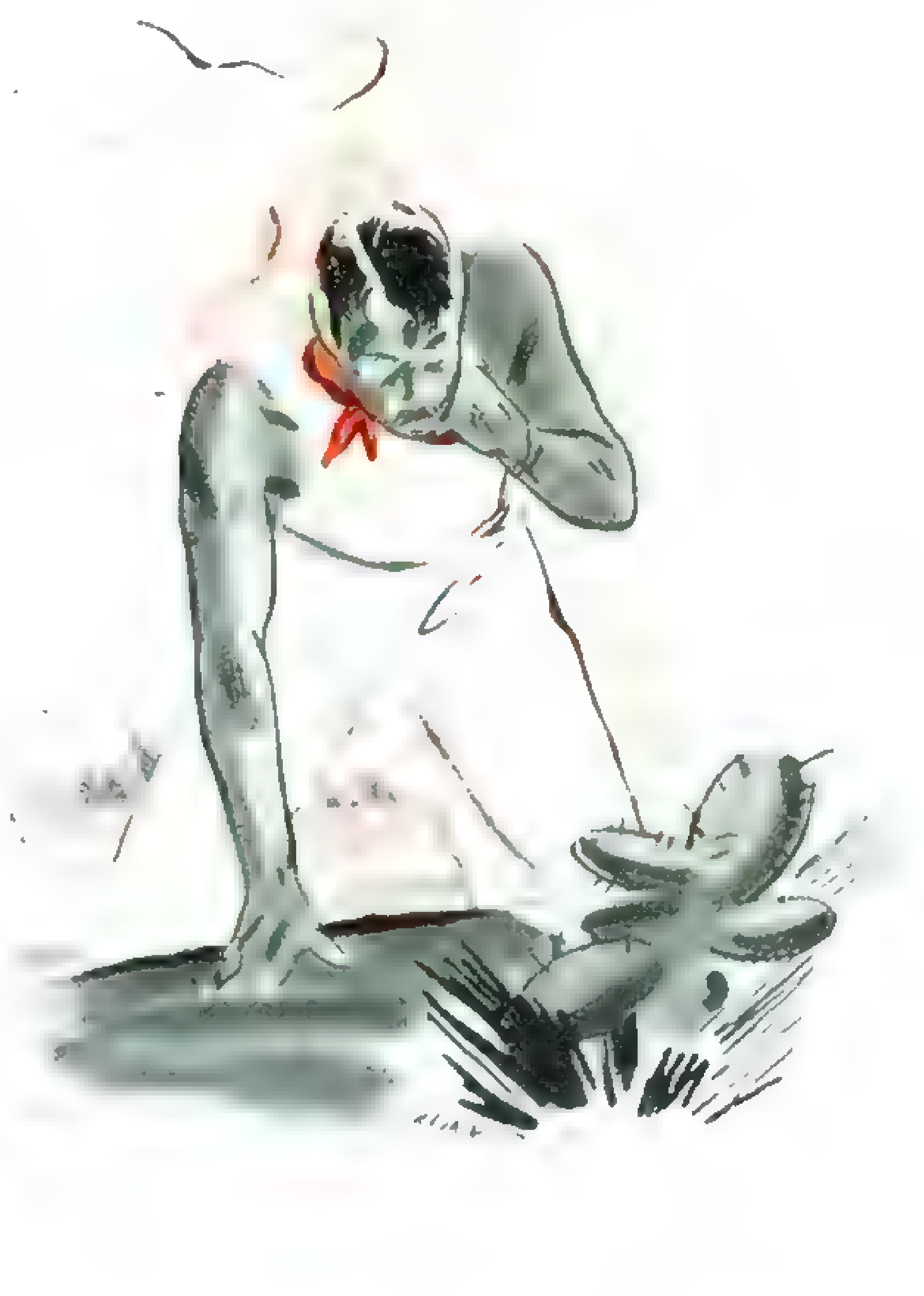
He saw the wavering outline of a railbed paralleling the highway and wondered how far it was away. He'd have to get a lift of some kind before long. There was no water here, and he was becoming dry-mouthed. You weren't thirsty until you couldn't get water; then you were. Silly experience. He would have to telegraph his wife as soon as he could, and explain the delay. How far away was that railroad track? Five miles, perhaps, but then footing would be slow in the hot sandy stretch of desert—. Oh, one of these birds along the road would stop and give him assistance. Were you a wicked murderer out in these wild plains until you proved yourself innocent? Good Lord . . . ! Another car approached and he lifted his hand with something like despair. His half-hearted gesture was well founded: this car, like the others, went by.

Midday boiled up and steamed his helplessness into intense discomfort. Something about all the tales you'd read of dying of thirst on the desert made you ache for a cooling drink—though you had gone only a few hours without water. Psychological, he told himself. Keeler knew all about the tricks of the imagination. One was disturbed, emotionally, and a ready victim to all sorts of silly fancies. A case in point: that railbed seemed to have come much closer. It seemed to him, through the haze of noon's intense heat, to be but a mile or two away.

Fancy or no, he must risk it. These gutless tourists just simply were not going to stop. He couldn't stay here like this forever. Anyway, he had always been a man of action, he repeated to himself. Up and doing, that was Jack Keeler; how else had he got somewhere as an ore salesman, as tough a job as selling fur coats to Africans? Well, he'd give it one more try.

Next car that came along and didn't stop—then the railroad track it was. There were way-stations ever so many miles. Worst came to the worst, you could flag a train. It wouldn't be very difficult to explain your plight.

He stood in the middle of the concrete, his hands in the air, as the awaited car finally approached. The driver apparently jammed his foot to the floorboard. The car hurtled toward him and he leapt from its path, hot, angry, despairing, his faith in the human race reduced to *nil.* No pleasure could have been so sweet, he sighed, as to whip that driver to death slowly with a wire scourge. Life, suddenly, had become to Jack Keeler something violently primitive. A mile or two from a cop with a club, and all men became brothers with the slinking cur. Was this Tibet, the plains of Mongolia, or America a few miles from civilization? Was he a bandit, a leper, a cruel beast, or merely a salesman needing a couple of gallons of gas? Good. He'd stink in the desert until his bones were bleached before he'd grovel to another of them! There were railroad tracks only a few miles away.



He looked at his watch. He had been stranded here but half an hour. It seemed like days. That was psychological, too. Time was what pleasure or boredom or fear made it. He pushed his automobile farther off the road, locked the doors and, jacket over his arm, set off for the north.

The sand sucked his feet and the heat burned through the leather of his thin shoes. What an uncomfortable and altogether stupid experience. He already heard the laughter of the men in the shops when he confessed the adventure. They wouldn't laugh, he smiled, if they were in my shoes right now. What happened was that the dirty sand kept working down past his heels, and he had to stop and shake his shoes every little while. The sun rubbed his hatless head like a too-playful fist. Besides, a film of alkali dust floated over the breezeless desert, a chemical forbidding anything but abortive expectoration, yet inviting it continually until his mouth seemed raw with moistureless spittle.

The tracks seemed nearer, though, and he was satisfied. He had a pleasant, rather philosophical thought. This was the sort of thing that man was made for. He explained that to himself more precisely. Rarely did one have occasion to bring into play the male virtues bestowed by a thoughtful nature; courage, grit, physical endurance, intelligent action were for emergencies. In operation at last, they filled you with a nice glow of pride in yourself. You were not afraid of anything in the world. Death, when these fine qualities were exhausted, would be acceptable, he supposed, almost welcome. A man had been a man, and there was nothing to add to that.

Don't do that, he said to the desert. It was the sand sucking him down. A man would be a man . . . and his friends, the workmen in the mining shops, laughed at him. The echo of the mad laughter rever-

Continued on page 128

Lucky Charm

Continued from page 73

frightened off, to learn caution when you're fifty-odd and it's too late.

Maybe that's why he was drinking. He was terrified, he was afraid. He'd always taken a drink or two, but he was going at it seriously in 1921 and 1922. When he was deep enough in his cups, he'd tell the world about his glasses. "Give my glasses to Uncle Sam," he'd say. "Give my luck away. It's all right. I do' care. I don't care, I tell you. Give my glasses, best glasses inna world, sailor-boys. Uncle Sam. Uncle Sam, he's, he's welcome. Understand? Understand? Well. Good luck, happy days."

Now, many a one on the Big Apple of this and other towns heard this, and smiled, or shook his head over him. So it came to the ears of Daisy Varden.

Daisy was no chicken herself. She admitted she was thirty-six and so, beyond peradventure, she must have been. She was in the chorus of *Love of Mike* and *The Blue Paradise* and *Springtime*. Thirty-six? She was thirty-six, all right. Then, after the war, she began running her own clubs or cafes or drums, or whatever you like, and was doing right well.

Reports vary concerning this Daisy Varden. Plenty of money could be spent in any club she ever ran, and many will never believe she had a heart of gold, and she'd have been the first to deny it. However, her memory was long, for favors and for injuries.

She heard about Johnny and his hard-luck story. One night, she was talking to Whitey Raines; she talked to Whitey many a night. Whitey backed her first club, so they say. Whitey could afford it. He was taking protection-money from restaurants and nightclubs in three cities, and was receiving tribute also from several other reputable industries. They never had him in jail, either.

"Say, Whitey," she said. "Ever run across an old coot named Johnny Summers?"

"No."

"Well. Used to be a race-track plunger. I don't mean a big shot, but, well, he did all right. Well, listen. When he had it, he was o. k. I know plenty about this guy."

"Old friend of yours?"

"No. Never even spoke to him. I used to see him, sometimes, over at *Tappen's*, or *Villepigue's*, or the *Lafayette*. You know. Well, anyhow, he lost his glasses. . . ."

"He's a great reader, is he?"

"No. His racing-glasses. He give these glasses away or lent them or something, and never got them back. Says he never had a stroke of luck since."

"Yeah?" said Whitey. "He got a voodoo, huh? Well, he ain't all by himself."

He sat smoking for a few minutes. Whitey didn't drink and neither did Daisy Varden.

"Is there a number on these here glasses?" he said.

"I do' know."

"Well. Find out—"

"I—Whitey, I do' want to get him all hopped up—"

"Yeah. Chances are, never find them. Still, racing-glasses. . . . These are good glasses?"

"The way he tells it, you'd think they was studded with diamonds."

He knocked the ash off his cigar. "This ain't one of your old boy-friends, Daisy?"

"Would I ask you, if it was?"

"O.k., o.k. So he got a jinx, huh? Well."

* * *

Mr. Whitey Raines could in all probability have found your missing gold-tooth for you. A strange man he was, fond of power, fond of showing his power. Money didn't interest Whitey much, either. Stealing it was fun. Taking it away was fun. He smoked cigars, and he had one girl. His manners were not nice. You wouldn't have liked him. Perhaps he wouldn't have liked you.

It wasn't long before he located glasses marked *LBX, 7,247,235*. They were in a Park Row pawn-shop. The ticket had some six months to run.

Whitey called in two of his most accomplished second-murderers. "See if you can get me the ticket off of a guy named William Donovan. He give an address, the *Hotel Dubuque*, over in Sands Street, Brooklyn."

"Got any dope on him?" said one.

"Would I be asking you, if I could call him up?" said Whitey sweetly. "Go on over to Brooklyn. Get going."

A few days later, they strolled in. "Here's the ticket, boss," they said.

"Have any trouble getting it?" he said.

They looked at each other.

"No, not much," they said.

Three messages came to Johnny Summers, the same morning. "Daisy Varden wants to see you."

"See me?" said Johnny.

Daisy received him, in a negligée. "Want a drink?" she said. Johnny had one.

"Don't know me, do you?" said Daisy.

"Everybody knows you."

"A lot of people know you, too, old-timer. You remember Annette La Verne?"

"Annette—yes. Yes, sure."

"What show was she in?"

"I guess it was *Chu-Chin-Chow*."

"No, it wasn't. It was *Naughty Marietta*. I was in that show, too. Don't you ever tell anybody. Listen: who was it paid for La Verne, up in Saranac?"

"Well. Well, you know—"

"Sure, I know. You paid for her. And that dame wasn't a thing to you. Huh! O. k., then. Here. I got something for you."

Johnny Summers stood there, his glasses in his hand. He took them out of the case. He didn't say a thing.

"Go on, catch yourself a drink," said Daisy. "Atta-boy! Now, listen. You go out and gool them. Knock 'em dead. And play this, for me."

It was fifty dollars.

"I—I—where did you get them?"

"I got them off of Whitey Raines. You needn't say so. I think there was a little trouble getting them."

"I—I don't want this half-a-yard. I—you see, I'm not hitting them so good, lately."

"Baloney! Go on. Lick that jinx, now. Lick your hoodoo and make it holler uncle. And leave me give you a tip. Pull up a little bit. Lay off the stuff. You're a form player. I heard that in your day you could be a handicapper. Well. Get out on the rails again. Clock them. Don't bet in pool-rooms; go down to the track, it's healthier. Then, one of these days, you'll go to town, big shot. I got a hunch. I got a hunch right now. You'll be back among 'em again and buying wine."

"I—I—"

"Shut up! A guy like you don't like to say thanks. You'd rather say, 'This check is mine.' All right, there's still a few of us left, huh? Good luck. When you hit a parlay, I want my cut, and don't you forget it."

Johnny took his glasses and Daisy's fifty dollars. In four days, he had two hundred.

And seven days later, Whitey Raines was murdered by one of his own henchmen. Johnny never got a chance to thank him for his kindness and his trouble.

Within six months, Johnny had two thousand dollars, eight suits of clothes and two Panama hats, and he was in Saratoga drinking nothing but water and knocking the book-makers, well, not exactly dead, and yet knocking them.

He happened to see this, in the *Telegraph*: "*Daisy Varden critically ill.*" Pneumonia.

As she was lying in her hospital room, they brought her a message. "There is an old gentleman downstairs. That is, he's sort of old, but he's all dressed up. He wants to see you."

"What's his name?" said Daisy listlessly.

"His name is Summers."

"Summers. Summers. No."

"He's got a pair of field-glasses slung on him. He—he's all excited. He says he wants to give them to you. The glasses."

"Oh! Oh, yes!—Give him a sawbuck. Tell him I'm too sick."

Downstairs, Johnny Summers held a ten dollar bill helplessly in his hand.

"She—she don't want my glasses?" he said.

"No. She said take this ten dollars."

"You don't understand. They're good luck. They're for good luck. I—I'll—well. All right. I'm—I suppose—Please tell Daisy I'll play the ten for her—I—"

Daisy died, next morning. That afternoon, Johnny fell off the wagon.

He had been drinking plenty of rye. Finally, he called the waiter. "Get me a hammer," he said.

"A hammer," the waiter said.

"Yeah. A hammer."

After some time, a hammer was brought to him.

"Now, listen," said Johnny. "Listen. You see these? Listen. I give them to Navy. U. S. Navy. Sailor steals them. Friend, friend of mine gets them back. Sailor, sailor gets killed. S-sh. That's secret. My friend gets killed. Woman who gave them to me, she's dead."

"Yes, sure." the waiter said.

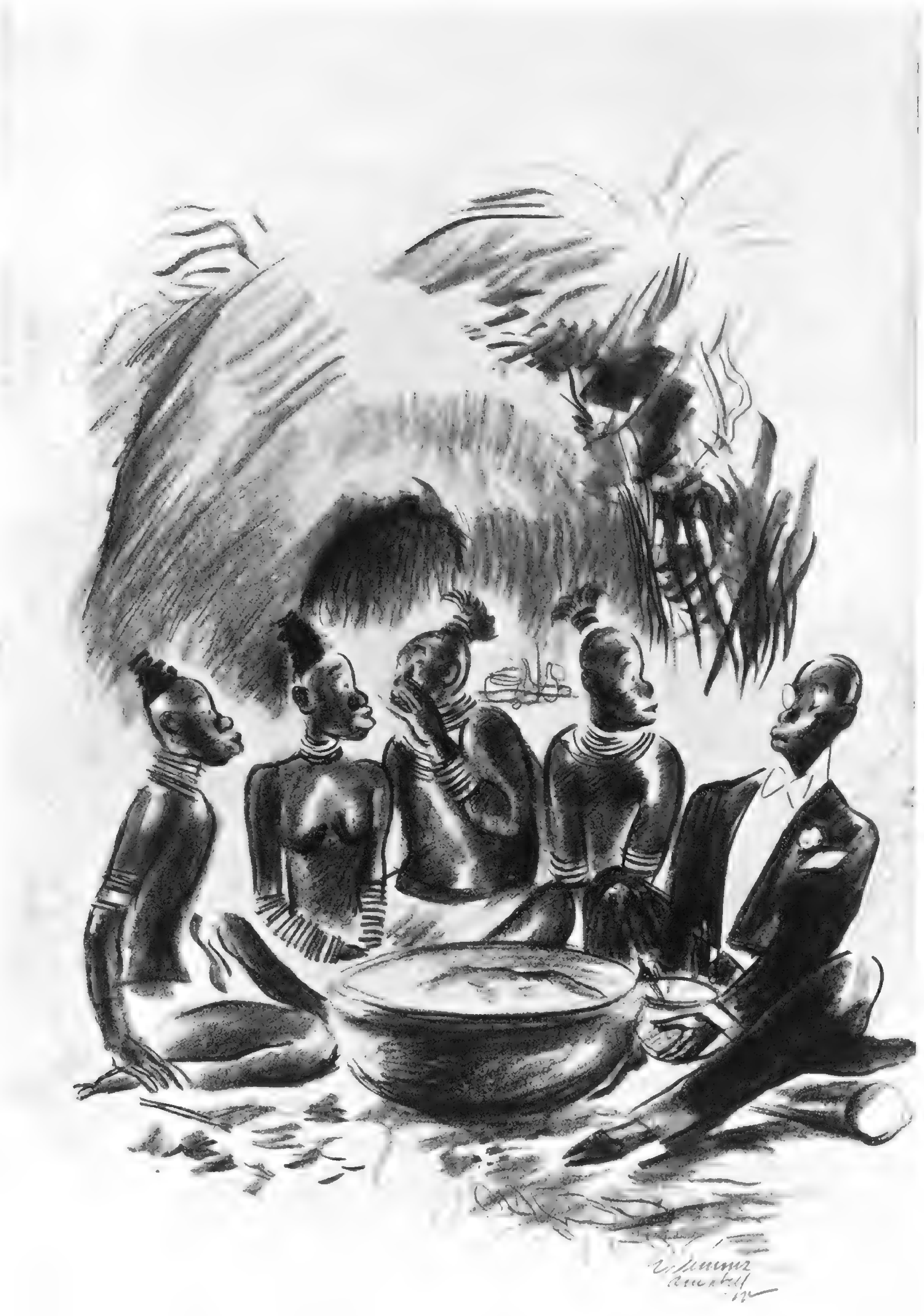
"Now, listen. Anybody loses these glasses, he gets hard luck. All right. All right. I kill the jinx. I kill it now. I kill the hard luck, for everybody, everybody in the world, but me. Listen: 1878—1878, and I get them in a pawn-shop. Listen. Before me, how many? How many, huh?"

"Oh, sure. A lot. A lot," said the waiter.

"No more! No more! I'll kill the jinx. I'll take the hard luck—"

"You can't do that!" said the waiter.

But he could, and did. He lifted the hammer and it came crashing down, and the splintering glass fell in a trickling shower.



"He's been that way ever since he went to Oxford"

The Machines

A story with a little tickle in it, of N'Gali who wanted to eat her corn and have it too

by G. R. STEVENS

• FICTION •

N'GALI was sixteen and she was beautiful. Her jet skin shone more richly than any pale flesh. Dim constant fire-flies seemed to glow in her blood. Her back arched stiffly from her hips, and her shoulders rose roundly and smoothly; she carried them like a guardsman. Her face was dark Arab, and her breasts were hard and pointed, like small green pears. Her tribal marks ran down her spine, and the cicatrices had been cut in a design of little fishes. She was clean, and she smelt of reedbuck skins and snuff.

She was the wife of Wankosi, a bowsman on one of the river boats which passed the village on its way to Kabalo each week with barges of copper ingots lashed alongside. The river swam through the Kisale swamps, swinging towards the dim mountains in the north. There was no wood in the swamps, so the villagers cut faggots in the scrub along the low hills eight kilometres behind the village and brought the cordage down to the river through ditches in the swamp. For one night in each week each river boat tied up at the village to load wood. This made it a convenient place to have a wife.

Wankosi was a strong, ugly man who did not laugh very much. He worked well. In the time of the rains the grass and reeds at some landings grew as high as the second deck. Wankosi would plunge overboard, with a steel rope about his shoulders, to beat down the grass into the water until it supported him; then he would crawl in on his belly, to fasten the wire to a tree. Few bowsmen could do this. Also, the captain permitted the passengers to shoot at the herds of game along the river. When anyone wounded a *lechwe* or an *inyala*, the river boat stopped and Wankosi swam ashore to grapple with the wounded buck among the tall grass. He would drag it back to the bank to cut its throat with a chopper, or to hold its head under water until it drowned.

Wankosi had bought N'Gali from her father for a canoe, a kilo of brass wire, a deck chair and a picture of the King of the Belgians. Each morning the sun walked in through her doorway and touched her on the face. She arose and carried her bed of reedbuck skins outside. She brushed out her hut with a broom of grass. Then she washed her arms and legs and the inside of her mouth at the river. Afterwards she ate some breakfast from the pot of *manioc*. Then she wrapped her *khanga* under her arms, took a lapful of dried maize ears and her implements and went along to the center of the village, near the woodpiles. There she sat on the sloping bank with the other women and began her work.

She scraped the grains from the ears with a wooden chisel, putting the empty cobs aside, as they burned well. She poured a half gourd of grain into her mortar, a short bit of tree trunk hollowed out like an egg cup which she held between her knees. She began to strike the grain. From time to time she sifted out the coarse meal; when she had filled a half gourd, she dumped the broken grain on a reed tray, and put back the coarse meal in her mortar. Then she pounded more slowly, twisting her pestle in a grinding stroke. When her meal passed through a fine sieve, she pressed it down into a half gourd and covered it. At noon, she went to her hut for another lapful of maize ears. When the sun was low behind the palms, she carried three quarts of fine maize meal to her hut. There she packed it carefully in a tight reed basket. She then took her pot of *manioc* down to one of the fires near the woodpiles and had her supper with her friends.

Wankosi was not a river native, but came from a tribe over the hills, where they ate meat and maize. He boiled a quart of maize meal three times in each day, and when the porridge had been made, he heated a second kettle in which beans had been stewed. He ate balls of maize porridge, dipped in the juice of the beans. Each week he brought back an empty basket and took away a full basket of twenty-one quarts of maize meal. On those nights when the river boat was in, N'Gali would carry fire to her hut, for Wankosi would bring some meat with him. Bits of buck, or scraps from the ship's butcher. N'Gali was a river girl and did not like meat, so she had her *manioc* as usual.

One evening, it was very late when the villagers heard the soft chuffing of the paddle wheels. Nevertheless they all turned out on the sloping bank, since sometimes the passengers threw down francs to scramble for, or the captain would light cigarettes and toss them from the bridge. As Wankosi was a bowsman, he did not have to load wood, so he went at once to his hut. He was tired and hungry, and N'Gali had let the fire die down. He kicked her well. He sat sullenly over his meat, but he told N'Gali to keep part of the tripes for breakfast, since something had broken and the ship would be tied up at the landing all morning.

Next morning, N'Gali took her maize and her implements to the sloping bank beside the river boat. There she worked as the sun grew. At nine o'clock Miss Ella Ellersly came out from breakfast. Miss Ellersly wore mosquito boots and shorts and an *actinic* shirt and spine pads and dark glasses and a double *terai*, for these were what they had told her in London to wear.

A young buck of a fireman, M'Feri, sat on the side of the ship. He had looked the women over, had chosen N'Gali and was trying to work up a case. N'Gali regarded him coolly and told him not to be a damn' fool, that she was Wankosi's woman. Her voice rippled over the vowels pleasantly, and Miss Ellersly noticed her. She saw how lovely was N'Gali's skin, how firm her breasts, how straight her back. She was delighted with her.

"Oh, look at that spiffy little girl," she cried. "Isn't she slick? I wonder if she would let me sketch her?"

The factor of the village warehouse heard her. He was a Bulgarian, and he had come on board for his little breakfast of Bols gin. He spoke English and eleven other languages. He offered to arrange with N'Gali. He said to give her a franc, but Miss Ellersly said that was only three cents: she would have ten francs at least. Miss Ellersly came down beside N'Gali and began to draw.

N'Gali knew that she was being watched and was very serious. At noon, when the factor came on board for his breakfast proper of Bols gin, Miss Ellersly showed him her sketch. They looked over the side of the ship, and they saw N'Gali still pounding her grain.

"Say, how long does she keep that up?" asked Miss Ellersly. "What a dumb way of grinding corn."

The factor replied that Wankosi was a maize eater, and required three quarts of maize meal per day. Miss Ellersly was appalled.

The factor said that N'Gali had nothing else to do, and that the women of the river had always ground their corn in this fashion. Miss Ellersly was roused.

"Well, there's one won't do it any more. Now listen, this is business. I'm going to ship you a grinder and a husker, and I want you to see that this kid gets it. I'll make her happy for life for about fifty dollars. So tell me what you want for handling and I'll give it to you now." . . .

Four months afterwards, the river boat delivered a case of merchandise to the village. When the factor read the letter which came with the goods, he spoke to himself in Bulgarian.

He unpacked the grinder and the husker and set them up firmly. He called N'Gali and said that with the help of these machines, she would be able to do the work of a day in the time that it took to dip water. He showed her how the ears went into the husker, and how the grain went into the grinder, and he instructed her in the turning of the handles.

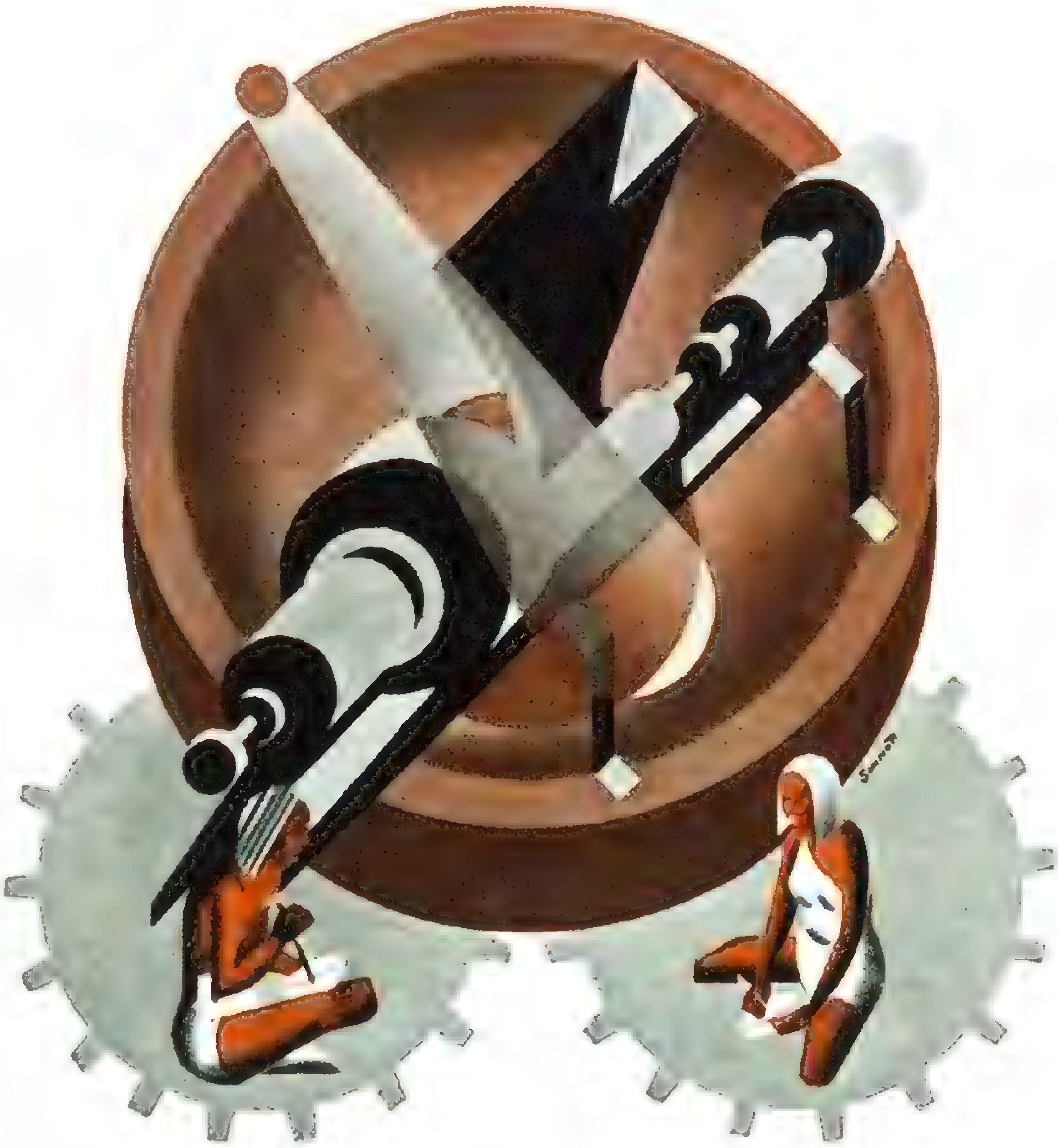
N'Gali was terrified and ran to her hut. When the factor sent for her, she came unwillingly. He put an ear of corn into the husker, and in the time a fish leaps, there was an empty cob and plucked grain flowing from a little spout. He put a gourd of grain into the grinder, and even as it fell, fine meal came out another spout. N'Gali shrank from this witchcraft, but the factor made her feel the meal. It was truly fine, and he ate some of it before her eyes. He gave her some in a gourd, and bade her cook it for her supper. But when his back was turned, she flung it into the sedge.

In the next morning, the factor found her pounding grain in her mortar. He cuffed her heartily, and when she ran, he kicked her implements into the river. She came crying, and would have swam for them but the factor caught her and led her to the husker and the grinder. He said that these machines were hers; that she must use them. Again he husked ears and ground meal for her. He sent for a pot and cooked porridge on the spot. When it cooled he made her eat. This was good porridge, and after her terror passed, she ate heartily and suffered no hurt.

On the next day, she brought the right number of ears, husked them and ground her grain in a few minutes. Whereat the factor ordered her to bring more ears and to prepare sufficient meal for a week. This seemed wicked, and this she would not do. Also, the factor said that the machines would prepare meal for herself when she wanted it. Now maize is man's food as *manioc* is woman's food, so this likewise was a wicked thought. But that evening, when N'Gali came to her hut, she counted the dried ears and tried to compute how many would be necessary to keep Wankosi in meal until the next cropping.

Wankosi had gone for a few trips on the Kongolo run, and did not come home for several weeks. In those weeks N'Gali learned to eat maize.

In those weeks, likewise, nearly all the women of the village yielded to the lure of the machines. They were fearful at first, but they watched N'Gali make fine meal daily and cook maize porridge for herself, yet no hurt came to her. Women with husbands might not eat maize, but one by one they learned to husk their corn and to grind their grain by the turning of the handles. They rose while the pale mist cloaked the water, and when the first sun flashed on the river they would cluster around the machines. Before the fingers of heat groped through the village, the work of the day was done.



At first, when the women idled, the men drove them out to till the maize, the *manioc* and the beans. But there was only a little dry land between the swamp and the river, and this was all in crop. The women could not fish, for that was man's work. They might weave a few baskets, or they might dress an occasional reedbuck skin, and at the end of the rainy season they would re-thatch and repair the huts. But these labors could not occupy the first hours of the day. From the time the sun stood shoulder high in the east until the pots went on the fires in the evening, the machines shaped the days into hours of idleness for women and nothing could be done about it.

When the women realized this, they sat down together on the sloping bank and began to dress each other's hair. Each woman took a wooden comb and parted her friends hair from the forehead to the nape of the neck. Then she made another part from ear to ear. Then further parts in each direction until the hair was divided into small squares of an inch each. Each little square was twisted into a stiff knot and strips of black cotton were tied to the knot. This cotton was wound throughout its length with black thread, so that a woman wore a score of thin black braids upon her head, which were looped in clusters over her ears, as was the custom of that tribe.

Each hair dressing took a day. Days followed days, and the women ground their maize in the cool of morning, and sat together in ease until evening. All the women except the crones had made their heads beautiful, and the firemen and deckhands came ashore to load wood more eagerly. This eagerness excited the women of the village. Some of them, seeing other styles of hairdressing among the deck passengers on the river boat, changed their fashion, training their braids into coils or allowing them to hang upon their cheeks, or pulling them back from their foreheads. These changes made them very lovely, but such women were often beaten by their husbands, for it is not a good thing to depart from old customs.

After the women had used N'Gali's machines, they often dressed her hair. She wore it differently on each occasion of a river boat. She begged a little palm oil from the factor, and whipped it into soap foam. With this she polished her skin. She ate maize, man's food, openly. The women admired her daring, and N'Gali swaggered a little. When an old man reproved her, she answered him with a saucy proverb. She lingered around the fires in the evenings, particularly when a river boat was in. When men were near, her laugh was low and inviting.

Late at night, after the deckhands had finished loading, they would bring their dried fish to the fires and would toast it upon the coals. When they had eaten, they were comfortable and happy. Until sleep clutched them, they would play jokes on each other, or would tell free stories, or would sing broad songs. If the songs began, there might be dancing, so the last of the women around the fires would chuckle and would hurry to their husbands.

One evening, when the earth was carpeted with white blossoms of moonlight, the river men had made a beer mash and were very merry. The other women ran to their huts, but N'Gali lingered at the corner of the woodpiles. M'Feri, the tall young fireman, sang a droll song and carried his song into his dance. As he danced he bore towards N'Gali. Suddenly he caught her and whipped her into the shadows. With the heat of him, an itch grew in her, and she went into the brake willingly. They lay together and found each other very pleasant.

When they parted, M'Feri said to N'Gali: "If you will be my woman whenever I come to this village, I will bring you two new *khangas* from Bukama." But before the river boat left next morning, N'Gali came down and said, "Not two *khangas*, at which my husband might wonder, but one only, which must be of this color," and she gave him a plucking of slipper grass, which is near in hue to the jacaranda bloom. "And I wish the pattern to be so and so." In the mud of the river bank N'Gali drew the circles and whorls and the other designs of her new *khanga*.

Days followed days, and the women continued to dress N'Gali's hair throughout the afternoon. With her friends in a circle about her, she sang bits of the broad songs, or told stories with little tickles in them. The women became excited and squirmed with pleasure; they slapped each other on the buttocks or ran screaming with laughter. Their husbands found them careless and impudent, and beat them thoroughly, but the seeds of desire had been sown in them so that on the next afternoon they came back to the sloping bank, to wriggle at N'Gali's saucy stories and to grow warm at her broad songs.

M'Feri brought the new *khanga* from Bukama, and N'Gali wore it like a young queen. When men accosted her, her words were cool, but her voice was a caress and her eyes were cozening. The women perceived that N'Gali was desirable, and they drank bold thoughts from her. More than one woman slipped from her sleeping lord, and came to the corner of the woodpile to listen to the droll glee of the river men. Other *khangas* began to come down from Bukama.

Wankosi returned from Kongolo. He sifted the new meal, and found it to be fine. He asked, "Where did you get that *khanga?*" N'Gali said, "In a time of great hurry I carried wood and earned much money." Wankosi said: "That is a lie. Since when have women taken men's money from them?" N'Gali said: "I know it is a lie, and now I see that I must tell you the truth. The factor Bwana bade me come to his house and made me lie with him, and he gave me this *khanga*." Wankosi said: "I think that that is the truth, and it cannot be helped, for he is a Bwana and beyond us. But if you bear him a child, I shall break your loins with a heavy stick." He went to sleep, but N'Gali lay awake, fearing.

The next day she was very thoughtful. In the afternoon she borrowed a canoe. In the canoe she placed a chicken, some *manioc* and some fine meal, and in a corner of her *khanga* she tied up a little snuff. Then she paddled along a ditch in the swamp, seeking the witchman.

For in the old days, before the coming of the Jesus Bwanas, the witchman of the village was a very great man, practicing many rites, including those of abortion. The fetuses, sundried or cured with salt, were strong fetishes and much cherished. But the Jesus Bwanas, who are themselves magicians, would not tolerate any other magic, and the witchman was banished. He went into the swamp, where he lived in a place where the birds nested. He ate eggs and young birds. No one came to entreat him, or brought grains or savory stews.

N'Gali paddled through the swamp until she came to the place of birds, where there were marabous and white herons, flamingoes and fish eagles, thin duikers, tufted ravens, scarlet and lilac kingfishers, and tanagers of many colors. She found the aged witchman in his hovel and knelt before him, offering her gifts.

On the next afternoon, when sleep lay on the village, the women clustered about N'Gali and did not laugh at all. They strained with caught breath to hear her whispers, their hearts beating against each other. Thus they came to know the secrets of the witchman.

Thereafter, the village was not such a pleasant place. On shining nights, when moons flickered in the river, men caught their wives stealing from their huts and flogged them heavily. Or they detected them in practices derogatory to man's dignity, and sent them back to their fathers, demanding the return of their purchase prices. Arguments waxed, and husbands and fathers quarreled. When the woodpiles were measured, there was short cordage. Then the Bwanas of the river boat were angry, speaking words. But the firemen and the deckhands swaggered at this village, were insolent to husbands and familiar to wives. Sometimes they snatched off the *khangas* which the women wore, claiming them. Then the women fought, and their friends rushed to their aid with clubs, so that many river men were sore and useless the next day. The captains of the river boats complained, and a priest came down from the mission above the swamp.

The priest took counsel with the headman, because the Bulgarian factor was a man of little faith. The headman said the devils had invaded the women and had communicated themselves to the men. He thought the devils had come from the machines, which the Jesus Bwana should command to be thrown into the river. The priest, believing the grinder and the husker to belong to the factor, disregarded this advice. He harangued the village, saying that his heart was sore. That unless they plucked out the jigger of strife which had laid his eggs within their minds, there would be no comfort, only vileness and disease. That unless their behavior improved, he would have to take away the Little-Speared-Bwana-Upon-the-Crossed-Sticks, which hung upon the baobab tree in the center of the village. If they lost that great fetish, plagues would encompass them, the fish would disappear, a blight would come upon their crops, the choppers of the woodcutters would glance.

The village knelt before the priest with loud howls, entreating him to leave the Little-Speared-Bwana-Upon-the-Crossed-Sticks with them. But when the priest had gone, the women laughed.

One evening, when the rivermen again had had beer, B'Leli, a man of substance and of family, was awakened by the singing and found his couch empty. He crept from his hut and watched from the ground. Presently he saw his wife taken into the brake by N'Kondi, a deckhand. He waited in the gray of morning, behind the woodpiles, and as the deckhand stooped for his load of faggots he slipped upon him and chopped, so that N'Kondi's head and body fell asunder. B'Leli sped into the brake, but an *askari*, a native policeman, saw the stroke from the upper deck and gave chase. B'Leli fled before him until the swamp cornered him. Then he lay still as a rat under a mattress of sedge. As the *askari* ran past, B'Leli hacked him behind the knee, bringing him down. Then he sat upon him and finished him.

For five days B'Leli lived in the swamp. On the sixth day he came home. On the eighth morning, while day lay in the womb, the police boat drifted down silently upon the village. A police Bwana and his *askaris* sprang ashore and rushed for the hut of B'Leli. The beat of their feet aroused B'Leli, and he was in his doorway with spears in his hand when bullets struck him. Other bullets struck his uncle and his mother, who lived with him. At dawn the police officer made men carry B'Leli, his uncle and his mother, to the sloping bank. When the village had been assembled, he spoke to them.

He said that the Bwana M'Kuba, the great Bwana, was very displeased and had sent him to punish. The village had grown loose and idle, so that they lived evilly and without rule. The men had become children who could not rule their women, therefore his *askaris* would beat them as they should have beaten their women. The headman could not rule his men; so he would be especially beaten, and another would take his place. They had not cut sufficient cordage, so the river boat would call at another village in future, where faggots abounded; there would be no more hire paid. At the next cropping he would come again with his *askaris* and would take one ear of three of all maize, one measure of three of all *manioc* and beans, and a considerable quantity of fish as well, as a fine for the wickedness of their behavior.

That night there was no sleep in the village. The *askaris* had flogged the chief men soundly, and the men had multiplied their stripes upon their women: there was pain in every woman's bones.

The next day the new headman spoke to his council of elders.

"We are very sad," he said, "because of the beatings which the *askaris* have given us. Moreover, we are poverty-stricken, since the river boat will load no more wood here and no hire shall be paid. Also, the Jesus Bwana will assuredly take away our great fetish, and our crops will rot. Even if they do thrive, the Police Bwana is coming to steal one out of three of all that we garner, because of our wickedness. Therefore let us search out this wickedness and make an end to it."

The old man to whom N'Gali had been saucy said:

"All this trouble has come upon us because of the idleness of our women, who have not been obliged to work for the food of their mouths. For an idle woman is a lewd woman, and a well-fed woman is lewdness beyond belief. Therefore it is this N'Gali who had wrought ruin upon our village, and her machines have brought us desolation."

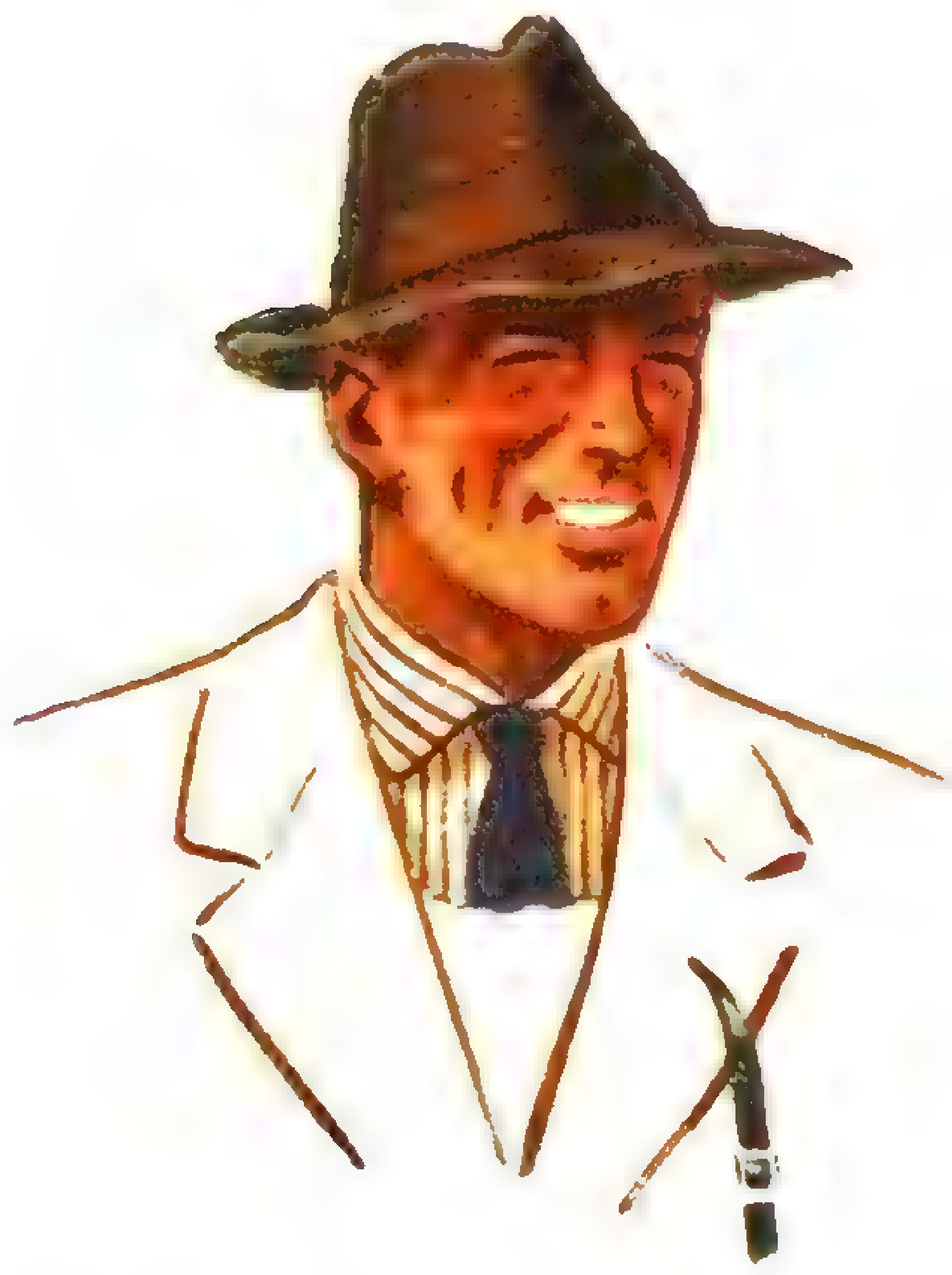
The headman replied, "That sounds like the truth, and when Wankosi arrives this evening, we shall speak to him concerning his wife."

That evening Wankosi was summoned to meet the elders. He listened in silence.

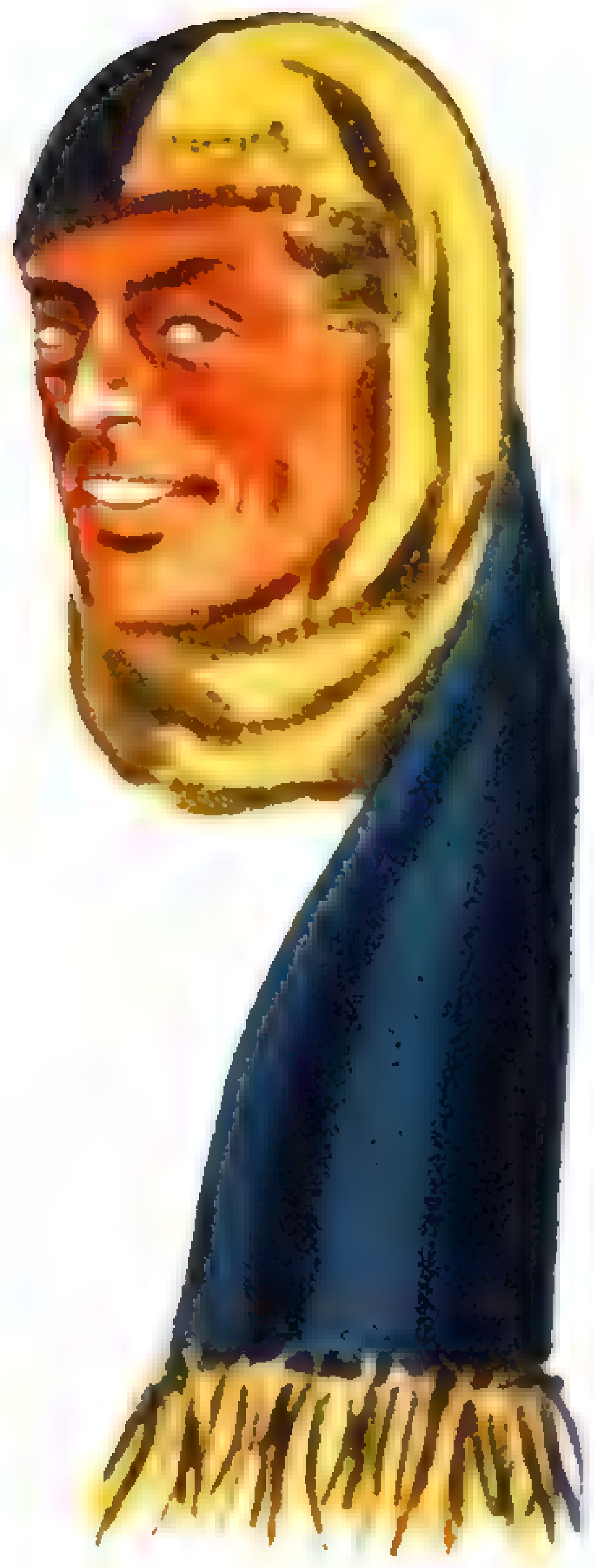
"I have never been satisfied concerning that *khanga*," he said. "So give me fire and a little tiecord, and I shall soon know the truth."

When he returned he led N'Gali, who walked with difficulty. She held her burned parts and moaned.

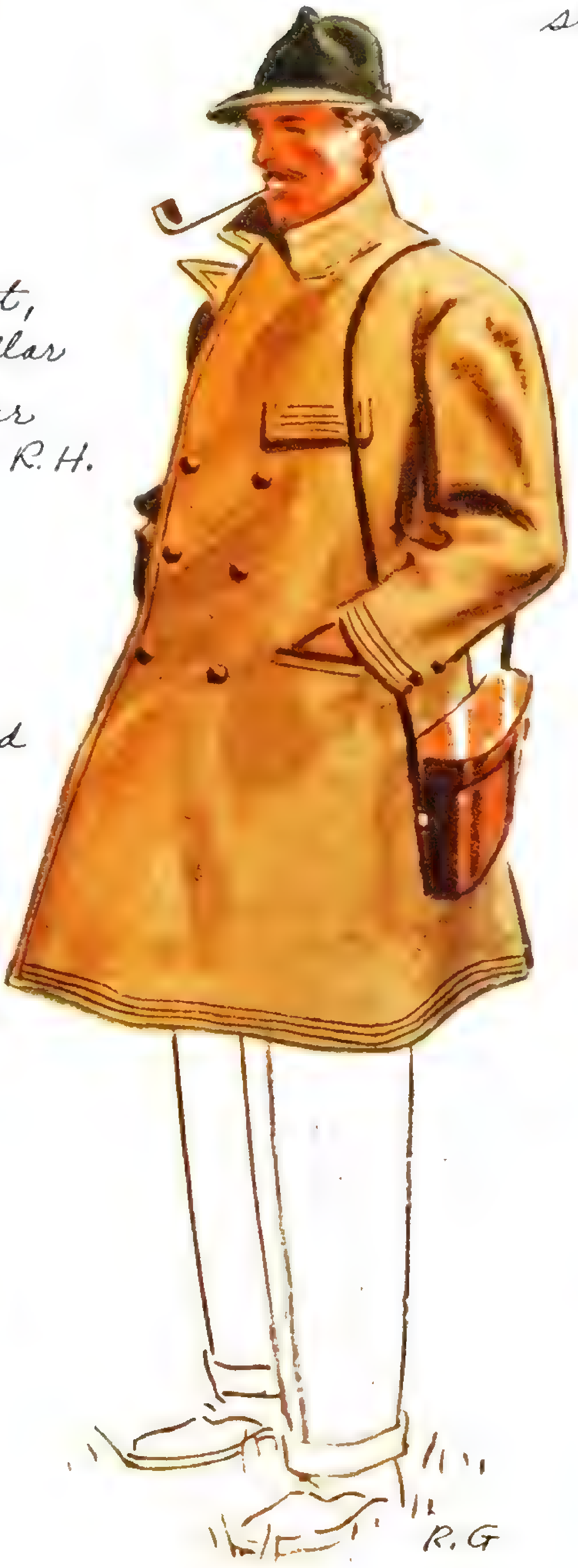
So they threw the grinder and the husker into the river, and beat their wives again and again, and the village once more became a very pleasant place.



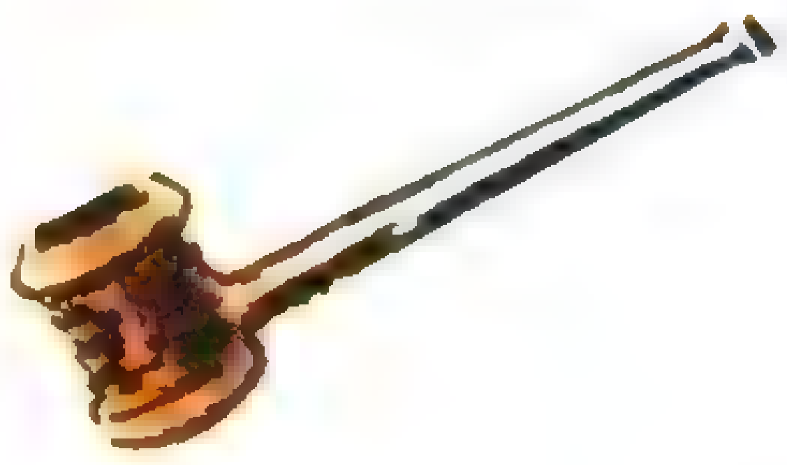
A stitched tweed hat, wide-spread soft collar attached shirt similar to that worn by H. R. H. The Prince of Wales.



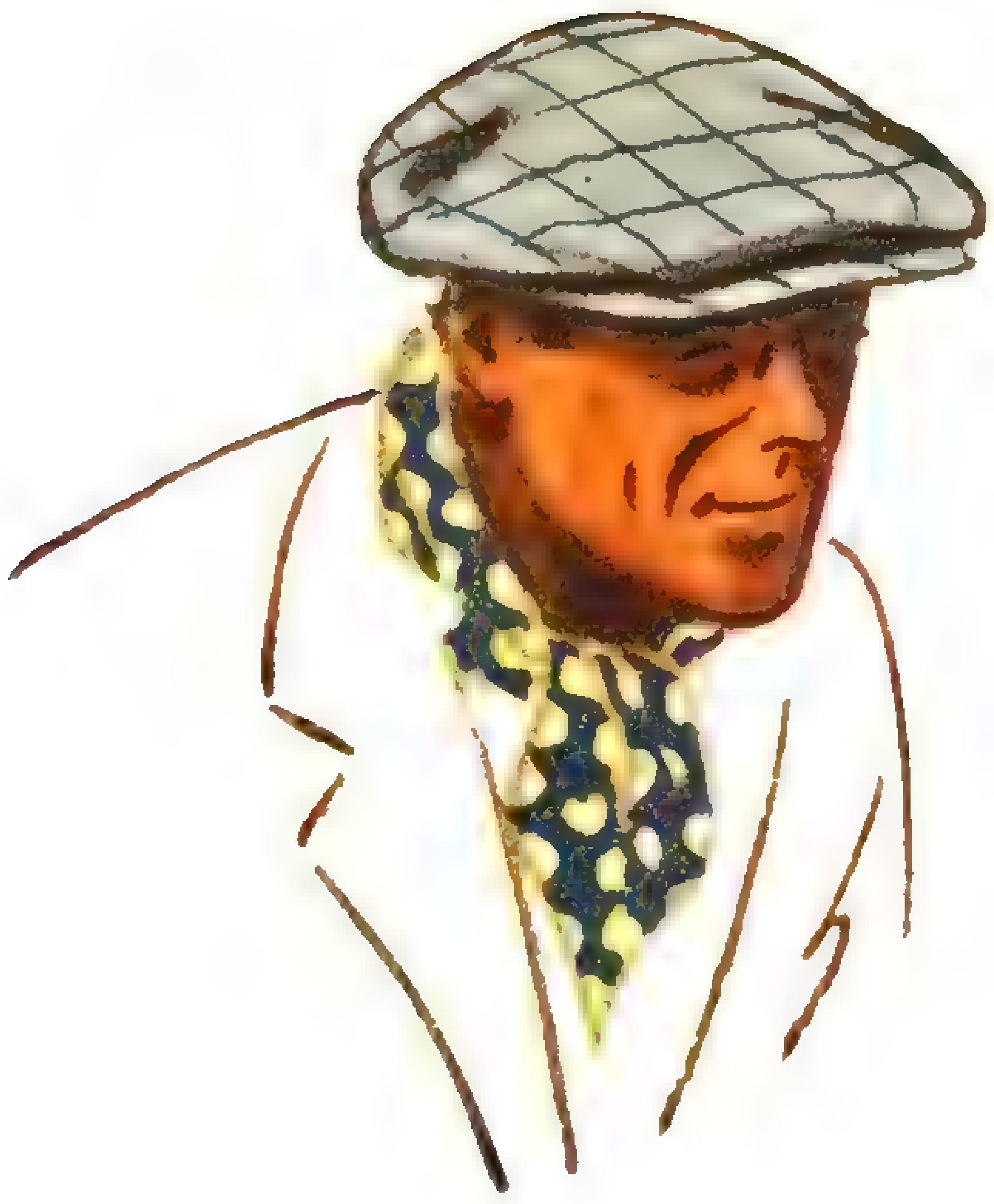
A blue and yellow cashmere muffler that converts into an ideal cap and muffler for skating



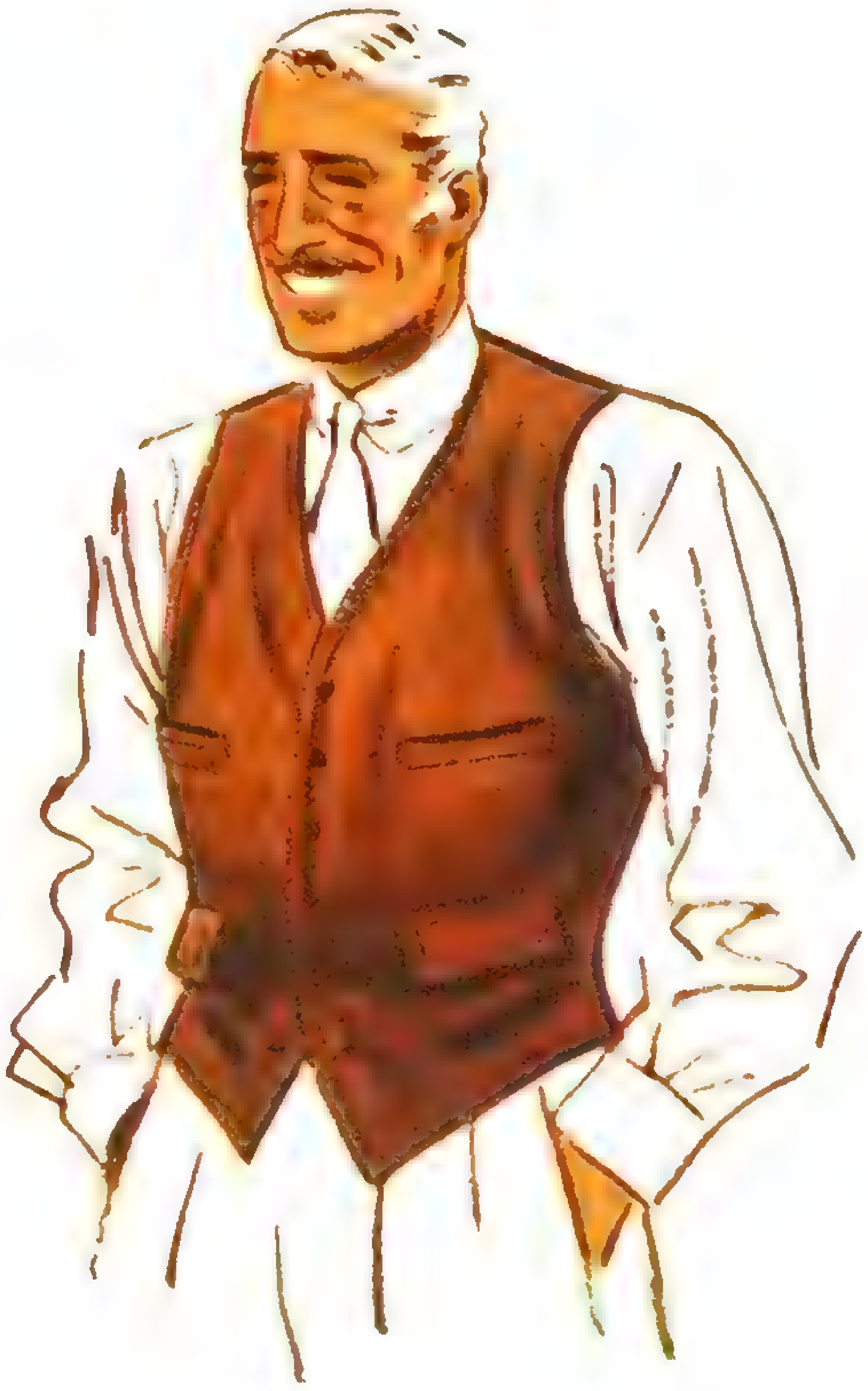
Double-breasted camel's hair short warm favored by the horsey set.



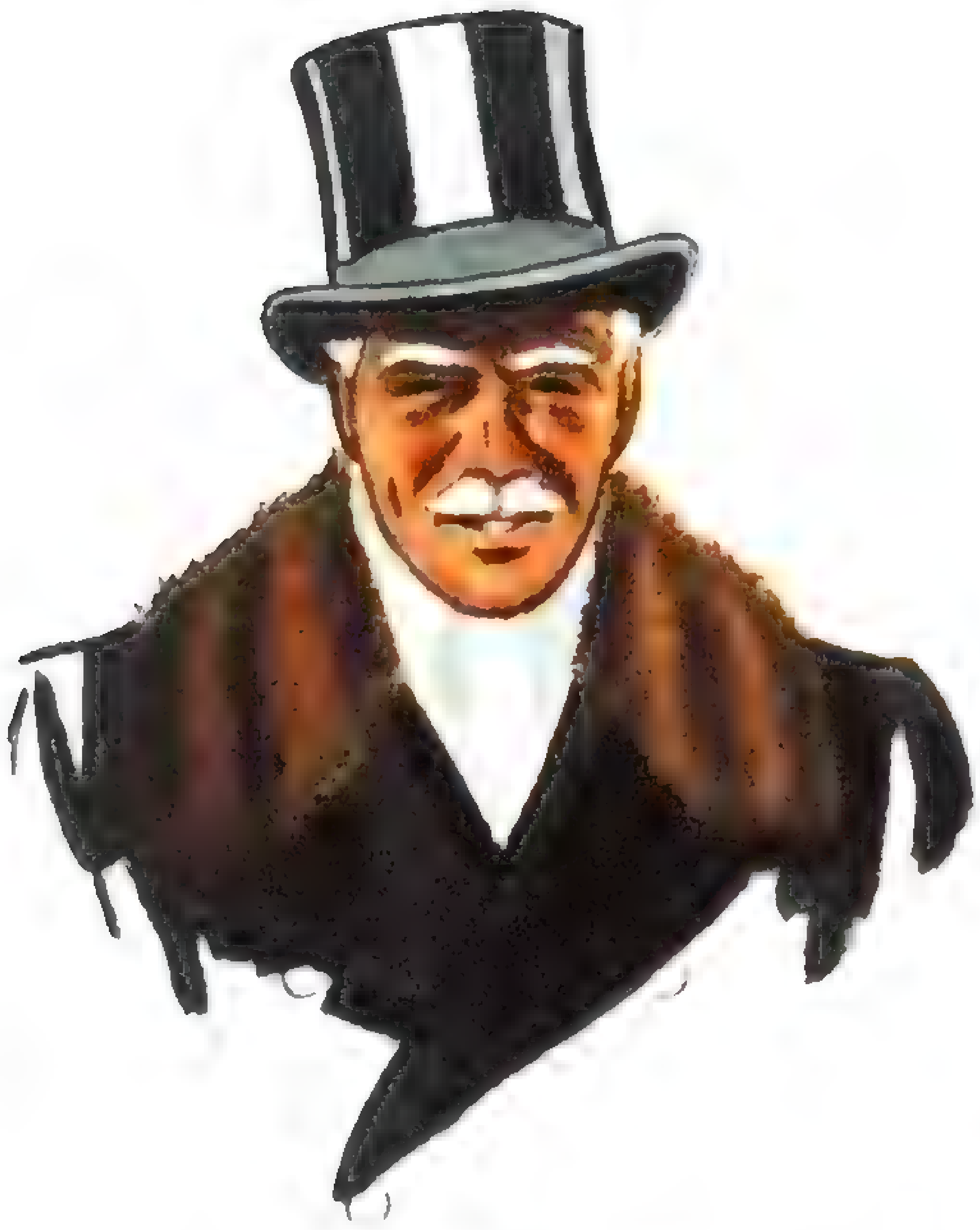
A cherry wood shape pipe that is now the vogue of pipe-loving sportsmen.



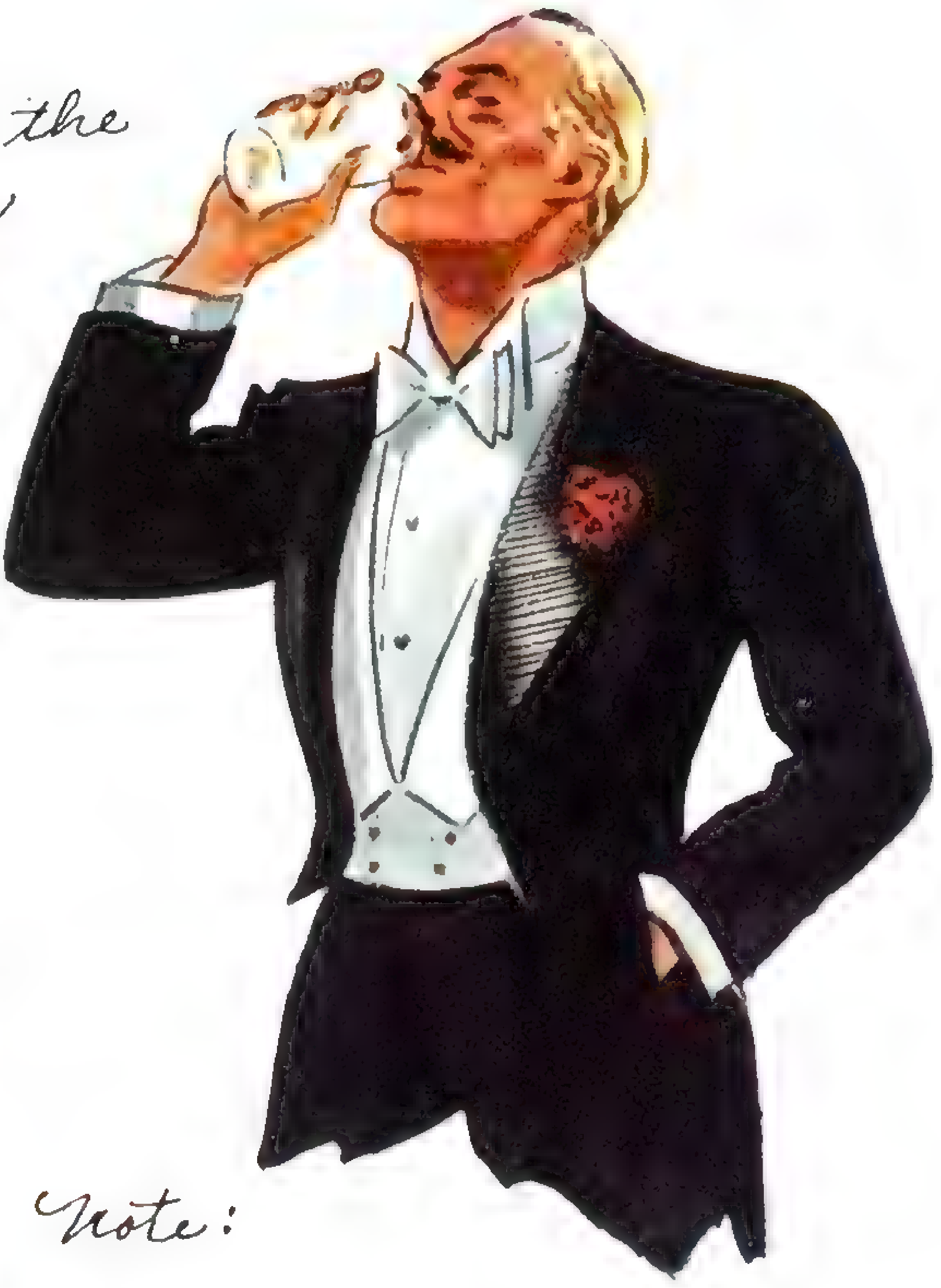
A checked tweed cap and silk foulard muffler worn by well dressed sportsmen.



A brown suede waistcoat as seen at recent country meets.



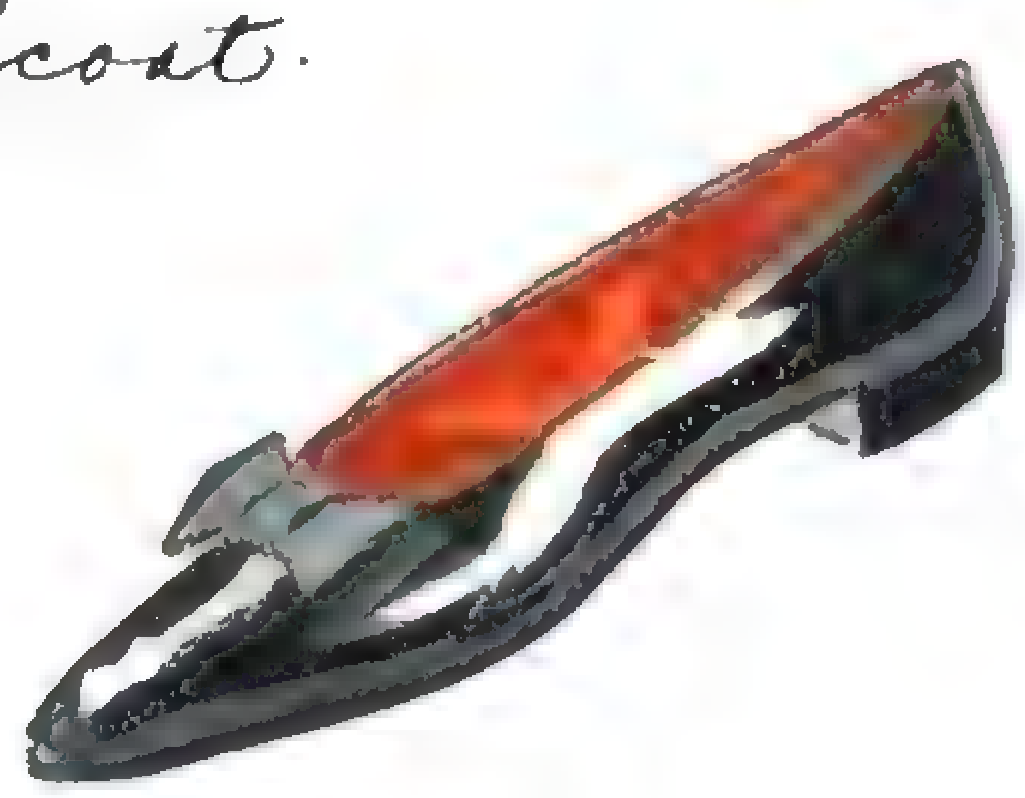
In the bar at the Opera – the new double-breasted waistcoat.



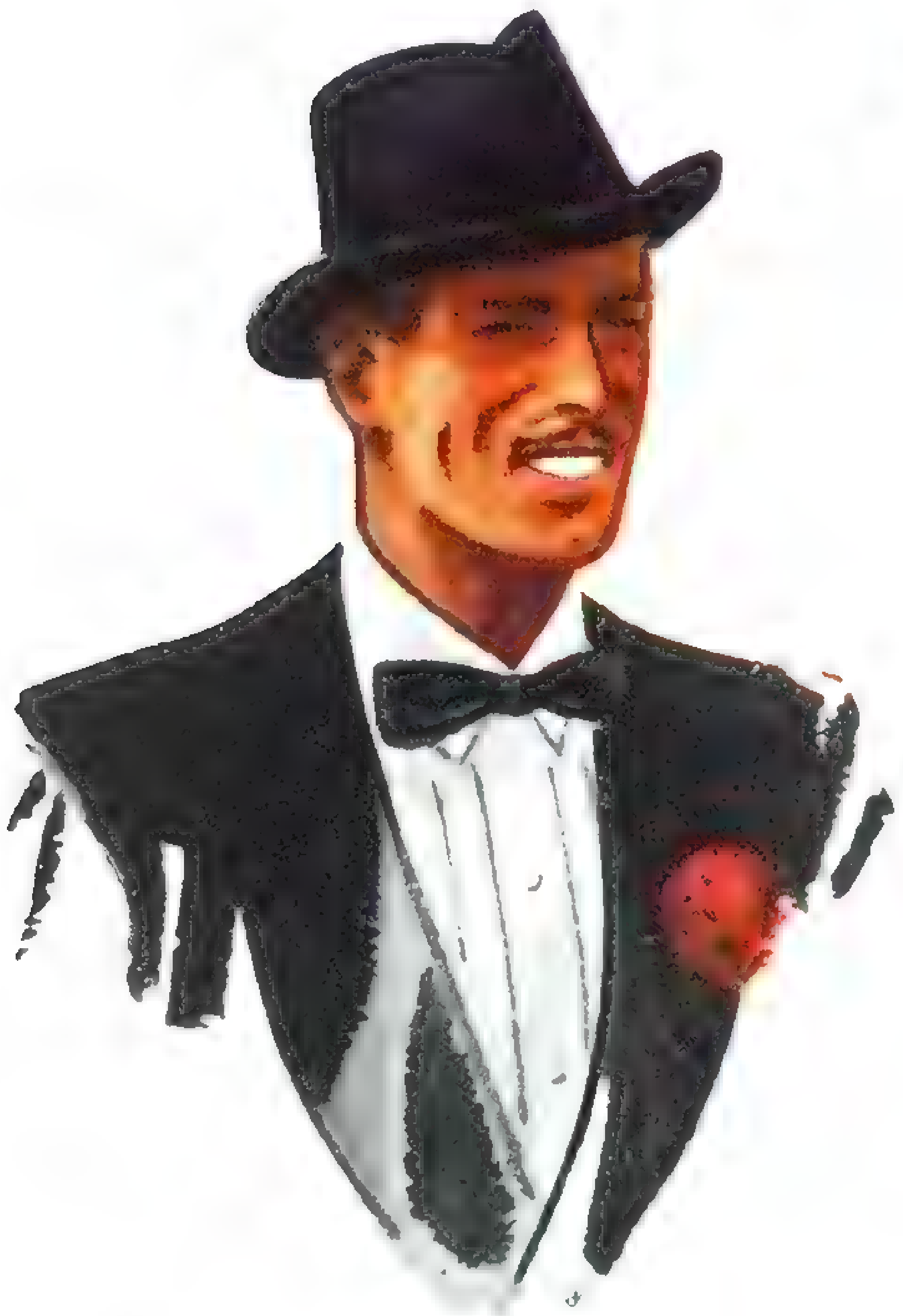
Black broadcloth shells with fur linings and luxurious mink collars.

Note: Midnight blue tailcoat.

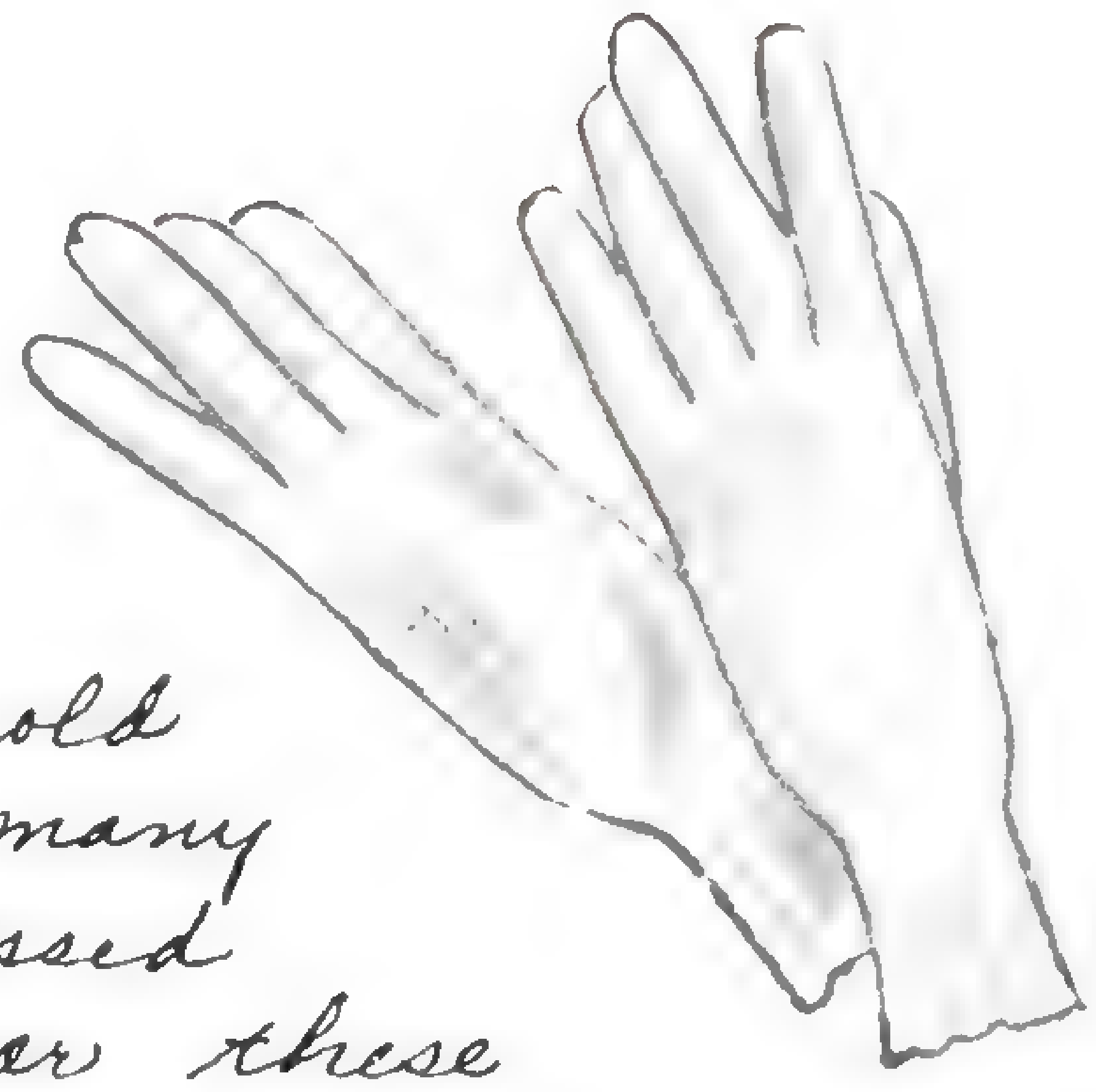
An oxford grey cashmere balmacaan coat with silk lining worn over evening dress.



The patent leather pump – very popular around town.



A new midnight blue homburg – correct with dinner clothes.



During cold weather many well-dressed men wear these white string fleece lined gloves with evening dress.

Robert Goodman

Rice Pudding Cold

Continued from page 61

The fire was alight. The switch which he had turned on worked two shaded electric candles on the table, and in the pool of light and carved mahogany were two silver dishes on a hot plate with a small spirit stove alight underneath. The whole room was filled with the scent of it. He lifted up one of the covers. There was a plate with three pieces of roast beef, some baked potatoes and a piece of Yorkshire pudding.

He looked round the room a bit. There was a large oil-painting of Frances Mort Davis over the fire. You could see that she had been a beautiful woman. He stared at it for a little while and found that it increased that sense of shame that was always with him. She was so very cool and unflurried and in command of the situation. On the sideboard was a Tantalus but that was locked. He pulled up a chair to the table, sat down and began to eat. The pepper pot and salt cellar were made of silver, so he put them in his pocket.

After a few mouthfuls he stopped eating. Something was worrying him. It was something elusive and he couldn't get hold of it. Some slippery thing that he chased round in his mind. It was almost as if he was reminded of something, but what that thing was he couldn't remember. He shook off the feeling and went on eating. The beef was excellent. The Yorkshire pudding was slightly underdone. But he ate it all and lifted the other cover. Beneath it was a dish of rice pudding.

He made a gesture of distaste and pushed it from him. He didn't like rice pudding.

Rice pudding—Rice pudding—He stared at it. The feeling of reminiscence was strong on him again. Rice pudding for a treat—In a sudden access of fury he took the rice pudding and hurled it, dish and all, on the floor beside him where it fell with a tremendous crash.

The noise of it startled him to his senses. He stood up, terrified, listening—There was only the dull roar of London. He looked about him swiftly, filled his pockets with forks and spoons and tip-toed to the door, looked about and let himself out.

It wasn't till after eleven that the gray car came home, and then Mort Davis walked round and kicked all the tires and said to Frances: "That's funny, do you see anything wrong with those wheels? That fellow was pointing—"

Frances Mort Davis didn't answer.

"Probably some game or other," said Mort Davis. "Probably a new way of cadging a lift. Why, what's the matter?"

There was something very curious about Frances Mort Davis. She had a hand to her throat and she was staring at her husband with wide, intuitive eyes.

"Hullo," said Mort Davis, "what's up?"

"M.D.," she said, "did you see his face?"

"Face? Whose face? That feller's face?"

"It was, it was exactly like George's."

He walked up to her firmly and put his arm round her shoulder.

"Come on old girl," he said. "This George business is getting on your nerves. The best place for you's beddy bye-byes. I wish to God I'd never let you do it. Come on now."

He led her up the steps into the hall. She stopped with her hand on the dining-room door.

"No," he said, "you're not going in there."

Strong Stomach in Spain

Continued from page 70

as black as tar. If fastidious, avoid a favorite food called criadillas, that part of the bull from which tobacco pouches are made.

The restaurant I like best in Madrid is the Casa Moran, (5 Mesonero Romanos). It is obscure but most taxi drivers find it eventually. You enter a preliminary room in which an extremely cock-eyed mirror squints sideways from the wall; against the other wall is a zinc bar of the kind seen in common bistros in Paris, and here you have your first course, standing up. In the hallway adjoining is an enormous American refrigerator; you may, if the boss likes you, finger through it and pick out your own dinner, carrying it yourself down an alleyway to the kitchen. The boss, a cheerful fellow, is named Antonio and he speaks dilapidated English. The Moran was discovered by John Wiley, then American charge d'affaires in Madrid, and let him go to heaven for it.

The first course, washed down with manzanilla at the bar, is hard to leave. You may have vicious red sausage from Pamplona, and depraved and swollen olives, grey and as big as apricots; you may try a strange fan of tiny fish, clamped together by their tails, called "boquerones de Malaga," or, if a daring experimentalist, tackle "percebes," a sort of seaweed which comes to the surface in rough weather off the Galician coast; it looks like a polyp and you snap off what seems to be a branch of greenish coral and then suck up the strange snail-like substance within. Finally, there are the langostinos, which are grilled alive—eat the feet first; I will take a deep breath and say they are the best fish food of any kind I have ever tasted anywhere in the world.

The rest of the menu at the Moran is solid, simple, and conservative. Steaks, known in Spain by the picturesque designation "solomillo," are fair, and so is the fowl in season. For dessert, have Antonio send a waiter out—they are used to running because they have to fetch the live langostinos—and buy a chinomoya.

This is a fruit rather like an alligator pear, imported, I believe, from South America, with a decadent but stimulating flavor.

You end, at the Moran, as you began, at the bar. Order the special fundador (brandy) which is kept in old kirsch bottles crusted with sugar crystals; this imparts a very special if rather sweetish tang. Finally, the quintessence of Spanish tact, Antonio will give you, as the last course, a tiny packet of bicarbonate of soda, so that the langostinos may rest in peace.

A much more formidable and fashionable restaurant is Lhardi (Calle de San Jeromino). It has an eleven course lunch at 20 pesetas. The swankiest restaurant in Madrid is the Ritz. I cordially invite you to avoid it; the cuisine is bad French smothered in olive oil. A good Italian restaurant is the Buffet Italiano, hangout of journalists and politicians; the hors d'oeuvres are amusing and the pepitos superb.

The Taverne Eladio is cheap and fair, but you must not go between 9 and 10:30; it is too crowded to get in.

The Hotel Savoy has an excellent kitchen. There are American soda jerkers in the Amaya bar, on Calle Jeromino, and at the Aquario, a big, new, and amusing café on Alcala, where, if you must, you can have chocolate malted milk or hamburger steaks. Back of the Cortes are two small, not-too-clean German establishments, one called Il Danubio, the other with the fine old Spanish monicker Gambrinus.

I like very much a Basque restaurant called the Casa Vasca (Calle Victoria). It is simple and bourgeois with one waiter—Joe—who speaks fair English. The cuisine is Basque. I found the cocidas admirable, the paellas not so good. Sample prices:

Chuletas de ternera con guarnición *(Veal cutlet with vegetables)*	$0.28
Bacalao a la Vizcaina *(Heavily salted cod cooked in pimento sauce)*	$0.32
Criadillas empanadas *(Testicles, decorated)*	$0.26
Solomillo con pimientos *(Steak stewed in peppers)*	$0.28*

This is considered fairly expensive for Madrid. Prices at the Casa Moran, by the way, are about the same.

Finally there is the Casa Botin (Plaza de Herradores), probably the most celebrated of all restaurants in Spain. I like it extremely, but I could not stand it as a steady diet. It was founded in 1620, and things are still cooked in a stone grill that is 350 years old. The wood fuel is from special oak. Botin's is not very expensive, despite its fame and the fact that tourists are beginning to attend it; you can get a tremendous meal for about $2.00, with enough wine to float you for a week.

Botin exists for one supreme specialty, its suckling pig. Do not order anything else, at least your first time there. The pig is baked and served whole, for four people; tender, pink, and hairless, it looks almost human, and it is only about 20 or 22 inches long. With it, drink a superb red wine from la Mancha, the Cervantes country, served from leather flasks.

You may have, before your pig, the excellent calamares fritos (devil fish). The ham is good, but not so good as at Moran's; at Botin order the paler, cooler Jamón de Avila.

Instead of dessert try a queer sweetish cheese known as manchego, also from Don Quixote's bailiwick. You might take, after the pig, a bottle of "sidra Asturiana," a bubbling champagne made out of apples, a novel and almost disconcerting fluid. But above all do not forget the suckling pig.

Do some of these foods seem exotic to you? Wait till next month, when we reach Budapest and Prague.

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*Prices at present exchange.

Horse Champions of this Century

A track authority tells of the ten greatest steeds and what a race they could run

by ROBERT S. DOWST

▪ SPORTS ▪

THE United States is going running-horse crazy—witness the number of states that have legalized racing and betting and the number of new and successful tracks opened in the past two years or about to open. With the pugilistic "game" moribund, with the big-league baseball clubs often in the red and even with football running a temperature, the animal that King Richard once vainly offered a kingdom for seems to be coming back into his own. The racing of running-horses always has been monarch of sports in Great Britain, but in this country the trotters and pacers formerly overshadowed the runners. Now, however, it's another story.

First on the list of great horses since 1900 must be placed the name of Man o' War. A two-year-old in 1919 and a three-year-old in 1920, "Big Red" was the Jack Dempsey of the American turf. A bad post-actor, nervous and irritable at the start as was Dempsey in his corner before a fight, once the barrier was sprung and the field away he took the lead in effortless fashion and maintained it to the end. Defeated but once in twenty-one starts, then by a colt named Upset—an upset indeed—Man o' War stamped himself on the consciousness of the American racing public as a super-horse. The only criticism that old-timers could make of him with any show of support in the facts was that he always ran in front and never won by coming from behind. He never had to. His theory of a race seemed to be much the same as Dempsey's theory of a fight—to get the blamed thing over with. And he did. In the Dwyer of 1920 he toyed with John P. Grier at a mile and a half, toyed with him and broke his heart after that good colt alone had accepted the issue of the race when all the other eligibles had dodged the hopeless task of attempting to beat the horse of a century.

The big chestnut ran in front because he possessed blinding early speed as well as the ability to run a distance; it was his way of racing. On the morning of his eighty thousand dollar match-race with Sir Barton at Kenilworth Park, Canada, he was given a limbering-up gallop of a quarter-mile and was timed by several watches in from $20\frac{2}{5}$ to 21 seconds. The American record for a race at the distance is $21\frac{1}{4}$ seconds, held by a horse called Bob Wade. They never have come faster than Man o' War, and there is no reason to expect they ever will come better. In him the thoroughbred type reached perfect flower after its three-hundred-year-ago beginning in the mating with native English mares of Arabian and Barb stallions imported into Great Britain during the reigns of the Stuart kings, of William III and of Anne.

Two great horses were contemporaries of Man o' War—Exterminator and Sir Barton. Although defeated by the super-horse in their match-race in 1920, when Man o' War was three and he four years old, Sir Barton had won the Kentucky Derby of 1919 at Churchill Downs, defeating Billy Kelly and Eternal. He went on to win the Preakness at Pimlico, Maryland, again defeating Eternal as well as Sweep On, won the Withers at Belmont Park, New York, and later took the Belmont Stakes at a mile and a half. No other horse ever won a Kentucky Derby, a Preakness, a Withers and a Belmont. In the same year, as a three-year-old, he picked up a hundred and thirty-three pounds and beat Mad Hatter and Audacious in a Maryland Handicap run in 2 minutes, $2\frac{2}{5}$ seconds, for the mile and a quarter. Mad Hatter and Audacious carried only a hundred and six and a hundred and eighteen pounds respectively.

In 1920 as a four-year-old Sir Barton packed a hundred and twenty-nine pounds to victory over Wildair and Exterminator in the Saratoga Handicap at a mile and a quarter, time 2 minutes, $1\frac{4}{5}$ seconds. In the same year he won the Merchants and Citizens Handicap at a mile and three-sixteenths, defeating Gnome and Jack Stuart in 1 minute, $55\frac{3}{5}$ seconds—thus setting an American record for the distance until A. G. Vanderbilt's Discovery reduced it to 1 minute, 55 seconds flat, at Narragansett Park in September, 1934.

Like Man o' War, Sir Barton was a chestnut, but unlike "Big Red" he was a small one. However, he could carry weight and was "all horse." His poor races can be attributed to his hoofs. Their walls were so thin that they would not always hold the nails securing his racing-plates.

In 1918 Willis Sharpe Kilmer, the Binghamton, New York, sportsman, had the favorite for the Kentucky Derby, but the colt ran a nail into his foot and could not race. So Kilmer purchased the three-year-old eligible gelding Exterminator, merely to get a horse to carry his colors in the race. Exterminator won in the mud, at odds of about 30 to 1, and thus began a career in racing over distances which endeared him to the public to a degree never before or since achieved by any other horse. "Old Bones," as he affectionately was known about the tracks, could carry any weight and run all day. He still holds the American record for two miles—3 minutes, $21\frac{4}{5}$ seconds—made under weight of a hundred and twenty-eight pounds when he was five years old. In any list of great horses of this century Exterminator's name belongs near the top.

Gallant Fox—the Fox of Belair—in 1930 won the most impressive list of stakes for three-year-olds ever garnered by a colt of that age in this country. He took the Wood Memorial, Preakness, Kentucky Derby, Belmont, Dwyer, Arlington Classic and Lawrence Realization, also the Saratoga Cup and the Jockey Club Gold Cup. He was retired to the stud at the end of his third year, having accumulated winnings of over three hundred and eight thousand dollars, exclusive of what he gained as a two-year-old, an all-time record both here and abroad. A son of his, the Belair Stud's Omaha, barring accident or misfortune will run in the Kentucky Derby of 1935 and will carry the writer's money.

A flagstaff at the Aqueduct track, New York, still marks the training quarters of the Fox of Belair. Unlike Man o' War, the Fox almost always ran from behind, and no one who ever saw it ever will forget his thunderbolt charge in the stretch.

The twentieth century did not have to

await the period of Exterminator, Man o' War and Sir Barton before it saw a great horse. Hermis, the "little red 'un," in 1902 as a three-year-old won eight straight races, including a Travers. Although only a little over fifteen hands in height, he could and did pack weight and dealt out numerous beatings to the best horses of his period. In the first half of his fourth year he did little, being hampered by the incubus of an amateur trainer, but in 1904, when five years old, he carried a hundred and twenty-seven pounds a mile and a quarter to victory in the Suburban Handicap over The Picket, Irish Lad, Major Daingerfield and Africander. The time was 2 minutes, 5 seconds flat—and in those days tracks were much slower than they are now. Like the other little red 'un, Sir Barton, Hermis was all horse. He won a total of eighty-four thousand one hundred and fifty-five dollars in purses in a period when single races were much less richly endowed than they have been recently and still are.

James R. Keene's Colin followed Hermis closely in point of time, having retired from racing late in 1908. He never was beaten, but won fifteen races in a line and amassed earnings of something over a hundred and eighty thousand.

In 1925 Man o' War's greatest son—Crusader—came to the races as a two-year-old. As a three-year-old in 1926 he won the Suburban Handicap under a hundred and four pounds, defeating American Flag—another Man o' War colt—and Chilhowee, and in 1927 he won the same race at a mile and a quarter when carrying a hundred and twenty-seven pounds. The time was 2 minutes, 2$\frac{3}{5}$ seconds, over a track saturated by rain, and in the race he defeated Black Maria, under a hundred and twenty pounds, one of the best race-mares this country ever produced; Macaw, under a hundred and twenty pounds; Chance Play, under a hundred and twenty-five pounds, and Display, under a hundred and sixteen pounds. Crusader beat real horses in this race—and led by seven lengths at the finish. One of the vanquished, Display, won over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars before he retired from racing. Incidentally he since has sired Discovery, A. G. Vanderbilt's good three-year-old, Cavalcade's chief rival in 1934.

Crusader is the only horse to have scored a double in the Suburban. He also won the Belmont, the Dwyer, the Jockey Club Gold Cup and other important races.

Reigh Count—one of the few American horses to have raced successfully in England—as a two-year-old in 1927 permitted his stable-mate Anita Peabody to win the Belmont Futurity by sufferance, but then won the Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes at a mile, and as a three-year-old in 1928 won the Kentucky Derby, Lawrence Realization, Saratoga Cup and Jockey Club Gold Cup. In England in 1929 he won the Coronation Cup and ran second to Invershin in the Ascot Gold Cup at two miles and a half—the sternest test of all races for a thoroughbred under weight. Reigh Count easily beat in this country horses such as Sun Beau—world's champion money-winner—Misstep, Toro, Diavolo and Victorian, and must be included in any list of the "ten best since 1900."

The year 1931 saw on the tracks a quartette of three-year-olds of the highest class—Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney's Twenty Grand, C. V. Whitney's Equipoise, A. C. Bostwick's Mate and G. D. Widener's Jamestown. Jamestown, although a horse of extreme speed up to a mile, did not fulfill the promise of his victories in the Belmont Futurity of 1930 and in the Withers of 1931; he was soundly trounced both by Twenty Grand and Sun Meadow in the Belmont Stakes of the latter year, and his chief claim to fame is that it was his dazzling pace which forced Equipoise to set a new world's record for the mile in a race at Arlington Park, Chicago, when both horses were four-year-olds. Mate did not display his three-year-old form in after years and now is racing in England with mediocre success. But Twenty Grand and Equipoise both must be included in any list of the century's best horses.

In 1931 Twenty Grand won the Kentucky Derby in record time—2 minutes, 1$\frac{4}{5}$ seconds for the mile and a quarter—also the Belmont Stakes in record time of 2 minutes, 29$\frac{3}{5}$ seconds for the mile and a half, time which stood until Peace Chance shaded it by two-fifths of a second in June of 1934. "Twenty" won other stakes and cups, but was beaten by Mate in the Arlington Classic of 1931; his leg-soundness had begun to be impaired by his rough manner of going. Although he could develop extreme speed when thoroughly warmed to his work, Twenty Grand ran not like a horse but rather in great bounds like a lion. With such a gait it is no wonder that he went wrong in his third year. But no one can ever forget who saw it, his stretch-run in the Belmont of 1931, lengthening stride and leaving Sun Meadow and Jamestown farther and farther behind with every leap at the end of the long journey of a mile and a half.

Equipoise went wrong in the beginning of his third year, 1931, and was laid up till the spring of 1932. As a four and five-year-old he proved practically invincible in the handicap-division—good horses over three years old. He could carry weight and he could develop extreme speed, particularly at distances from a mile to a mile and a quarter, as attested by his mile world-record ahead of Jamestown and the fact that he has won more races at a mile and a quarter in times only fractionally slower than 2 minutes and 2 seconds than any other horse that ever raced.

These horses, then, in the writer's opinion, are the twentieth century's "ten best"—Hermis, Colin, Exterminator, Sir Barton, Man o' War, Crusader, Reigh Count, Gallant Fox, Twenty Grand and Equipoise. No attempt has been made to rank them in order of class or quality, save that Man o' War has been, as he must be, placed on top. If all these could be resurrected from death or brought back to the tracks from retirement, if all could be made of even age, say three or four years, and if all could be entered to race together at a mile and a quarter, what a contest that would be!

To call it a race would be to deal in anticlimax.

Rather it would be a battle of Titans, a struggle of gods, and who shall say what horse would be under the rose-blanket after the hoofs had thundered through the stretch and the dust had drifted away?

Professor, I'm Through

Continued from page 64

which they would have learned something of actual significance to themselves. It can be done. There are forms of entertainment not dominated by the comedian's pun, but I would guarantee to work even Fred Allen into a program which would not "teach" history, but would show the actual relation between King John of England and the man in Cloverdale, Missouri, who is trying to get federal aid for his mortgaged farm. And Ben Bernie, too, if necessary.

What I am thinking of is not a mere dramatization of the scandals of history, but a creation in radio's terms of the connection between the past and the present, ourselves and the crimes and magnificences of our forerunners on the earth. I think that something can be done there, which would take history away from the historians and something could be done to take literature away from the critics and the professors; as for taking economics away from the economists, I am not so hopeful and I am afraid that until we have a government which has imposed a single economic theory on all the taxpayers, the effort would be futile.

It would not educate listeners in philosophy to be told that Socrates had a scolding wife and Kant was absent-minded. The way to arrive at Plato's and Socrates' conception of Justice is to read the first book of *The Republic*, not to have it read to you or condensed for you or translated for you. From the air, you might, with luck, get the idea that it would interest you to read Plato's account.

But not from the air or elsewhere would you get the idea that it would be fun to read the *Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason.*

There are dozens of places to get education and very few to get entertainment. So if we have to smack the radio down, let us do it with a definite purpose: to raise its level of entertainment. To make entertainment so inclusive that everything interesting to the average mind will be in it—so that while we are entertained, something relevant to our own problems may filter through to us. But no lessons, thank you, and no, damn you, no lectures.

These Too Shall Live

Continued from page 62

deck and stared forward. Amidships, on hands and knees, sprawled Francis, his head wagging from side to side like a dog's tail. Mouthing, he pawed at the bottom boards; stuck his fingers between the slats; dabbled them in the bilge water and licked them.

Again the scream—mounting—ended by a rattling syllabic muttering.

Halford came below; Andrews and Muir were almost too weak to move. Together they got Francis over on to his back on the bottom boards and pillowed his head on a ragged shirt. The man looked at them out of preternaturally burning eyes and muttered meaningless phrases.

They gave him double rations—two spoonsful of the dried potatoes—and as much water as he would drink, and one of the four watched him until his tortured mind grooved slowly back to sanity.

There was still more travail, but it was supererogation; the sea had done its worst and left them wrecks of men.

Their "food"—the mealy mass of evaporated potatoes—gave out completely on the twenty-fifth day out of Ocean Island. So, too, did all but a slim, slim hope. Talbot had almost given up faith in his navigation; he still kept his dead reckoning, but he found himself too weak to work out his position by observation. Halford, with occasional relief from Talbot, Muir and Andrews, and later from Francis, held the course slightly east of south. The sun blazed its path across sky; the cockleshell rode on.

On the evening of the twenty-sixth day as the men lay with suppurating sores, their bellies bulging unelastic and dead-fish-white from famine—a "booby" lighted on the gunwale and stared curiously at Halford at the tiller. The bird was almost within reach of the coxswain, but Halford's hand was weak and trembling. A slow stealthy shifting of position—a quick movement, a sudden squawk—and Halford had the "booby" by the neck. Holding the tiller pressed between elbow and ribs he wrung the bird's neck, roughly tore off its feathers and half-cut, half-tore it into five rudely equal parts. Raw and bleeding the men ate it with relish.

Thirty-six hours later at daybreak of the twenty-eighth day the coxswain held the tiller again. Round and beneath him lay a crew of spectres dying. Something wet and cold brushed against Halford's cheek, plopped on deck. It was a tiny flying fish. Halford grabbed the wiggling fish and crammed it down his throat, still almost half-alive. In a moment a school of them came "skipping along." Halford brushed five or six of them down the after hatch and the men ate them raw; it was the last meal of the crew of the *Saginaw's* gig.

At sun-up on the twenty-eighth day out —Friday morning, December 16—Halford sighted land. It rose first as a dim blur to the northeast—another cloud probably—broad on the port quarter. Halford altered course but made no report to the living skeletons below. The cloud persisted, took shape, mounted out of the blue of the sea, was outlined against the sunlight—LAND! Almost they had passed it in the night.

Talbot staggered on deck; the gig steered north by east, beating back against the wind. The men below stirred uneasily with the news, but could do little to trim the sails. Halford and Talbot managed; Halford usually at the tiller—a gaunt Viking now, nourished on sperm oil.

All that day the gig reversed its course, the land taking shape out of the sea. Talbot, propping the binoculars on the hatch coaming, tentatively made it out as Kawaihua Rock on the southern end of Niihau, Sandwich Islands. That night and all day Saturday the sea played with them as a cat teases a mouse. The wind—with them for a thousand miles—was against them now, blowing off the land. They were blown out to sea again, yet kept the land in sight. Almost they despaired, but not quite. Saturday night they headed the buffeted gig as much into the wind as the creaking masts would stand and held her on an east-sou'east course. Sunday—thirty days out of Ocean Island—the famished men, the wind permitting, put her on a sou'east course with the island of Kauai in sight. The sun sank with the features of the land clearly distinguishable Sunday night, and Talbot thanked God.

He talked much of God "and the like of that," Talbot did, as the quick twilight faded briefly into dusk, and to Halford he gave instructions for the thousandth time as to what to do in case anything happened to him.

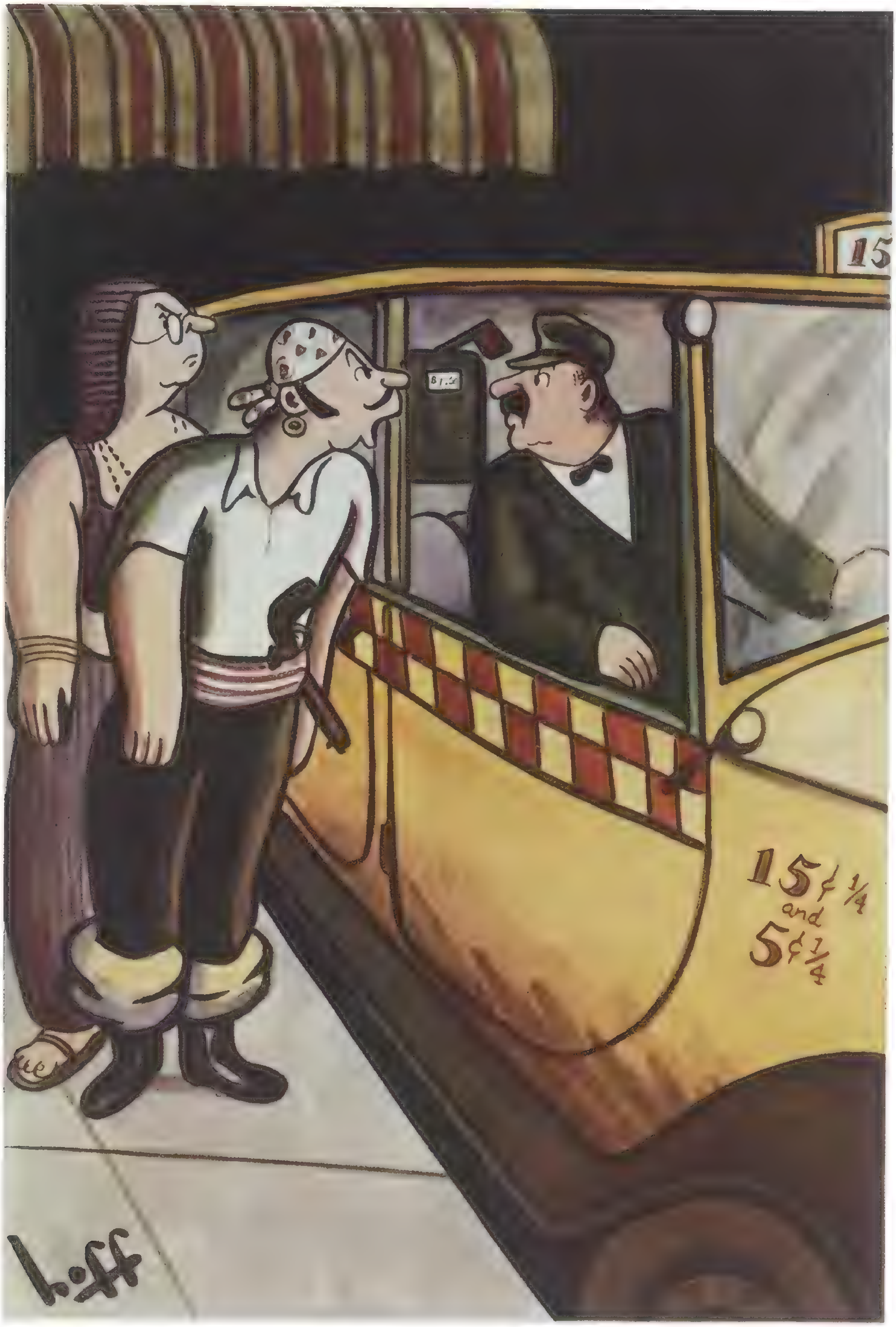
Halford nodded and went below to stretch out uneasily on the bottom boards, while Francis, recovered but weak, held the gig hove to with head to the northwest. At eleven o'clock Halford came on deck again to take his trick at the tiller. The boat had drifted closer to shore; the night was clear and Halford called Talbot and told him he could distinguish the entrance to Hanalei harbor. Talbot "ordered the boat to be kept away and steered for the entrance."

But the sea was not through with them yet. At one a.m. on Monday as Halford's watch was ending, the sky clouded over and the outline of the land was dimmed. Talbot, who came on deck with Andrews and Francis, Halford's reliefs, again ordered the boat hove to. Halford went below, but tossed restlessly on the bottom boards; sound sleep had long been to them all something they once had experienced—as if in a dream—long, long ago. Twice more Halford knew from the gig's motion that the boat was kept away toward the land, then hove to. At two a.m. he felt long rollers surge beneath the keel and lick on towards the land; their dull boom as they broke was a sound ominous and new after a month of slatting sails and raging winds. Halford called Muir, weak and "cracking," and joined the others on deck. Muir stayed below. Just as Halford crawled aft to the cockpit and stuck his head up through the hatch, "a sea broke aboard aft." The gig was in the breakers!

"Put your helm down; haul aft your main sheet and get out of this!" Talbot's feeble voice shouting his last commands.

Halford hauled aft the main sheet; Francis put the tiller hard over and slowly the boat's bow swung round into the wind. Just as the gig was swinging a roaring roller broke aboard. The cockleshell was snatched and flung landward and skyward—bottom up. End of all hopes. Foam-blinded, feeble, Andrews and Francis were hurled into the sea and disappeared in the smother. Riding the backs of the rollers the gig was swept shoreward, Talbot clawing feebly at its bilge, Halford clinging to the bow, Muir trapped under the deck beneath the overturned boat. Talbot—weak arms trembling—weighted down by the drag of his heavy clothing, tried to pull himself to the stern and climb up on the slimy boat's bottom. Almost he succeeded. But the curling ringlets of foam from the waves' crests washed over his dark head; salt spume filled his nostrils. Dim

Continued on page 117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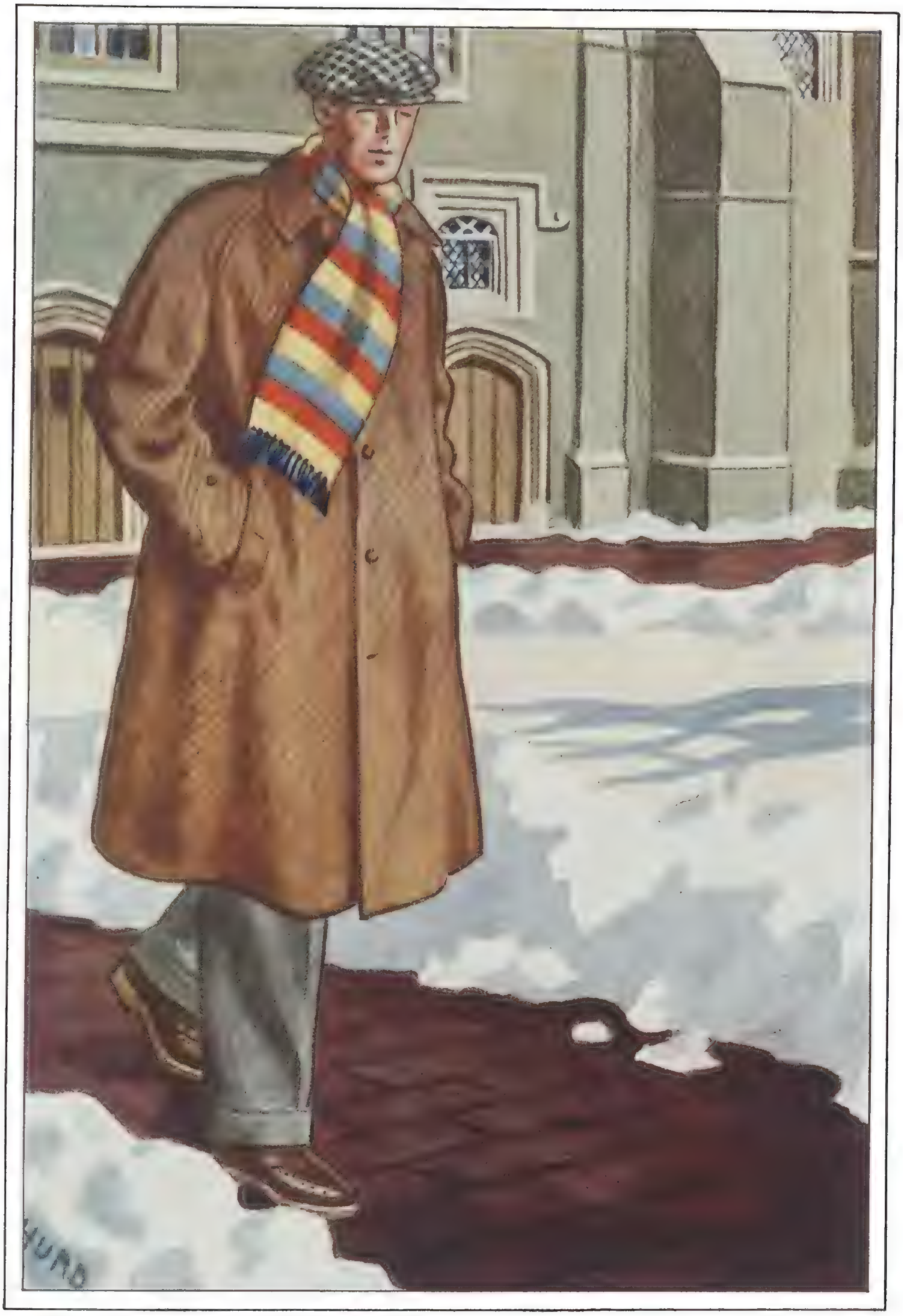


THE CAP HAS COME BACK TO THE CAMPUS

Granted that the brown felt hat is still the usual thing on all the college quadrangles, it is none the less significant that caps have been taken up at eastern universities by those undergraduate leaders whose example soon creates acceptance for the unusual thing. This small shaped plaid cap with one-piece top has already made the first jump on the usual course followed by authentic fashions for university men, having become a standard item with the undergraduates at Oxford and Cambridge. The coat is the heavy tweed balmacaan which is well established in the favor of eastern university men. It has a separate camel's hair interlining. With it is worn a grey cheviot suit, heavy brown calf brogues with crepe soles and heels, and a crocheted wool muffler in club or regimental stripings. The balmacaan coat is very definitely a major fashion feature and may be expected to be seen in increasing numbers.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

These Too Shall Live

Continued from page 114

dreams of faraway Ocean Island, of Captain Sicard, of the hardships past, swept like phantasmagoria through his mind. Of the hardships past, thank God—God—God—where was he? He sighed and opened his mouth to swallow the salt. Talbot's crooked fingers loosed their hold. Slowly he sank.

The gig was righted by another wave. Halford scrambled on deck; Muir, purple in the face and muttering, stuck his head up the after hatch. Halford helped him out.

Succeeding breakers capsized the boat again, twirling her over and over, flinging Halford and Muir shoreward in a flume of foam. The masts of the gig snapped off; a hole was smashed in the bow which had sturdily breasted eighteen hundred miles of blue water. With a last rush of water the boat was righted; the two men still clinging to the hatch coaming. The sea had finished; past the worst of the breakers the gig, with her clutching pair, floated gently, half-full of water, towards the beach. So she came into port—dismasted, water-logged, stove in; three of her five gone, and of the two remaining—one naked, blood streaming from a deeply-gashed leg, panting, but still unbeaten; the other a wreck of a man, head battered, face purple, crazily muttering. Thus the gig ended her cruise at 2:30 a. m. Monday, Dec. 19, 1870, thirty-one days out of Ocean Island.

Halford slipped breast-high into the shallow water and waded to shore, taking with him the tin despatch case. He returned again to the silently drifting gig and half-hoisted, half-dragged Muir, who was muttering incoherently and groaning "a great deal," to the beach. Muir collapsed on the sand; Halford pillowed his shipmate's head on a coat and waded back to the boat again, and again, and again, bringing ashore in his five trips what was left of the precious paraphernalia of the cruise—the chronometer, the binoculars, the compasses. Far overhead the tropic stars twinkled; to the east a faint gray burgeoned as Halford tottering with exhaustion, made his last trip and sank, fainting to the beach.

The coxswain slept the complete sleep of utter weariness pillowed in the soft sand until the sun shone warmly on the beach of Kalihi Kai (Kalihiwai). Struggling to his feet, rubbing the sleep from his eyes, Halford looked for Muir and found him "gone from the place" he had left him. The coxswain walked a staggering walk—his legs strange to the land—down the beach, looking for the last of his comrades. He found Muir soon, "surrounded by several natives but he was dead and very black in the face."

* * *

Christmas Day, 1870, on the sandy wastes of Ocean Island the crew of the *Saginaw* spent in somewhat gloomy contemplation. The officers donned their best uniforms—salt-soaked and faded—to stroll amongst the sand dunes; Assistant Engineer Blye cut up into bits three cigars, all that remained of his store, and gave them out as Christmas presents. Some of the men stuffed leaves and dried bark in the community clay pipe and had their after-dinner smoke.

The next ten days passed with work on the schooner, whose stark wooden frames were rapidly taking shape out of the débris from a previous wreck, supplemented by timbers saved from the *Saginaw*. It was a morose period. The seals were fast being depleted; the staples were practically exhausted; the albatross were wary. Help should have arrived before.

On the evening of January 3, a steamer was sighted standing toward the island. It was soon recognized as the *Kilauea*, "a vessel belonging to the King of the Sandwich Islands," Captain Thomas Long, commanding. The steamer stood away from the dangerous coral reef that night, while ashore around a great bonfire the shipwrecked mariners celebrated. The gig had gone through! Captain Sicard and his men ate their last supper on the island—a holiday ration of salt pork, goonies' flesh, flour and beans—joyously.

The next morning, with the crew—bearded and bronzed—lined up in front of the flagpole, their tattered uniforms patched and motley, Captain Sicard advanced to the water's edge to meet Captain Long, who was rowed ashore in his whaleboat from the *Kilauea*. The two captains greeted each other cordially and then conversed together earnestly in low tones. Then, with heads down, as if in "sober thought," they walked slowly up the beach towards the waiting company. Captain Sicard raised his hand, took off his salt-crusted, faded uniform cap and said "in a tremulous voice":

"Men, I have the great sorrow to announce to you that we have been saved at a great sacrifice. Lieutenant Talbot and three of the gig's crew are dead—"

His voice trailed off into orders for the embarkation, and as he stopped, Captain Sicard bowed his head. A "low murmur of grief passed along the line."

Deserter from the Legion

Continued from page 79

avoided by civilians like a plague. Hated by the natives and avoided by all other civilians there, the Legioneer had to depend always upon his comrades for companionship. An Englishman there, upon learning that I was an American, made a habit of dropping his *London Times* and cigarettes at certain times when we passed each other. Written at the top on one of the papers, in hastily scribbled words, I found a note. "It would be fatal to my business connections here to come in closer contact with a Legioneer. The things that I accidentally drop are for you. I hope that I may be able to help you in some way. Please do not take offense at my necessary aloofness," it read. This man was later to do me a great favor, which made my escape from the Legion possible.

The natives hated the Legioneers for many reasons. It was the Legion that had taken Siada in years past; they could never forget that, but their enmity seemed to be against us instead of France. Then, too, the Legioneer was always hungry and would steal food whenever the opportunity came. Gardens anywhere were not safe and after dark had to be guarded.

I began to be assigned to regular guard duty now, sometimes in the barracks, but most often in the Village Negre. The Village Negre is the lower native quarter, where vice runs riot. The bans on the village have been lifted to the Legioneer since the world war and it is here that the Legion has most of its trouble—murders among its men, fights and trouble with the natives. The women of the Village are the only types who will associate with the Legioneers.

Early in the evening the Sergeant of the Guard stationed ten of us there. We were never allowed cartridges, but only empty rifles and bayonets. Late one evening trouble started in one of the dens. A party of drunken Legioneers had gotten into a fight with the natives. *Gendarmes* arrived and came hurriedly for our aid. The sergeant ordered us to use our rifles as clubs and to try to prevent casualties.

We were led into a huge court about eighty feet by sixty and surrounded by high walls. Here the fight was madly raging. Legioneers, badly outnumbered, were getting the worst of it. The natives were fighting with knives and sticks and our men were using fists and whatever weapons they could pick up. Already four of them lay on the floor in pools of blood. Striking with our rifles, the *gendarmes* firing into the air, we succeeded in driving the natives back and in surrounding our little group of battered soldiers. The natives, still outnumbering us and armed with dangerous knives made ready for another rush. Bayonets were fixed to scare them off, the sight of which did not affect them for they had worked themselves into a frenzy. We were ordered to use our bayonets when they charged.

At first I was terribly frightened but the thought of self-preservation prevailed. I thrust at the first man who came at me. My bayonet struck his throat and he went down writhing in awful agony. The natives gave back and about twenty of them lay on the ground. Warm blood ran down my rifle barrel and when it touched my hand I almost fainted. I dropped the rifle and the sergeant made me pick it up. A section from the barracks arrived, restoring order and placing the Legioneers under arrest. Our guard was marched back to headquarters and to the infirmary for examination of wounds. I found very much to my surprise a deep knife wound in my right arm. Four Legioneers and eleven natives had died. Feelings ran high and all Legioneers were refused leave to the town for a week.

On picking up a half empty pack of cigarettes dropped by my English friend a few days later, I found it contained a twenty franc note and the address of a British official on the Mediterranean Coast. There was no message but I knew he had written this man and wanted me to do likewise, in case I ever tried to desert. I wrote this official, being very careful to mail the letter outside the barracks. A few days later I got an answer in an officially sealed envelope, which our mail sergeant did not open. If he had,

Continued on page 118

Deserter from the Legion

Continued from page 117

he would have gained nothing as the letter was written in a clever way. It mentioned ungarrisoned towns on the route to his port; also certain dates on which ships arrived there. He said he would be glad to have me visit him, at a certain address if it were ever possible. This was the very information I needed in case I should ever desert and it was the reason for my success when I did. Carefully and unobserved I sewed the letter in the cuff of my military overcoat.

I had come to the Legion for adventure and had found that all the stories of the Legion from which I had obtained my information, were fictitious. The glamour and romance of the Legion did not exist except in books. Bitterly disappointed I had made up my mind to get away if the opportunity ever came. I do not believe that I ever came in contact with a Legioneer who did not want to get away. It is one of the most discussed topics among the men, especially the English speaking Legioneers. Our Commandant in speaking to us, at Sidi-Bel-Abbes when we had first started training, once said that if we ever tried to desert and were successful, it would be treated as a sporting proposition once we got over the border. He said, also, that desertions from the Legion were next to impossible; that he knew of three successful desertions in the history of the Legion.

Several days later I wrote another letter. While I had been a student in the University of Virginia, Lady Astor had come there to visit her old home and while there had been a guest at the University. I had met her and she had asked us to call on her for any help she might give if any of us ever came to England. So I wrote telling her of my joining the Legion and of my plan for getting away. I do not know just why I wrote that letter, but it proved one of my greatest helps in desertion.

Then came the French holiday of July 14th. Extra issues of wine and food were given. All soldiers were excused from duty until late afternoon when we were ordered into parade formation. The band struck up its most inspiring marches and after the *Marsellaise* was played, the officers began calling for volunteers to Morocco. Our training was over; we were now regular Legioneers.

Those who volunteered stepped twenty paces forward and formed a new line. I do not know whether it was the wine or the music, or the monotonous life, but I volunteered for Moroccan service. Only a very few remained behind. The dentist and medical doctor examined us and any physical defects were corrected if possible. We received new equipment, new rifles and new cork helmets for desert wear. Our duties were light for three days and then before daylight on the fourth morning we were called out, formed and given steel jacket cartridges. This time our officers were present when the march began and we were off to the Moroccan front. My hopes for any immediate escape from the Legion died.

* * *

Two months from the day we marched from the little Fort at Siada, we found ourselves in the Northern Central part of French Morocco. We had been taken by rail as far as there were railroads and after that we had marched for many miles.

In going through a very rough hilly section a few days later we came suddenly upon the largest force of the enemy we had yet encountered. There were possibly three hundred mounted Arabs waiting, ready to attack. We immediately went into a defensive position on a hill, and this position gave us a slight advantage. The front ranks were lying on the ground; the rear ranks were kneeling. Two machine guns were set up. In ten minutes we were ready and none too soon, for with blood curdling yells the enemy charged. They were riding at top speed. Lances and sabres flashing but their rifles were still swinging at their backs. We opened fire. Horses and men began to go down. They had made a mistake by allowing us to reach our vantage point, but on they came. When they reached the slope of the hill our machine gunners opened a withering fire and the enemy's losses became so heavy they had to turn off and riding as fast as their horses could run they soon disappeared. They had not fired a single shot and they had lost eighty men, approximately, while we had not suffered an injury. I could not help but compare these Moroccan warriors with the American Indian in our early western history. These men, we found later, were of the more distant desert tribes who had never known military discipline or modern methods of war.

A strong guard was posted that night, for we feared a night attack. All men were ordered to sleep in their equipment with rifles ready. I came in from my guard duty and had almost fallen asleep when I was awakened by cries for help, horrible frightened cries of men being suddenly awakened. There came cries of Allah! Allah! Bugles sounded, men sprang up and all was confusion. An attack had been made on the lower end of the camp. I was fortunate enough to be at the opposite end of the camp. The men of my section being the first formed, went forward with other sections joining us. Bayonets fixed, we charged, but in the confusion and darkness, we injured quite a number of our own men before we succeeded in driving out the enemy. They had crawled into the camp in the darkness, cut down our guards and then silently set at work horribly cutting to pieces sleeping Legioneers. They had been quite successful in their attack before the alarm was raised. We suffered over fifty casualties. Detachments were sent in pursuit but with no success, as the night was very dark. Morning revealed the horrible work of the cruel razor-edged knives of the Moroccans. The sight was too much for the new soldier. I became violently ill.

We buried our dead as best we could, brushing the ground over their graves, to camouflage them in order to keep the Moroccans from finding the bodies, digging them up and butchering them again. The Moroccan warrior is the cruelest in the world. The butchered soldiers we found later were usually without ears and without eyes or noses. Many were disemboweled and filled with sand, in all probability while still alive.

It was with great relief that a few days later we reached our destination. Here we were quartered in a small captured village, the natives having completely deserted it upon its capture. This meant not only safety and rest, but also water and food. Our food supply and water were almost entirely exhausted. We had been on the march for four months.

In two weeks all reinforcements had come in, and we were now ready for our offensive on the Moroccans, Abd-El-Krim's strongest forces. These men we had heard were taught modern methods of warfare. We were now ourselves quite an army. Most of the main fighting force of the First Regiment and detachments of the Second Regiment were seasoned fighting men. There were also detachments from the French Colonial Troops, The Trailers and Spahis. The latter is one of the finest cavalry organizations known, being made up of expert horsemen and fighters. These two units, however, operate separately from the Legion and are considered quite superior to men of the Legion, although not as to its fighting ability.

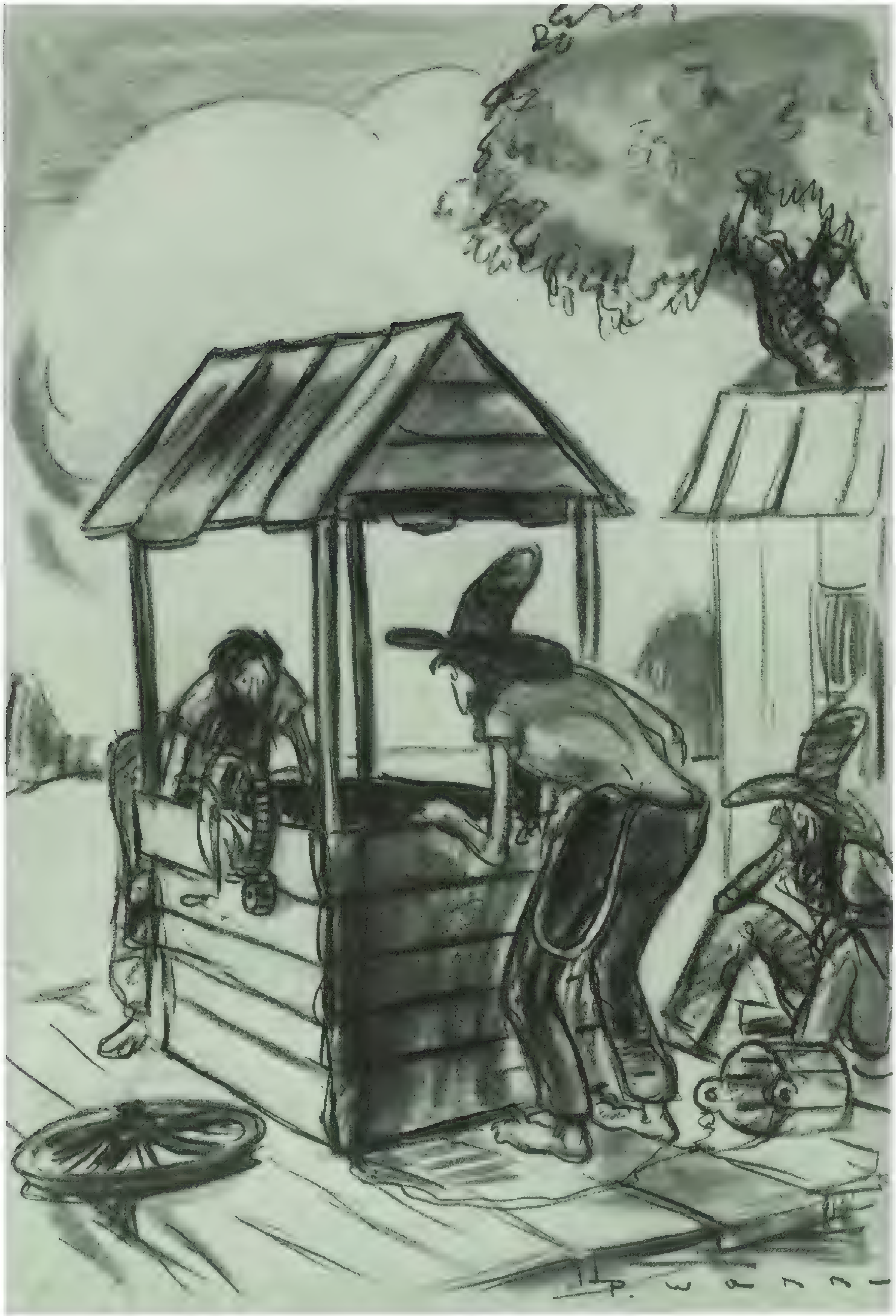
Our advance guard took an enemy scouting party by surprise and brought in eight prisoners. These men, while dressed in their native costumes, were equipped with modern rifles and with bandoliers of cartridges. One of these rifles I noticed was a Springfield. The men carried no bayonets, but they had murderous knives in their belts.

We were ordered at once into action. My detachment was one of the first to move forward. I was given two cases of hand grenades. My rifle was taken away, leaving me with only a bayonet for defense. That night we took up a position opposite the enemy.

We lay there until nearly nine o'clock and not a shot was fired. The enemy was plainly on the defensive. Orders were sent to us to advance. My corporal told me to throw my grenades as truly as possible when within easy distance of the enemy. When the signal to advance came, I felt cold all over but managed to move with the rest. Forward we went and in a few minutes the entire hill opposite seemed to blaze with rifle fire. Steel jackets sang through the air. Men began to fall on all sides. Then, distinctly above the rifle fire we caught the sound of machine gunning; without a doubt it was from the enemy. This was the first time the Moroccans had used machine guns in their warfare. They were using them now with deadly effect. We had gone but a hundred yards when we were ordered to throw up our packs as protectors and to entrench as best we could.

I dug in as deeply as possible, throwing the dirt and sand upon my pack for protection. Fortunately I was able to get my whole body into comparative safety. I had no rifle to fire back and hand grenades were useless at this distance. Hot sand flew into my face from ricochetting bullets. I looked up as I heard a ripping sound. My heavy pack which was barely three feet above was ripped to pieces by machine gun bullets. This gave me a chance to look back and to see what a terrible loss of men we had in that short advance. I sank down giving myself up for lost. It seemed we were there for eternity, in that trench, but in reality it was only a few minutes.

Part two of this two-part story will appear next month.



"Gawda'mighty, Gran'ma—Pa's bin lookin' all over hell fer you"

Lo, The Poor Lyric Writer

Continued from page 47

thusiastic about *My Sweetie Turned Me Down*, but we had a very difficult time persuading him to take the song we had just finished. *My Sweetie Turned Me Down* did not do so well—but the step-child song happened to be *Yes Sir, That's My Baby.*

When we wrote *My Buddy*, our publisher told us that it was a swell song but that the war was over. He published the song under protest, and it turned out to be one of the few of which I personally am very proud.

Al Jolson, one of the first to sing this song, heard it and hated it. Two or three days after he told me this, he phoned me to say that the song haunted him and he just had to sing it. He did so, to the delight of many thousands.

There has been a lot of controversy about the *Carioca* of which I was one of the writers. No one seems to know where the word came from nor what it meant.

I would love to tell you and if I ever find out I will. I only know that Vincent Youmans wrote a melody to the title which was given him by Anne Caldwell and Lou Brock. They told me it was a new dance.

Never having learned any of the old dances, this certainly was a big help to me. However, the melody was so delightful that it put me in a dancing mood. And as my feet were never intended for that purpose, I used a pencil.

While Walter Donaldson and I were writing the songs for the Eddie Cantor picture *Kid Millions*, we were in a conference with Mr. Cantor and Mr. Samuel Goldwyn. I suggested the idea of the song, *When My Ship Comes In.* During the conference as to how it was going to be written, we all talked a great deal and I made up some lines as I went along for example. At the end of an hour or so, we found out that the song was finished and we had better start a new conference.

To be in a conference with Eddie Cantor and watch him bounce around the room just as he bounces around the stage when you see him is the greatest "pep-er up-er" in the world. He is so full of enthusiasm—so sure that you are going to get just the lines he wants—that you haven't the heart to disappoint him.

And Samuel Goldwyn who is credited with making most of the comical conversational mistakes in Hollywood, incidentally, in his own peculiar way, packs plenty of wisdom, showmanship and real art in his conversation.

He is a tough, a slave-driver, and has you working and worrying twenty-four hours a day, but when you write something that pleases him, you can feel quite positive that it is going to please the American public.

I presume that there are people who are interested in the methods of the various song writers. I have had the pleasure of collaborating with George Gershwin, Vincent Youmans, Harry Warren, Ted Fiorito, Isham Jones, Herbert Stothart, Richard Whiting, Harry Woods, and, of course, my regular side-kick, Walter Donaldson, and most of the melody writers of America. I should be able to tell you something about their methods, but as far as I have been able to discover they have none. Like Topsy, it seems that songs just grow.

As for my own routine in song writing, I have written them on street-cars, trains, subways, ships, in offices, studios, at home, on the sidewalk, on the golf course and wherever else I happened to be when something resembling an idea came to me.

I do not know from whence they come, nor why. I only worry when they do not come.

Lyric writing starts as a hobby, becomes a profession and finally develops into a habit. If you are not prepared for endless toil, countless disappointments and a very uncertain income, never write lyrics.

Let me take all these things because I am old and tough. And besides, it's much more glamorous to write melodies. So—write melodies, and if they are good, send them to me.

Home! Home!

Continued from page 45

leaned out of bed a little to pat his knee.

"Listen, sweet," she said, "never mind what I say. I'd probably like him fine. He's probably fine."

George was immediately happy again. "Sure!" he said so heartily that Grace was startled. "Sure. You'll see. You'll like him swell. I remember how it used to be there. What times we used to have! . . . You know, I haven't been out with the crowd at all since we been living at the old lady's." He nodded, reckoning. "It's been a year. Think of that . . . Boy! Will it seem swell to see the crowd again?" He smiled into Grace's eyes. "God. You know everybody in the hotel knew me. Even the boogie that used to polish the brass. You know, I used to walk in there at night and . . ." He squinted and shook his head. "Well, it just felt good."

Grace nodded absently, watching him as if she were hearing something more than the mere words. But he went on without noticing.

"It was the nuts, too, to walk into that dining-room. You'll see. Just sit there and they bring you just what you want. You know, this waitress used to know just what I wanted every time. Then there'd be Phil Terry or Fats Aldrich sitting in there. That Fats was one funny guy. What cracks he used to make at anybody that went by! We used to always sit in this special corner. And if anybody else came in and wanted one of those tables?" He made a question of it, lifting his hand. "Say! What a chance!"

He stopped to laugh and Grace kept staring at him with the same look of wonder.

"Listen," she said. "You're just crazy to get back to that place, aren't you?"

"Well," he said. "Why not? I liked it there. That was the best place I ever lived."

"You never should have got married."

"Oh, why do you always take things that way? Can't I say I liked the place? Does that mean I don't like you too? My God! Why do you always get sore?"

"I'm not sore, George. But you just want to realize you're married and got a baby . . ."

"Oh, nuts," said George.

"Listen," said Grace. "Don't get sore. I'm just telling you. I had to give up a lot of things. Not that I'm sorry or anything. But you just don't seem to realize. You want to remember that you're married too. You can't be running around with that crowd at the *Chatterton* all the time like you used to."

"Oh, all right," said George. "All right. Let's not fight about it. My God. I knew what I was doing when I married you. Don't you suppose I'd of stayed single if I wanted to rat around with those muzzlers all the time?"

"All right, George," said Grace, softly.

George held her hand, staring at the white counterpane, pouting slightly like a misunderstood child. Grace smiled at him and kept giving his hand little squeezes. In this way, the rest of the visiting time passed swiftly and without their hearing her approach, the little smiling nurse was there to say, "Nine o'clock."

* * *

They woke everyone up at five to bathe them. At that hour the world seemed chilly and strange and Grace usually hated to be awake. But after the bath and the first feeding there was time for a nap until breakfast. Breakfast was not so exciting as dinner, but sometimes there was a different cereal. All forenoon, and all day when there were no visitors, the other women chattered at the nurses and each other. None of them seemed to listen. They just waited their turns to talk. Usually they talked about their husbands and Grace was amazed that so few of them cared for their husbands at all. They discussed them frankly, and even angrily sometimes, to anyone who would listen. When they spoke to Grace she would pretend to be sleeping.

But this morning was different. Grace hardly slept all night. A faraway clock struck three and the next thing she knew the nurse was standing over her. She felt glad at once, for she was going home. She had to talk to someone and when the fat lady in the next bed smiled and said, "Well, you're going home today," Grace sat up and smiled back at her.

"Better than that," she said. "I'm going to my new house. I haven't even seen it yet."

"Oh, you're going to have a house?"

"Oh, no. I don't mean a real, separate house. I just said that. We'll have an apartment, I suppose. Three rooms, I think."

"And you haven't even seen it, huh?"

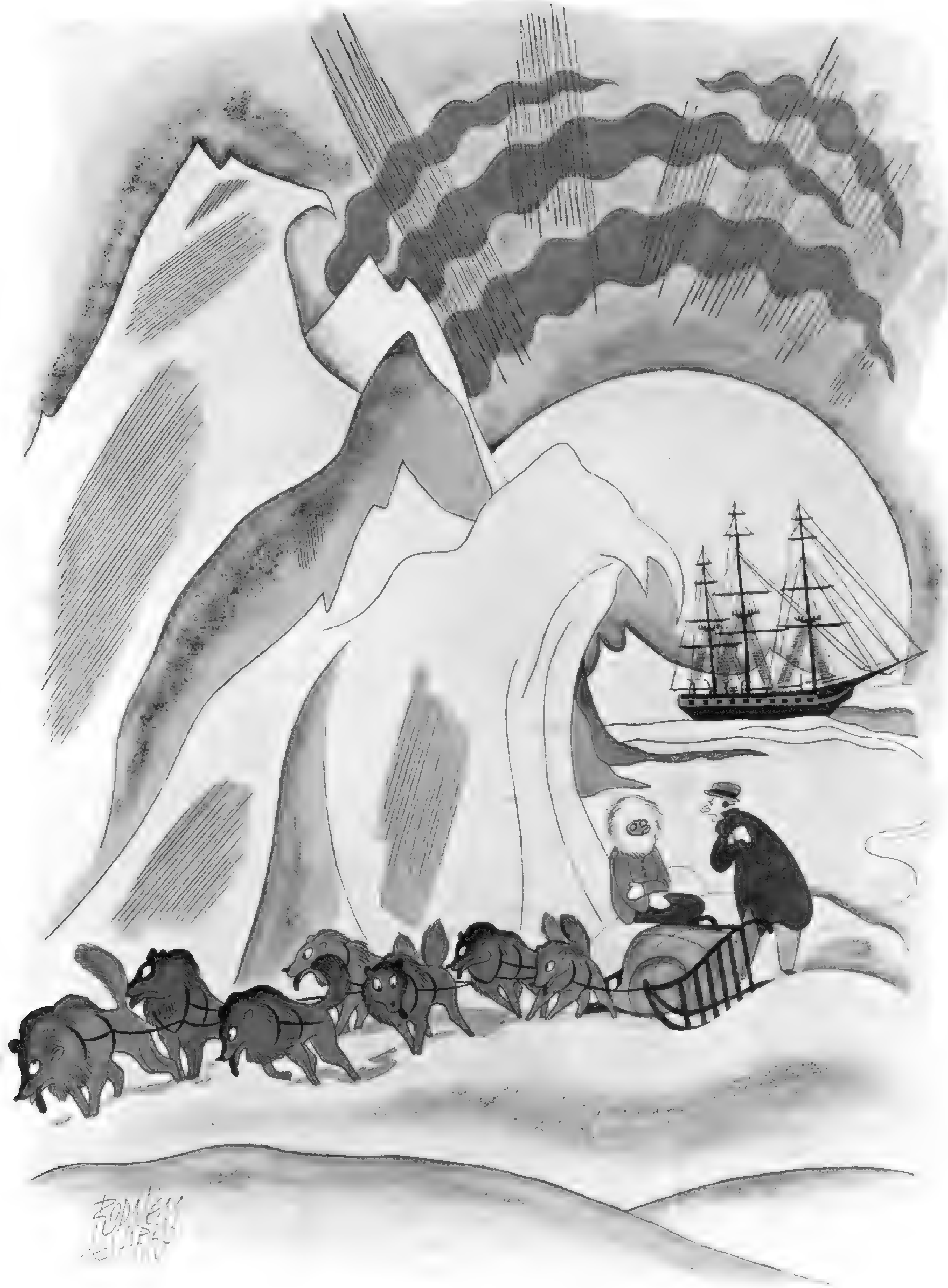
"No, I haven't. My husband was going to find it. But I've been thinking just what it'll be like."

"In Brooklyn?" said the fat lady, smiling.

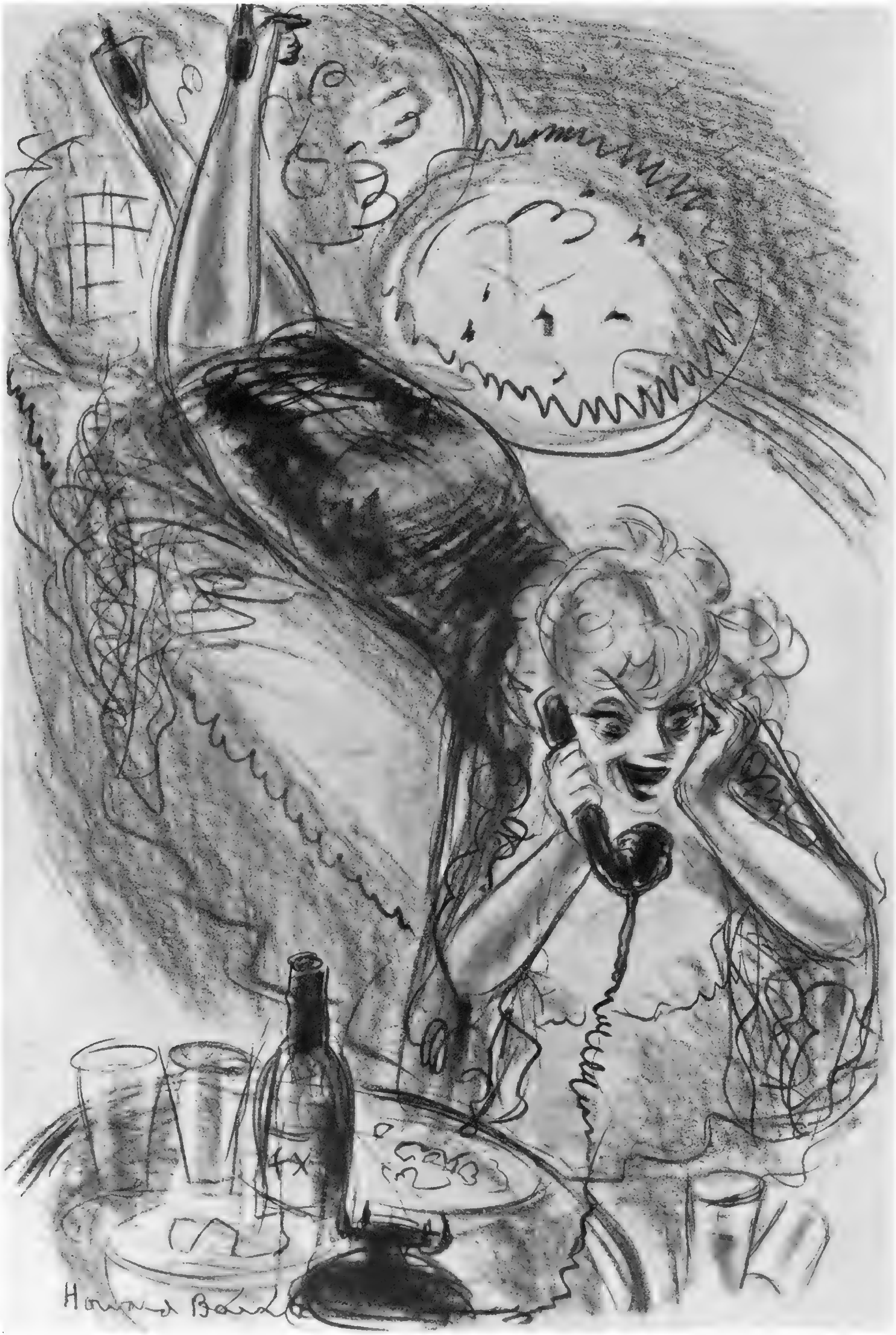
"I don't know," Grace laughed. "That's the funny part of it. I don't know where it is even. It's all going to be a surprise. But George said it would be all ready to move in. Furniture and all."

"Oh, ain't that nice?" said the fat lady.

Continued on page 123



"I'm from the Never Fail Collection Agency"


Howard Baer

"I've been here three weeks and seen everything but New York"

Home! Home!

Continued from page 120

"It'll be so nice for the baby. You'll start off all new."

"Yes," said Grace. "I'm figuring on three rooms. I figure on three because George knows what I want. I've told him often enough. But he doesn't say. He wants to surprise me. I figure we'll let the baby have one room all to himself. We can sleep in the other room and have it for a living-room, too. I think it's better that way."

"Sure, sure," said the fat lady. "You want the baby should have a room of his own. Even if you only got a little, I always say that baby comes first."

"Well," said Grace. "I think a three-room apartment is quite a good sized place. I think it's plenty big enough. I wouldn't want more."

"No, no," said the fat lady. "Three rooms is enough to take care of. Especially when you got a baby."

"We'll eat in the kitchen. I've been telling George I wanted to be sure we had a real kitchen. All those three-room apartments have real-sized kitchens."

"I know," the fat lady said. "In my place . . ."

Grace went right on, for she was really talking to herself.

"I think it will be wonderful really to have a real kitchen all to yourself. You know I think it's so important to cook all the baby's food so carefully. You really have to have a kitchen."

"That's right," said the fat lady. "You got to. Them kitchenette things is no good. You can't cook nothing in them."

"That's the first thing I want to see," said Grace. "The kitchen. I have an idea what it'll be like. I've been telling George. All of those new apartments have those nice white gas ranges. And such big roomy sinks with a place for dishes. And tubs."

The fat lady laughed.

"You'll need tubs all right," she said. "There'll be lots of diapers."

"Yes," said Grace. "I'm glad we'll have a kitchen. You know, I can't understand how some of these people get along. People that have babies in these old tenements where they don't have tubs or kitchens or anything. I don't know how they do it."

"Well," the fat lady smiled. "I guess it ain't easy. But some of them don't know no better. A lot of them foreigners and things. That's all they're used to."

"The room for the baby is a big thing too. That's important, I think. It'll be so nice in the evenings to have your own little place and sit there and listen to the radio and all. And not disturb the baby at all. Oh, it'll be like heaven." Grace laughed out loud. "I just can't wait to see it. It'll be just like heaven."

* * *

In the taxi, George held the baby very gingerly, trying to keep it in the exact position the nurse had demonstrated. It was a very tiny bundle and weighed almost nothing. Grace kept lifting the corner of the blanket to peer at the little sleeping face. The nurse had said the blanket must be kept right over its face, but that didn't seem altogether safe so Grace kept lifting it to make sure the baby got air.

Now that they were really headed home, Grace was almost too nervous to talk. Her insides were all a-flutter. She kept smiling at George, afraid he would start to tell her about the place. And she didn't want to be told anything about it. She wanted to walk in and see everything for herself without knowing what it would be like. She tried to think of something to ask George to keep him from talking about the new place.

"Listen, George," she said, "you got those diapers all right?"

George laughed.

"My God," he said. "Will you stop worrying about that? I got two dozen, just like you said. I don't know what the hell you want so many for."

"So many? Why that's not anything. You know how many most people have? Four dozen. You can't have too many diapers. You don't know him. Why, he has to be changed every ten minutes. And you have to boil them, too. You just can't rinse them out and hang them on a chair. You have to boil them and put them out in the sun."

"You do? What for? What do you have to boil them for?"

Grace gasped.

"What for! Why, you *have* to boil them. Why, it's awful not to boil them." Grace's eyes were wide with horror. "Why, only somebody like a dirty old foreigner or something doesn't boil them. Why, it's *awful!*"

George turned angrily to face her.

"This is a hell of a time to spring it on me. Why the hell don't you tell me these things? God! You keep everything to yourself."

"Well, for heaven's sake, *you* don't have to worry about it. You don't have to boil any diapers. That's my job. That's only one of the nice, sweet jobs I'm going to have. I have to boil bottles, too, and mix formula and boil water for him to drink."

"Good God!" said George. "What a hell of a swell time to tell me this! What a hell of a nice surprise *this* is! Oh, boy!"

"Listen," said Grace. "What are you worrying about? You don't have to even lift your little finger. I'll do everything. You don't even have to touch the baby. You can just pretend he isn't there."

"Sure," said George, nasally sarcastic. "Just pretend he isn't there. My God! What a chance!"

Grace suddenly began to cry.

"Give him to me," she said. "Give him to me! Don't hold him! Don't even touch him."

George turned away as gently as he could and glanced nervously at the stolid neck of the driver.

"Aw, can it!" he said. "What're you trying to do? Scare the life out of the kid? Leave him alone."

"Well, you said you didn't want him," Grace sniffed.

"Nuts," George muttered.

Grace stared out the window. They were going down Broadway, just past Columbus Circle. The traffic was heavy and they were moving along very slowly. Each time they passed a street, Grace would say to herself, "Well, it's not there, anyway." She hoped they would not turn off anywhere here. She didn't want to live in this district.

The driver turned suddenly and slid the glass back, talking out of the corner of his mouth.

"Forty-sixth, ain't it?" he said.

"Yeah!" said George. "Right here."

Grace sat up and looked around. Something like terror clutched at her heart. There were no apartments near here—no decent apartments.

"Where are we going?" she said, weakly.

"Just down here a ways," George muttered.

As they swung into Forty-sixth and started along, Grace sat forward on the seat and watched out both sides. She was pale and trembling. She looked ahead and noted each house with steps leading up, trying to find a clean-looking apartment house. Perhaps, she thought, some of these places inside aren't so bad. Perhaps they have them fixed up. Anyway, as long as there's room enough we can get along. She could feel the sob in her throat and didn't dare talk. It'll be fixed up inside, she told herself. It won't be so bad. It'll have to be fixed up. If only they'd get out of this theatrical district. Just a few blocks farther. Just a few blocks.

But they slowed suddenly and swung into an open space along the curb. Grace looked out in dismay at a street-level doorway with great revolving doors. She looked behind them and saw only shops. Perhaps over a shop, she thought. Sometimes those places are all right. People just don't like to admit they live in cheap places. Sometimes they're . . . But the door opened and revealed a grinning young man in a gray brass-buttoned jacket.

"Well," he was saying, "so here you are. The whole family, huh?"

He took the baby out of George's arms very carefully as if he expected something might break.

"What . . . what . . ." Grace tried to speak.

"Here we are," said George, looking cheerfully at her for the bellhop's benefit. "Come on, hon."

Then Grace saw the neat white lettering on the young man's chest. *Hotel Chatterton.*

"George!" she gasped. "Is this . . . ? Oh, my God! No! Not here!"

George leaned into the cab again and hissed at her.

"Can it! Do you want everybody in town to hear you? I paid two weeks in advance here. What do you suppose they'll think?"

"Think?" Grace screamed. "I don't care what they think!" She leaned forward, crimson with fury. "Give me my baby! Give me him!"

The frightened bellhop handed the little bundle back. George would have interfered but he hesitated to lay hands on the baby.

"Get away! God damn you!" Grace screamed. "Get away!"

George backed off, purpling. He muttered to the bellhop and glanced furtively about at the people who had stopped to watch. Grace leaned forward and shouted to the driver.

"Please take me home! Quick! East One Hundred and Forty-ninth Street. Oh, please!" She held the baby close and mumbled to him. "Oh, my little baby. My own little baby."

"Anywhere you say," the driver called, tossing his head back and sliding the car into gear. "You're the doctor."

No Escape

Continued from page 52

with an ambulance to take you to the American Hospital in Neuilly where you will have comfort and where you can have your friends visit you every day. When you have recovered and have your convalescent leave come to see the Chief and he can fix something up for you."

"What do you mean, you toad? When I've had my 'convalo' I'll go to the Front again. I don't want any more of the Chief's dirty work. Or then again I may ask for my transfer to the American army now that the U. S. is in."

"Grand! Magnificent! That's just what the Chief wants you to do. That's ideal for the service. You should be well by the time the first Americans get here and with your experience and the recommendation we'll give you, you should get a very high place in their Intelligence. You can render great service to your compatriots and be of even greater service to us."

I howled at him, "Get out, you scum. I'd kill you for that if I could get up."

He grinned, "Sure, I know that. That's why I said it when you can't move. Now listen, *mon ami*, I've been kidding you. The Chief has a great deal of affection for you and feels you've done your share and more, both in our service and in your two enlistments in the Legion. When you re ready to get into harness again you have your choice of two jobs. The first is in the Intelligence Service of the American army. Some of their Intelligence officers are here already and the Chief has mentioned you to them in the most favorable terms. If you go with them your connection with us is severed completely except if they want you to serve in liaison between us. We can act in perfect frankness with them which we never could do with our present Allies. They are disinterested except as to the successful outcome of *this* war. Our Allies, on the contrary, are our neighbors and might be our enemies day after tomorrow. Look at the lineup: Ferdinand of Roumania, a Hohenzollern, on our side; Ferdinand of Bulgaria, a Bourbon, against us; Italy, a member of the Triple Alliance, now our Ally; England who wants Europe two equal armed camps so that her influence will control. Do you wonder there is all this espionage and counter-espionage going on? I repeat, you can be of service to your native land and to your adopted one."

"Well, Pierre, what's the other job? You said I have my choice."

"The other job is this. The Americans will not be able to bring their artillery over, and have adopted the 75. The Chief will have you transferred from the Legion to the artillery and you will go to Fontainebleau and take the courses there very thoroughly until you feel you have mastered the gun. American officers will be coming over this Autumn and you will aid in their instruction so that they in turn can instruct their men. You will go to the school as the ordinary cadet-officer but after your graduation as an Aspirant your promotion will be rapid so that you will rank the officers whom you are to teach. How does that appeal to you?"

"Not at all, Pierre, it means that I'll never see combatant service again. When I get up I'm going to the Legion. Do you realize that in my first enlistment I worked my way up to Sergeant and I'll go further when I go back."

"Oh my poor little lead soldier. He has the Croix de Guerre and he wants to die a glorious death and have a 'croix de bois'. But he can't have it. Listen to me, I told you that you had a choice of two jobs. When you go back to the Dépôt you'll find you're declared inapt for service and if you think that you can go to the Bureau Central and enlist under a phony name again you're mistaken. Do you remember that the last time you went in the Chief already had a photostat of your enlistment form when you came to tell him. Well, the same thing will happen next time and you'll be turned down. Make up your mind to one thing, the Chief thinks too highly of you to let you be a dead hero—for a little while anyway. Calm down—for we're going to Neuilly right now."

A fortnight passed very pleasantly in the American Hospital with plenty of visitors and plenty of delicacies which they brought me. The day before I was to be discharged I had a note from the Chief asking me to have lunch with him the following day at the Avenue Niel apartment. A postscript was added, "a friendly *dejeuner* with no service matters discussed." I had my doubts of that but decided I would see what the old boy wanted.

We had a grand luncheon with only one other guest, a dapper little man, in mufti, whom the Chief introduced to me as Monsieur H. They discussed personalities quite freely and passed comment on the great and near great. They were agreed that matters were in a bad way and that a greater enemy than the Boche was the *Défaitisme* now thoroughly rampant. I learned as a fact that of which I had heard rumors—that there had been mutinies and wholesale executions. I also learned that there was evidence of venality high up in the Government. Monsieur H. passed the remark, "Why don't they shoot some of the officers as I did, rather than the poor sheep of the rank and file? If they hadn't kicked me upstairs I'm damned if I wouldn't." It dawned on me then that Monsieur H. was General H. who had, with his own pistol, shot a Brigadier and a Colonel for insubordination the year before. He had then taken command of the brigade and had recaptured two forts by personal leadership of the troops in point. The government took no official cognizance of the shootings but removed him from the Front by promoting him to be Technical Counsel to the Artillery with H. Q. in Paris.

Over the liqueurs the Chief asked me where I was going to take my "convalo" and, to my answer that I figured on staying in Paris, said, "I have a little house in Avon which adjoins Fontainebleau that you can go to. You'll find it much more restful than staying here. The larder is well stocked up, as is the cellar. There's an old couple who run it for me who can minister to your wants perfectly and I'll send you down with a chauffeur-orderly who'll drive you about wherever you want. I'll come down to visit you week-ends and if you want other company just invite them. The place is yours."

"Very kind of you, Chief, but the price is too high. If I stay here I have my own little apartment, I buy my meals and I do as I bloody well please until time to go to the front. If I accept your hospitality I'll have to pay for it, not in money of course, but there'll be some little job that you'll decide I'm just the man for. I know your blandishments too well. I'm not having any."

Monsieur H. smiled and said, "Apparently you do not believe in our friend's disinterestedness. Well, neither do I. He asked me here under false pretenses by telling me that he only wanted my company to split a bottle of Chateau Yquem because he couldn't finish it alone and as soon as I got here told me I would have to pay for it by arranging the transfer of a Legionnaire to the Artillery, educating him quickly and then promoting him to Lieutenant, Captain, Chef d'Escadron. I stopped him by promising to do something about it before he had this foreigner a Maréchal of France and buried in the Invalides. Evidently you're the lunatic who is determined to get himself killed and whom he wants to stop. Well, the wine had me wavering but this *Fine* settles the matter. You'll be an 'artilleur' or you'll be out of the army. So you'd better go to Avon to get acclimated. Another *Fine*, Pierre, if you please."

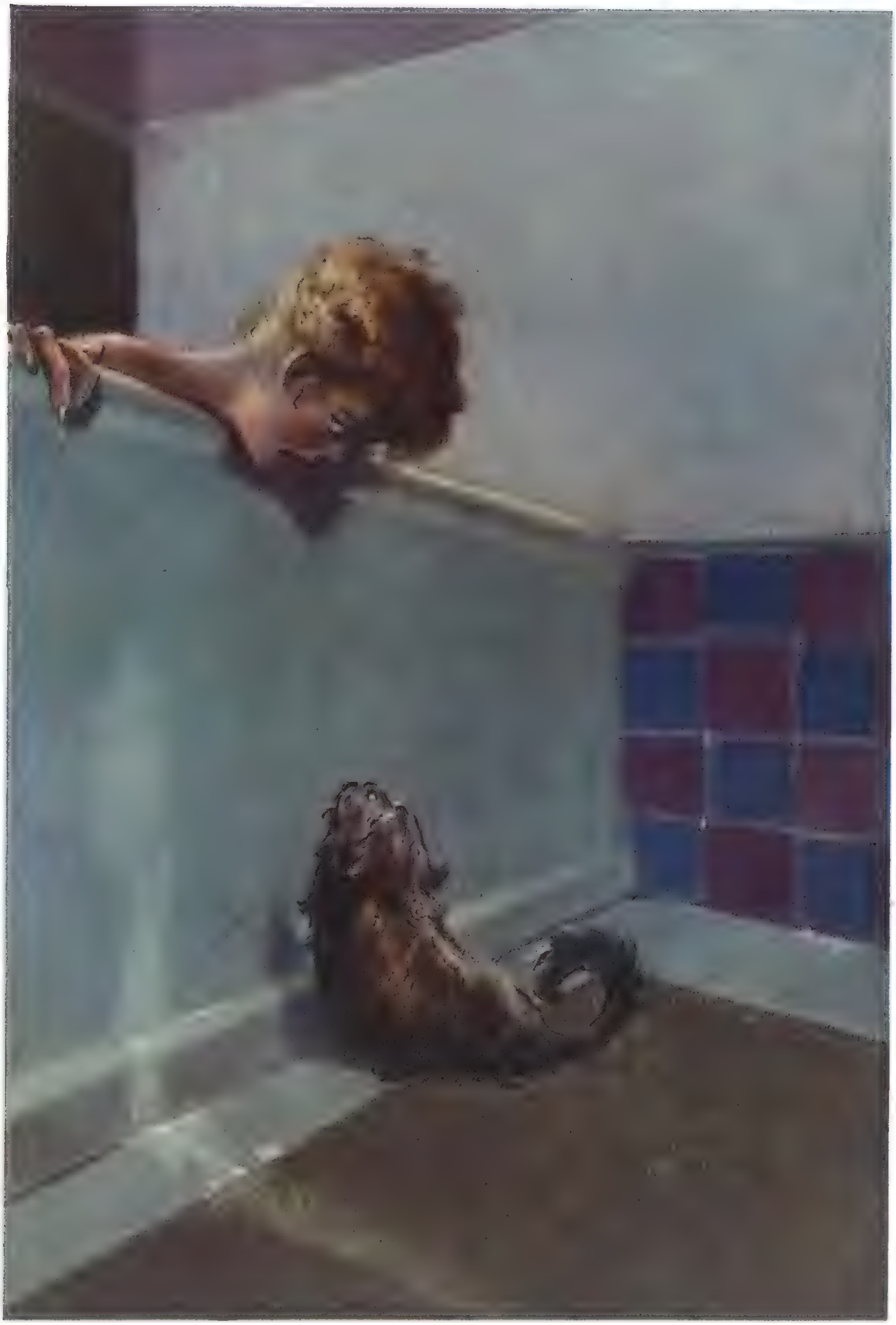
The house in Avon was a little gem and everything was done for my comfort during my two weeks leave. The Chief asked me to use it as a "pied-a-terre" for my leisure hours after I was enrolled in the Artillery School. Some of my instructors wanted me to teach them English after hours so I was given special permission to sleep out of bounds. They didn't learn much English but they were damned well qualified to shoot craps when the Americans arrived.

After three months intensive work in school I was graduated as an Aspirant and was then placed at the disposition of General H. to serve in Paris until the American officers should come over. The day following my going into his Bureau he asked me to fill in at a dinner at his home. A charming company was present and, of course, the Chief.

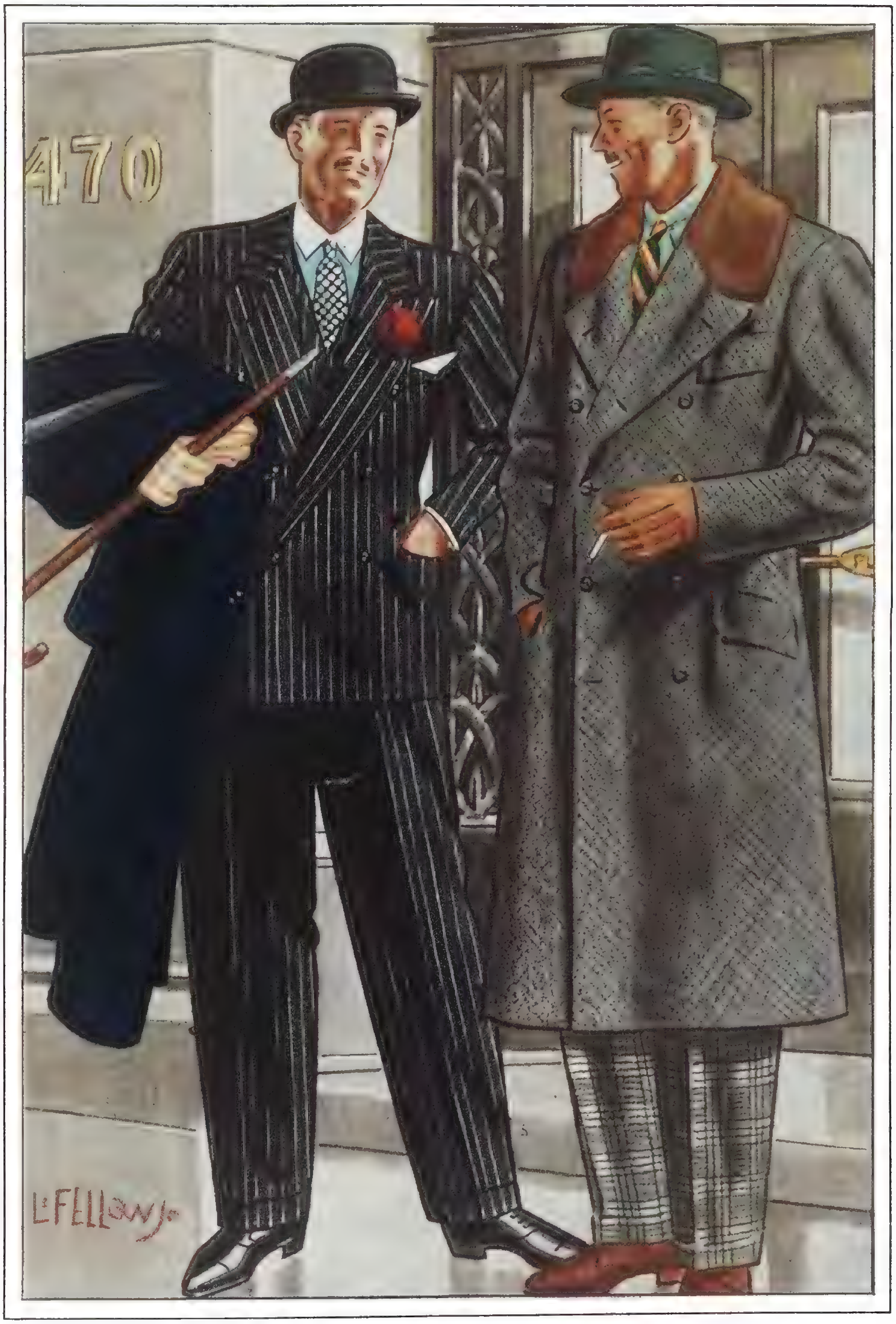
After dinner he got me off into a corner of the salon, asked how I liked my job and whether I was learning anything. Then suddenly, "Do you like to dance? Would you care to go to a *dancing?*" To my reply that I was very fond of dancing but that it was *tabu* he looked at me incredulously and said, "Do you mean that you have never been to one of the undercover soirées? Of course, officially nobody knows that there is anything like that going on but everybody goes to them just the same. The police say, 'No dancing' but I'll swear that the Préfect could tell you every dance going on tonight and what the receipts are for admissions and how much champagne is sold. You must let people have some pleasures." Whereupon he called over a young officer and said, "Sellière, when you leave here take Howard with you and take him to a *dancing*. My treat, here's money for expenses. He didn't know that such things went on."

About eleven o'clock Sellière and I made our adieux, found a taxi, and drove to the Ritz. He hailed the doorman, handed him five francs and was given an address and off we went to a private house on the Avenue Hoche. When we arrived I told him there

Continued on page 127



"Stop leering like that, Montague!"



TWO DEGREES OF DRESSINESS FOR WINTER

The figure at the left shows a double-breasted worsted flannel suit with lapel rolling to the bottom button, an English fashion that is catching on very quickly over here. The back of this jacket carries eight-inch side vents. The rest of the outfit consists of a blue broadcloth soft shirt with white cuffs and a white starched collar, black and white check silk tie, plain black calf shoes and the newer bowler with the narrow flat brim, a navy chinchilla guard's coat, yellow chamois gloves, malacca cane and the inevitable dark red carnation. The other figure shows a double-breasted tweed overcoat, fur lined, with an otter collar, a single-breasted Glen plaid Saxony suit, green madras shirt with pinned soft collar, regimental stripe rep tie, brown suede shoes on a town last, green scratch felt homburg hat with stitched brim, and red capeskin gloves. This outfit is also suitable for country wear, while the other is strictly limited to town.

(For [illegible] material, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

No Escape

Continued from page 124

must be some mistake and that we had better hold the taxi. He just laughed, paid the driver and rang the concierge's bell. When she answered he showed her the card, handed her two louis and we were inside. Up the stairs we went, left our kêpis with a maid and stepped into a magnificent ballroom.

I was bewildered at what I saw. At one end a small orchestra softly playing a tango, down both sides of the room small tables and chairs with people chatting gaily, a dozen couples dancing and, extending completely along the far end, a long serving table. On it and back of it were more champagne coolers than I have ever seen before or since, each one with its bottle peeping coyly over the side. Huge platters of sandwiches garnished the board also.

The company was a mixed one, actresses from the music-halls, a few well-known courtesans and some who were obviously of the *haute monde*. The men were chiefly officers of the allied armies with a sprinkling of civilians who from their appearance were South Americans. Sellière and I both had friends there and after taking a table we greeted various of them and were soon dancing. The music was excellent, the champagne exhilarating and the crowd gay.

I was sitting out a dance when Major Smith, an Anzac I knew, hailed me from the floor and brought his dancing partner over to my table. Introductions over, I ordered a fresh bottle and glasses. The girl was without doubt the best number in the place. Had she been my partner I should not have been so liberal with introductions. She danced superbly and was altogether charming. They remained at our table until four o'clock when the few of us left in the place were told it was closing-time. When we paid our shot we were given cards for the following night. These cards bore another address on the Avenue d'Alma. Smith asked whether I would be there and to my reply that this was all too damned expensive said, "On me tomorrow. Have to spend three month's pay before I go back the end of the week. Hate to think some bloody Boche might find chink on me if I go West."

During the course of the following night's session I asked Smith, "Evelyn anything to you?" He answered, "Hell, no! Met her at one of these binges, amusing piece, good dancer, pays her way and stands for no nonsense. Try your luck, nothing to me. You might stand a chance, when you came in last night she said she liked your looks and seemed pleased I knew you. Her idea to come over. Take her home tonight if you want to, lives at the Ritz. My last night of this, my girl's comin' to Paris tomorrow."

Practically all next week, when I was not at the office, was spent in her company, luncheons, dinners, walks in the Bois and one night dancing. Then came a horrid awakening. On arriving at the Bureau one morning I found an orderly awaiting me with a note from the Chief that I must come at once to the Avenue Niel. When I entered his apartment I found him there with Sellière and Pierre, all looking very grave. Without preliminaries he started, "How much have you told this English tart? I'm surprised at you to fall in so easily."

"What the devil are you talking about?"

He shouted at me, "Are you selling us out or are you just a fool? You spend every waking hour with a good-looking woman who lives at the Ritz, who runs a Rolls-Royce and spends money like water and has no visible means of support and you don't ask yourself what it's all about. Do you think she goes with you because you're an Adonis or because you're in the Technical Direction of the Artillery? You'll tell me next you don't know that she has a suite at the Hotel du Cygne in Fontainebleau. Good God, what an imbecile."

Before this onslaught I was speechless. When I finally found my tongue I answered, "I never gave her affairs a thought and I assure you my work at the Ministry never once entered into our conversation. I can't believe there's anything queer about her. She's granddaughter to the Earl of W. and I just took it for granted that she had money and liked to play around. I'd swear she's on the level."

Sellière broke in, "Ah! So she told you about the Earl. She didn't by any chance tell you about the Graf von E. who is her maternal grandfather or her uncles who are in the Austrian army, did she? Or that the Earl hasn't a penny?"

I was flabbergasted. All I could say was, "Well, I'll quit her right now before I do spill anything—not that I know anything of importance to spill."

The Chief, now a bit calmed, said, "No, that's not the solution. On the contrary keep right on with her. We'll have you ordered to Fontainebleau and see if she follows you there. If she does and tries to pump you, it's your job to give her enough rope to hang herself. I never expected you to work for me again but this job you'll have to do. You fell into the trap, now work yourself out and get the trapper. I'm going to find out who is back of her."

It was with difficulty that I maintained my composure at luncheon with her. I could not believe she was not on the level and still, now that I started to think the matter over, it struck me I knew absolutely nothing of her affairs, or her source of income in spite of the number of conversations we had had. But then again I was sure she had learned nothing from me. All she knew was that I was an American, a Legionnaire who had been wounded and then transferred to the Artillery and that much everybody knew. We dined together that evening and I broke the news to her that we were not going to see much of each other for a time as I received orders that afternoon to report the following day at Fontainebleau and as a result would have only my week-ends in Paris.

It was not a surprise when she said, "The army arranges matters perfectly. I've been staying in Paris on account of the fun we've been having together. The fact is that when I'm not in England, home for me is the Cygne at 'bleau. For I've painted that region and love it. Of course, painting and sketching is not permitted there now so I've loafed up here. I'll drive you down whenever you have to go. And don't tell me that service is going to take up all your time. We can have dinner together every night at least and drive off somewhere for the week-ends and it needn't be Paris."

I felt like a dog when I agreed to it all. I wasn't in love with her but still I liked her a lot. She was such a good sport. I wanted to warn her that if she was not everything she seemed she had better quit right then before her head was in the noose. However, when I got back to the Bureau and thought things over, I decided "No quarter" and it wasn't patriotism either that cast the die that way, it was wounded pride. If it was all on the up-and-up so much the better but if it wasn't, why then, she had it coming for playing me for a sucker. So much for that.

Fountainebleau was indeed a Garden of Eden except for my misgivings that my Eve was a snake. Several weeks passed much the same as in Paris—all my leisure time was spent with her. I noticed however that she evinced a great deal of curiosity about my daily doings at the School and particularly whether I was one of the favored few who had admittance to one of the machine shops which was always under heavy guard. To my answer that I had never been in it, she countered with questions as to what the rumors were concerning what it housed.

For my part I plied her with questions about herself in as discreet a manner as possible and got exactly nowhere. The bird was much too wary. Some of our evenings were spent in her rooms at the Cygne and once or twice she had come to mine in Avon with several officers and their wives. One night after a session of Bridge when the other couple had left she remained, as she said, to have one last drink together. I felt terribly drowsy and when I wakened next day still dopy, I found a note, "I must be boring you if you can fall asleep and let me walk home alone. I'm going to Paris for a few days."

As soon as I was off duty, I went to the garrison locksmith and got a set of skeleton keys with the story that I could not get a trunk open and would return them to him within the hour. I beat it over to the hotel and found she had really driven off. I told the manager I wanted to surprise her when she came back and had him admit me to her rooms. He was a very diplomatic gentleman who believed that I was even more persona grata than I really was.

I bolted the door and got busy with the keys. I had every drawer open, every trunk, every hand-bag and learned nothing. In a drawer of the wardrobe trunk, I found a package of letters from Switzerland which I stuffed into my pocket for later examination. I left everything in apple-pie order and after a reasonable wait went down to the Café and ordered dinner, leaving word that if she came in to tell her to join me.

When she did not return, I mailed a contrite note to the Ritz and went home to read over the letters. They were all affectionate, non-committal notes in English dealing chiefly with the health of the writer who signed them Maurice. I sent them that night under seal with the school-reports to General H. to transmit them to the Chief to be passed over to the Decoding Section.

Two days later Evelyn returned and we decided on a trip to Tours for the week-end. The sun was shining again. We left Friday afternoon and stopped for dinner at a little inn along the road. When we got ready to continue our trip the car wouldn't go. We

Continued on page 128

No Escape

Continued from page 127

worked on it to no avail and finally gave it up as a bad job. The innkeeper suggested that he had a very nice room where Monsieur and Madame might spend the night. They might better work on the car in daylight or a mechanic might be gotten in the morning so that the journey could be resumed. To my look of enquiry she gave a nod of assent. I took our bags out of the car and we followed our host to the very nice room. We did not get to Tours but returned to Fontainebleau on Sunday.

Monday I asked the C. O. of the School for leave to go to Paris after classes and on receiving permission, phoned the Chief I was coming. He made the appointment for dinner at the Avenue Niel. Pierre said, with a malicious grin, as he opened for me, "You're in for it." The Chief's manner, however, was not unpleasant. After a perfunctory greeting, he asked, "Well, what news?"

"Nothing at all. I have tried my damnedest and she is either the wariest woman alive or absolutely innocent. You'll have to put some one else on the job. It's past me. Have you found out anything from the letters?"

"Nothing. Investigation shows that the writer is her cousin, a young British officer interned in Switzerland. You have failed us. Under the circumstances I feel that you owe it to us to undertake one more mission to make up for this failure. Do you agree?"

"Yes, I suppose I should. What's the job? Where is it? I presume that I'm not to see Evelyn again?"

"Not so quick, young man. One thing at a time. It is not certain yet what the job is or where it is. And, with certain limitations you may continue with the young lady. But be careful. Although you have always worked alone in the past, on the next job you will work with another of our agents who arrived this morning reporting as dismal a failure as yours and whose former work was always brilliant. The failure of either of you on your next assignment is apt to bring disaster to you both. Are you still content?"

"Where do I meet him?"

"Very soon. Pierre, we shall dine."

Pierre opened the door of the dining room and as he did so, said ironically, "P-192, allow me to present P-173. I believe you have met before."

"Evelyn!"

Two Hours Late

Continued from page 103

berated against the violet mountains. The sun lit the perimeter of earth into pink glowing ashes. He shook the sweat out of his eyes. The tracks, in the distance, were jumping. That was natural. The heat made your brain dizzy; your eyes, wet with salt and dust and beads of perspiration, saw double. No wonder the tracks jumped. He hoped, smilingly, that they would jump a little closer to him. That would be all right. He turned to see how far he had come from the roadway, to see if his car—

Car, roadway, had vanished.

But he couldn't have come so far as . . . the point was, it was that this blasted dust—this dust obscured things. In front of him, even, it obscured. . . . The tracks! Why, there weren't any tracks. There weren't any. In front of him there were no—It was this dust. Courage, grit, endurance, bestowed by a thoughtful nature. . . . He wiped his shirtsleeve across his face to clear his eyes, and shook his head. He knew all about the psychological tricks of a disturbed mind. What you did, calmly, was to admit fear, analyze your predicament, grip your thoughts, stop laughing, think.

Think. That was it. Clearly. No nonsense. There was no nonsense about Jack Keeler, as a matter of fact. Run out of gas and set off hiking across the Nevada plains toward a railroad trackbed. For the moment a kind of sifting haze of dust obscured his vision, so that he couldn't see very clearly. But that would clear up. He would wait a few moments. He didn't mind walking, even in this sucking sand, but there was no sense in wandering about using up one's energy.

He stood with his feet apart, staring, trying to penetrate the unbroken mesa. If only there were a sip of water to ease his aching palate. No use thinking about water. Thinking about water, in the stories you read of the desert, was what drove people crazy. When you got crazy you saw chimeras, lakes of cool sweet blue, streams of melted ice gushing from brown mountain rock, vacillating horizons like broad oceans, phantom rivers, the ultimate mirage—apotheosis of terror. No; mirages were quite scientific. Mirages had been photographed. Anyway, this desert, with its broken scrubweed, wasn't conducive to any such hallucination. Or maybe he was thinking backward. Maybe it was the photographed and scientific mirage, originally, that drove you crazy. He wondered if the fellow who had photographed them had gone crazy. And then he had an inspiration. He looked at his watch. Only an hour and six minutes had elapsed since his car had stopped on the highway. An hour. . . . You just simply couldn't go crazy in an hour. The thought bucked him up tremendously.

Now, under brilliant reasoning, he decided to continue his hiking, for he told himself that it was a known fact that persons who had lost their way wandered in circles, and he was perfectly willing, at this point, to wander in circles. For it would bring him, logically, back to his starting place. And the choice of a slim chance of getting assistance on the highway was infinitely preferable to being lost in the vacant plains of Nevada. This sort of reasonable thinking was inspiriting, too, for it was not the irrational mumbling of those weaklings who went crazy from thinking about mirages. Courage, grit, endurance. Of course he was thirsty. But he had thought of mirages only momentarily. He knew there was no river of ice water in this stupid desert. Then the lizard bit him.

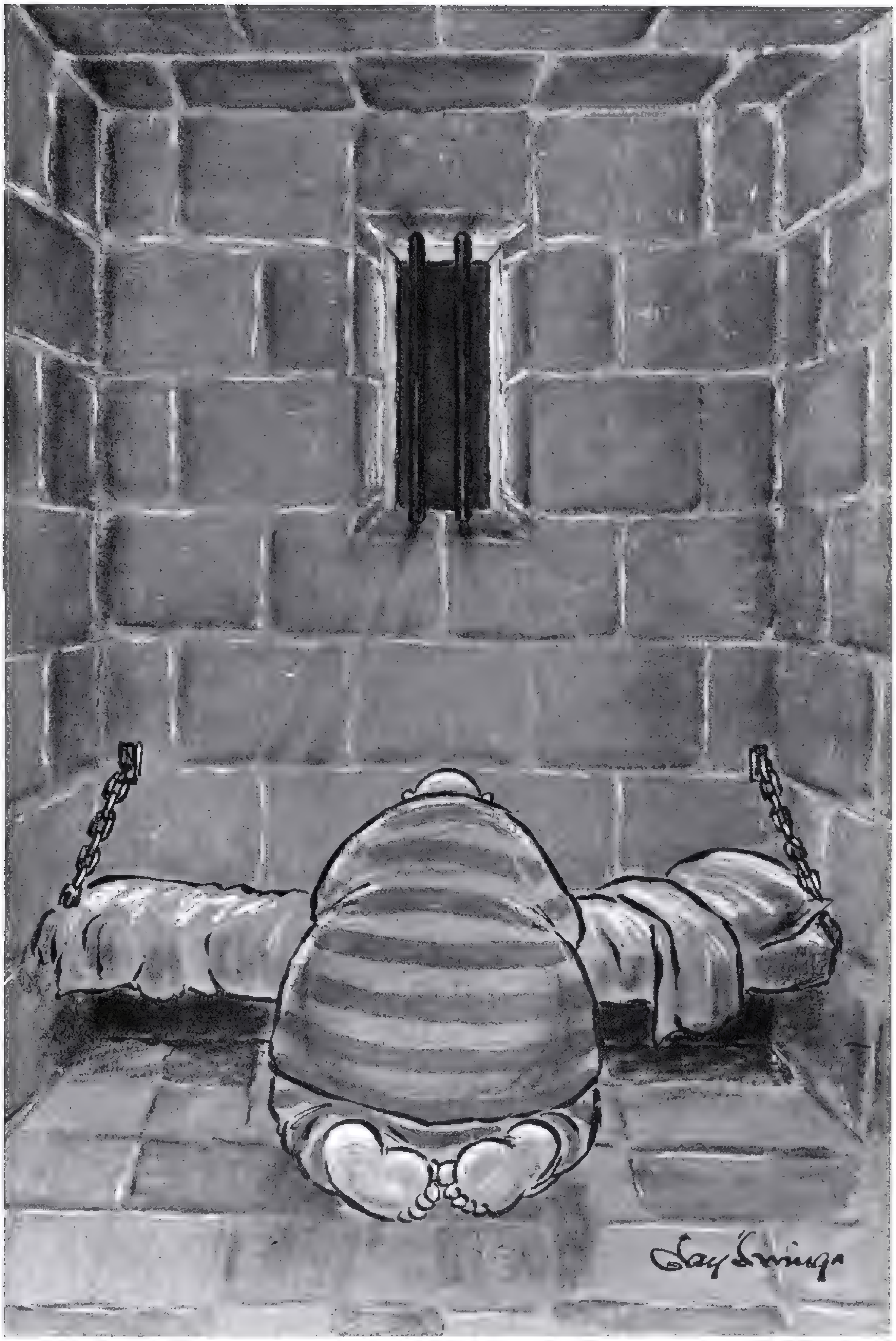
It jumped from behind a tumble weed. It was a lizard. It had batlike wings and glassy green eyes. I suppose you wouldn't have yelled. It bit him in the calf, through his trousers. Keeler screamed and ran, and the lizard followed him slowly, its green glassy eyes staring, forked tongue darting like the flames of hell. He felt little pain; only immense horror. He ran, stumbling through the fiery sand, and the lizard leapt upon his back its fingers gripping his throat, its hot breath on his neck, its arms twining and strangling the breath from his body. He rolled to the ground, shrieking, trying to disentangle himself from the awful thing. But the lizard gripped his body with its powerful legs in a vise-like scissor hold, and Keeler gasped helplessly. The lizard's face was red with fury, its—

Keeler found a way to destroy the lizard. It was miraculously simple. He merely told himself that a lizard did not have fingers, arms, legs, face. The thing melted away under this incomparable logic. What a brilliant tool of destruction was reason, sanity. He rose, tried to shake the madness from his brain. There. That was better. He wondered what had induced the hallucination. A furry rodent scooted off, frightened. Keeler laughed. He laughed emotionally, as one would cry. Tears trickled from his burning eyes. He looked at his watch. Twenty to one: that was an hour and forty minutes. . . .

The day seemed to become hotter with his newly achieved sanity. He removed his outer shirt and sat on a slight hillock. Waves of heat seemed to burst out of the burning orb above his head and lash him with their flames. It gets quite hot out this way, he told himself calmly. Calmness was a delicious sensation. From that observation his mind drifted into the unpleasant fancy of dancing headlines in the *Denver Post*, all of them murmuring, as though they were choral voices from a Greek tragedy: *Local Man Missing.* A brilliantly terrible memoir might be made of that phantom of the lizard. But he'd be ashamed of that. Indeed, he would better not mention the whole matter at all. Merely say, a little engine trouble, delayed . . . Oooo, oooo! and his hand clawed the dry pain of his aching mouth. Thou dust-eater, or something. There was water in the radiator of his car. Find that car, and this outrageous, ignominious thirst would be appeased—or he could wash his mouth, if he couldn't drink the rust-water. Water. Thoughts of lakes and oceans and melted ice from mountain springs drove you crazy. He didn't want to go crazy. He couldn't be a mile from the roadway, no matter how you figured it.

Keeler rose, now, somewhat rested, not even trying to spit, merely hot from the baking furnace that surrounded him, determined to control every wayward thought, choose a reasonable direction toward the violet hills, and walk. So long as his mind remained—The jacket he carried seemed to drag him back, and he let it drop to the sand. What was a coat, more or less. The tracks were in the distance. The cars came whizzing by. The road. . . . Was he trying to find the road, or the tracks? It was terribly important to know. If there were only a tree. There once was a tree, he thought. But he mustn't be silly. He mustn't be

Continued on page 130



". . . and make me a good boy"

Two Hours Late

Continued from page 128

thirsty. He mustn't be anything—but dead!

That was it. Someone was trying to kill him. Not someone, for there was no one about, but some malignant fate, some power of sky or earth, some terrible giant shadow of emptiness. And that was not foolishness. He could feel the awful pull of this power as though it were some huge wave of water. Water, water everywhere. This whole thing was a blasted joke. He trudged on. The violet, the violent, virulent mountains'll laugh their heads off. Oh, how sweet it would be to sing . . . only to sing would mean you were crazy . . . oh, some sweet soft melody shaming the hard brilliance of that awful sky, some hymn of beauty melting and becoming one with the soul. Sweet song and rich blasphemy and the brainless words pounding that added or subtracted quite nothing from the flat, reasonless total which is Death.

He did the only thing that an intelligent person could do to comfort himself. He admitted, ungrudgingly, that he had gone crazy. Mad. He faced it with equanimity. Once the terrible admission was out, you could sing, scream, pray, howl like the wolves in a Russian story, search for mirages, leap like Indian dervishes, embrace glorious hysteria, become the genius of ecstatic terror. He could hope that he never would find road, tracks, car, civilization—for who would love a madman?

I'll walk until I die, he said. I'll just walk. *Man Found Missing.* Silly headlines the papers had. It was a contradiction in terms, like saying he drank nothing. How could you drink nothing? Think I'll bite my hand till the blood runs: I want to feel something besides this painful thirst, want to make sure that I am still alive. No, it hurts too much. How long have I been dying of thirst? An hour and three quarters? Ironic enough. Ought to get swell headlines for that. *Man Dies of Thirst in Record Time.* He'd be one of the world champions, with Tilden, Baer, Nurmi and the captain of the *Titanic.* Although Mark Twain insisted that the report of his death was grossly exaggerated.

Keeler, however, would achieve undying fame by dying in record time. Damn! There was no thrill like being crazy and dying. You didn't have to care if your thoughts made sense or not. Didn't have to argue relative merits of identical specific gravities in metals. Didn't have to drool out, unctuously, pseudo-scientific jargon. Unctuously. Meant oily. Meant blessed—unction.

Bless my soul, for I see my car, as though in a vision. There is another automobile, and a man is peering at my dashboard and now toward me.

How I stumble and fret that I will not reach him. How the tears roll down my cheeks, though I feel no thrill of joy. I did so want to die in record time. Must say something eminently logical, conceal my inner turmoil of violent emotion.

Keeler said hello. A motorist had drawn up beside his car and watched his dizzy progress from the highway. The stranger smiled, saying that he thought some one was in trouble. Keeler tried awfully hard not to weep when the man nodded to his request for water. It was the dust, Keeler explained, as the tears pressed through his self-control. That was what bothered his eyes. But the water wouldn't go down. He just wasn't thirsty. He spat it on the ground, where it raised a little blob of dust. He looked up, sheepishly, adding that the dirty crooks in Reno had swiped his gas. The man had three extra gallons in a tin, for which Keeler paid him ninety cents, thanking him for his kindness. The man murmured the conventional "Not at all" and got into his own car and the gears ground away with him.

Keeler tapped his starter button and the motor droned pleasantly, alive. Damned if I didn't think I was lost there for a minute or two, he thought. Fool to try to reach those railroad tracks—must be a good piece over that way. He knew all about what tricks the imagination will play with you. He looked at his watch. One o'clock. In Battle Mountain he wired his wife, explaining that he had been delayed two hours by engine trouble, and added that there was nothing else of interest to report. He said, "Love," and signed himself "Jack."

Henry Takes a Holiday

Continued from page 57

through a large and spotless window, attracted him. He entered and ordered a glass of beer. In dreamy contentment he sipped it, watching, like a spectator at a theatre, the busy life of the street outside. He finished his beer and ordered another.

Moved, perhaps, by Henry's guileless and appealing appearance, the proprietor announced that he would be glad to do anything in his power to aid the stranger in becoming acclimated, especially along the lines of information and meals. Overcome by this display of friendliness in the big city, Henry ordered yet another beer. He then explained that he was going to get a package from a relative by marriage, and, as he wanted to be sure of getting it and as he had no permanent address at the moment, he would appreciate the favor greatly if he might have the package mailed to him in care of the restaurant. His name, he explained, was Alvin Johnson. This arrangement being perfectly agreeable to both parties, Henry paid for his beers and left.

He returned to the hotel and, after locking the door, took the box of stationery from his suit-case and began composing a letter. At the end of two hours he paused to survey the result of his labors. In wavy lines, printed carefully in capital letters so as to conceal his identity, was the message.

> "Dere Mrs. Simmons,
>
> If you want to see yore husbund returned alive you will hafto pay 1500 dollers in 5 doller and 10 doller bills. You are been watched so do not tell the police about this or we will kill him. Put a Want Add in the Chicago Tribune when the money is reddy.
>
> (Sined) XXX"

That night he went to a burlesque show.

Friday he passed in aimless wandering about town. He listened to a jewelry auction for a couple of hours, visited a free exhibition and lecture for men only, spent two hours in a penny arcade, browsed through a second-hand book store and watched a window demonstration of an unbreakable fountain pen. He gazed intently at a taffy pulling machine until his stomach became a trifle upset. Seeing a pitchman vending gold plated razors reminded him that he needed a shave, and he went to a barber shop, where he got not only a shave but the first manicure of his life. He bought a shirt, apple green in color. In the evening he went to a movie.

Saturday morning he rose early and hurried out to buy the *Tribune.* He waited in delightful suspense until he was eating breakfast before he turned to the want ads. His heart pounded wildly as he saw at the bottom of a column of *Personals* the letters "XXX."

> "XXX—Impossible to raise that much money. Will you take less? Please advise at once. Mrs. S."

Here was an unexpected complication. He read the ad again, several times. He was sure that the money was in the bank. Of course, it had been in his wife's name. Would she have spent it without his knowledge? It didn't seem likely. Or was it possible that she was trying to drive a bargain with her husband's kidnapers? Such thrift, he thought, was in poor taste. Maybe she had tied some of the money up in an investment. This seemed more probable, and the theory was not quite so unflattering to his dignity.

In that case, how much could she give? After long consideration he decided to compromise on one thousand dollars. After all, a thousand dollars was a lot of money. Better take what he could get right away. He had less than ten dollars left right now.

He returned to the hotel and wrote another letter.

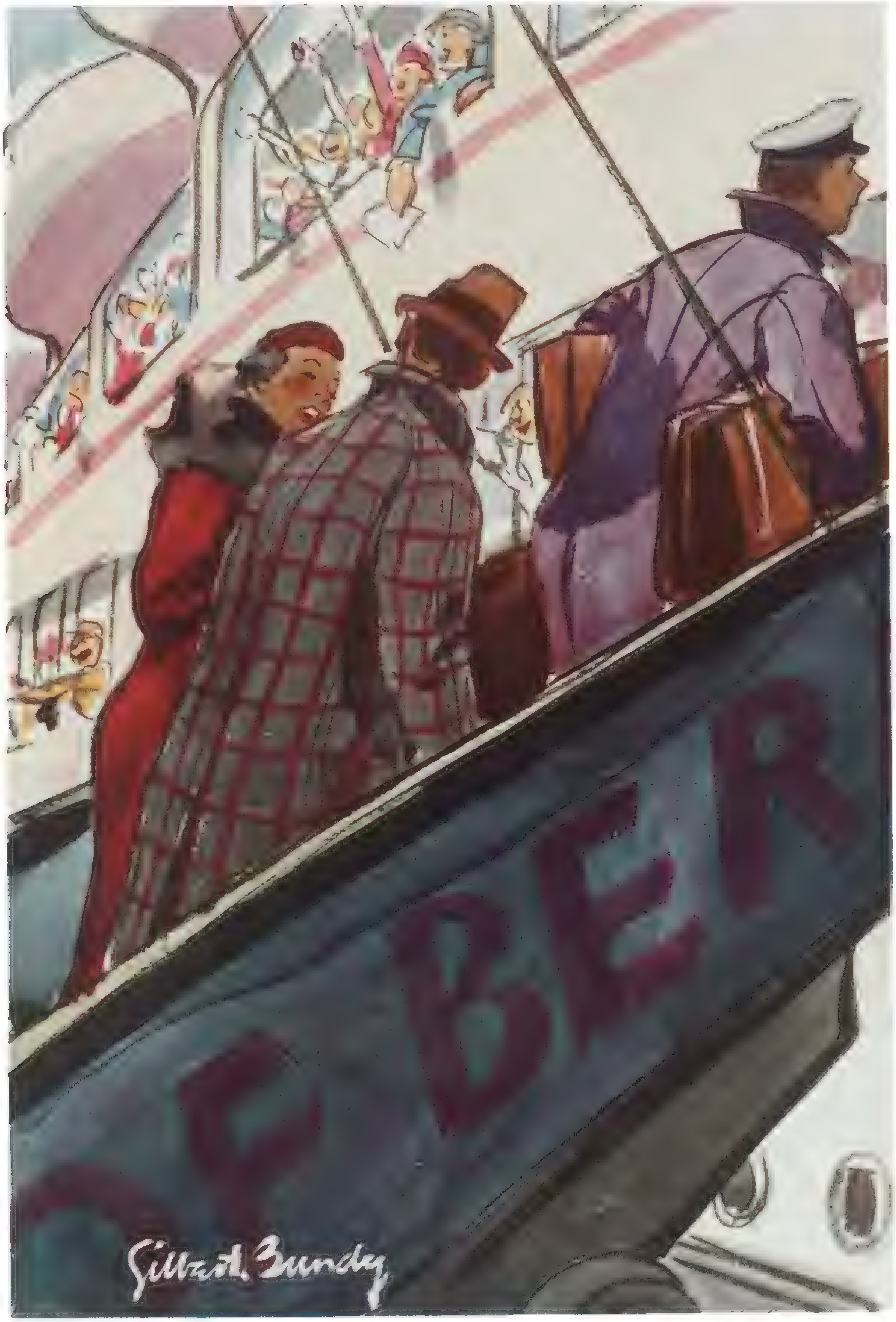
> "Dere Mrs. Simmons,
>
> We will settle for one thousund ($1000) dollers. Put an add in Mondays Tribune if you have the money reddy and we will let you no whear to send it. Yore husbund is still alive. He sez he misses you and wants to cum hoam.
>
> (Sined) XXX"

He admired that last sentence. That ought to get her, he thought.

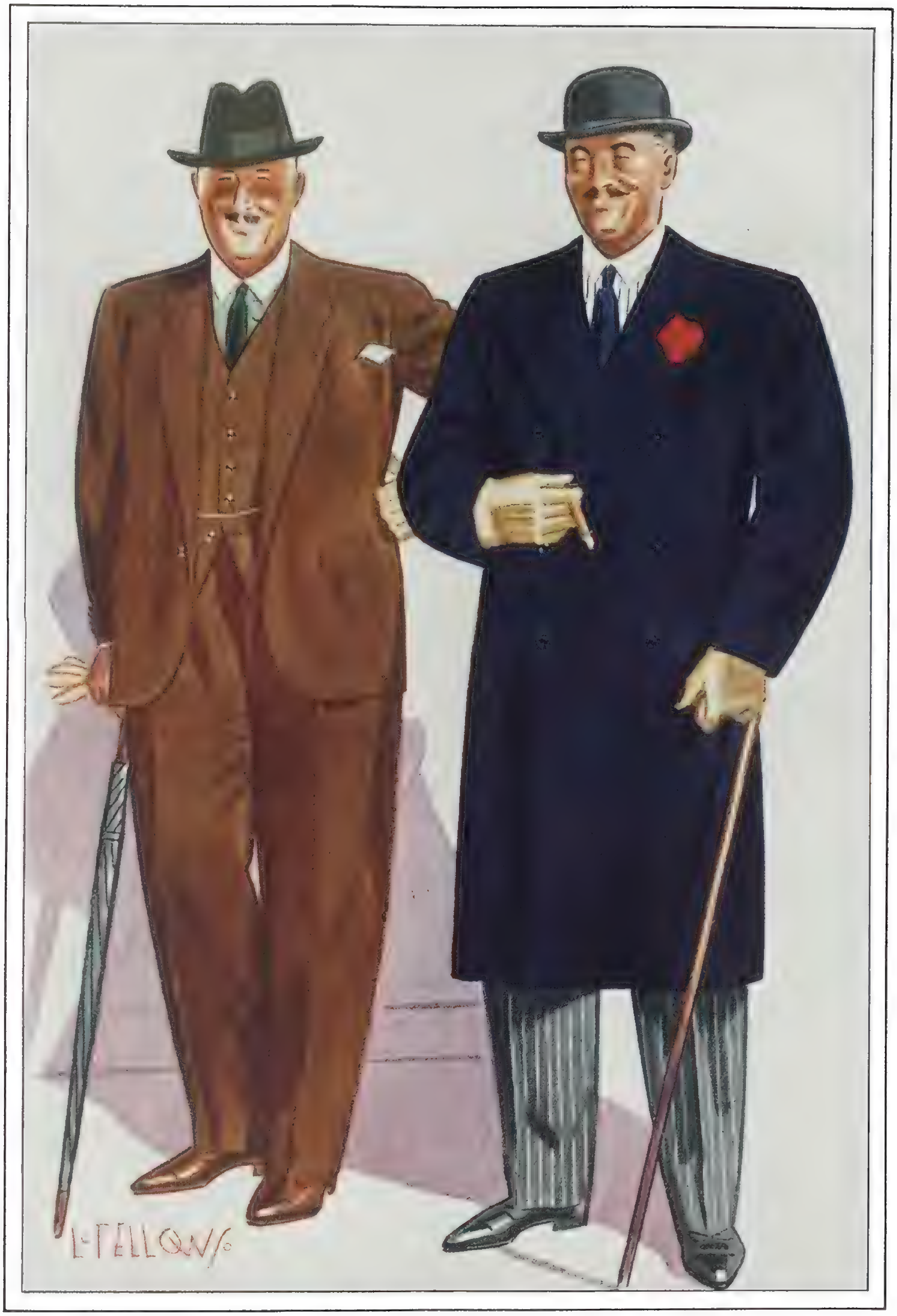
The next two days were an interlude of revelry for Henry. He went to a ball game, sat through several movies and stayed up till all hours smoking cigars and reading the detective stories which Mrs. Simmons had always denied him on the ground that they were trashy and not good for his mind.

Monday morning came, and he dashed

Continued on page 133


BER
Gilbert Bundy

"Gee, Harry, you're a real sport! I've never spent a honeymoon in Bermuda before!"



PROVING THAT SOMEBODY LOVES A FAT MAN

Every so often we get conscious of the extreme angularity of most of Mr. Fellows' heroes, and figure it's time to take a page away from Peter to pay off Paul. There's Paul de Kruif, for example and, despite diet, there's Paul Whiteman, and then there's Louis Paul and—but you get the idea. Anyway, this page is devoted to the art of growing angles where only curves have billowed before. At the left, a three-button single-breasted suit of hard worsted, with cuffless trousers tapering gracefully to the foot, with a long roll to the lapel and sharp points that give an angular effect to the waistcoat. The narrow tie and pointed collar are also designed with a view to verticality and so is the taper of the homburg's crown. As for the overcoat, its buttons are small and are set in a straight line for a good reason—the same reason that dictated the choice of stripes for both shirt and suiting. Note both men's shoes are made on a long last.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

Henry Takes a Holiday

Continued from page 130

out for the paper. Seated at the table in the hotel's grill room, he opened it to the want ads.

> "XXX—Cannot possibly raise more than $100. Where shall I send it?
> Mrs. S."

A wave of anger swept over Henry. One hundred dollars! Why, people had often given that much for the return of a lost dog. The nerve of her, the unutterable gall of Annabelle Simmons to offer a paltry hundred dollars for the return of her husband! Henry's indignation knew no bounds. He'd tell her what was what!

He gulped down his coffee and walked to the desk. It was somewhat of a shock to him to realize that he had to break his last half dollar to pay for the breakfast. Today was Monday. He had thirty cents left. Somehow he had to eat. And on Wednesday there was a thirty dollar hotel bill to be met.

He had visions of the mountains of dirty dishes he would have to wash if that hotel bill were not paid. He would have to work for hours and hours, days and days, weeks even, to earn thirty dollars. Either that or go to jail. Henry shuddered.

> "Dere Mrs. Simmons,
> Send the hunderd dollers rite away. Put it in a package and mail it to Alvin Johnson in care of the Eagle Restaurant at 103 Vine St. You will be a widow if the money aint their by Wensday.
> (Sined) XXX"

Henry went out and mailed the letter.

At the pawn shop where he had bought the suit-case he raised ten dollars on his watch, the watch that Annabelle had given him for his birthday just before they were married.

With money in his pocket again Henry felt better. The joy of living returned. That afternoon he went to a ball game, and in the evening to a musical comedy. Tuesday night he celebrated his expected ransom of the next day by ordering a magnificent dinner in the hotel's main dining-room.

He rose late on Wednesday morning and, scurrying out of the hotel lest the management present him with the bill for his week's stay, he headed for the *Eagle* restaurant to get breakfast and to receive the package containing the ransom money.

He had turned the corner of the side street on which the place was located and was in the act of crossing the street to enter it when he saw through the large window a policeman talking to the proprietor. He stopped short. A trap!

Henry's heart leaped up and choked him. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. What should he do? He dared not go in. Kidnaping was a serious offense, and he might be put in prison for years. And yet he had to have the money to pay his hotel bill or he'd go to jail for that. Confronted with this dilemma, his mind went blank, and he stood there, trembling.

With horror he saw that the officer was looking at him fixedly. He gasped for breath as that person darted suddenly out of the entrance and yelled: "Hey, you! Come here!"

Henry glanced quickly behind him, preparing to run, but his eyes encountered another policeman advancing toward him from the street corner. Overwhelmed with despair, he wobbled, weak as a sick kitten, toward the opposite sidewalk. As he reached the curb, the officer clutched him by the shoulder and jerked him onto the walk.

"What's the matter with you!" he bellowed. "You country hicks shouldn't be allowed to be loose! The next time you want to stop and think don't do it in the middle of a street. Look at that traffic!"

Limp with relief, Henry staggered into the restaurant. The proprietor welcomed him with a smile. "Don't mind Officer Mulligan," he said. "He sounds rough, but he's a good-hearted soul. He stops in here every morning for a cup of coffee." He handed Henry a menu. "What'll you have today?"

As he returned with the order he said: "By the way, here's that package you were expecting. It came in this morning's mail."

Consumed with excitement, but not daring to open the package there, Henry gulped down the breakfast, and, thanking the proprietor for his courtesy, returned to the hotel. Back in his room again, he locked the door and tore open the package.

There, nestled in a box which had at one time contained a pair of Mrs. Simmons' gloves, were four twenties and four five-dollar bills. Henry expanded. Gloating with triumph, he picked up the bills and caressed them tenderly. He counted them, slowly and exultingly. Twenty, forty, sixty, eighty, ninety, one hundred.

Then he noticed a note at the bottom of the box. He removed it and examined it closely. The writing was wavering as though penned under the stress of emotion.

> "Dear Mr. Johnson:
> Here is the $100. It is all I could get. Please be good to my Henry, for he is all I have in the world.
> Mrs. Henry Simmons"

For a moment Henry was stricken with remorse. It had not occurred to him before that Annabelle would really miss him. It seemed almost unbelievable. He read the letter again. "He is all I have in the world."

Henry began to feel important.

Briskly he tore the note into small pieces and burned them in the ash tray. In an envelope addressed to the proprietor of the *Eagle Restaurant* he put a five-dollar bill with the scribbled notation: "From Alvin Johnson, with many thanks." Into the suit-case he put the green shirt and the magazines. Suddenly he remembered that the red tie he was wearing was not the one with which he left home. Oh, well, he would remove his tie when he got on the bus and throw it out the window.

He locked the suit-case and cast a last glance about the room. It was a nice room, and he wanted to remember what it looked like. Then he went downstairs to the desk, paid his bill with a man-of-the-world nonchalance and left the hotel. At the railway station a few blocks away he checked his suit-case. He remembered to redeem his watch. He thought of the fifty dollars in his pocket, and he felt an inner glow of satisfaction. He could, if necessary, travel a long way on fifty dollars.

The Five Soldiers

Continued from page 69

front, the Student of Literature and Philosophy, the Lad who is seventeen by honest count and the White-haired Chemist. That makes five."

The captain then came forward to give us orders. "Eight o'clock at night you will assemble in the yard. Your sergeant has orders for a special drill."

And with these words he turned about sharply and was about to leave the barracks, when suddenly he hesitated and walked up to his orderly and without a word they shook hands.

Then he was off, and we never saw him again. And for that matter, we did not see the five soldiers again, either.

At eight o'clock we were assembled in the yard. This seemed an odd time for a company drill, but our sergeant had orders and he marched us through the streets of the town, up and down, from eight o'clock at night until ten o'clock at night. There was nothing to be seen. Most of the town was asleep. The streets were deserted, and we kept tramping up and down with our heavy boots upon the hard cobblestones.

All this seemed quite unnecessary, and there seemed no reason for it at all. As we passed the fortress, we noticed that the colonel's old automobile stood before the door, and someone had forgotten to turn off the motor. The pistons and bearings were loose, and it made a devil of a racket. And what a waste of good gasoline! The old car was smoking badly and the air was filled with fumes. Some soldier has been careless, and he is certain to hear about it. We passed the place a dozen times.

We tramped up and down the streets until ten o'clock exactly, and then we were marched back into the barracks. We soon saw evidence of the five soldiers who had reported to the colonel. They had been to the barracks during our absence, and while we were marching the streets, they had packed their belongings and now had been transferred to some other company. The colonel was with them and they had the automobile to drive in.

The sergeant, who had marched us up and down the streets, now found a sealed envelope waiting for him. He opened it and read that he had been appointed captain of our garrison. And the captain himself, who had been so busy drinking tea with his orderly, he also did not return.

We slept peacefully that night, as though nothing at all had happened. And it was not until the morning that we learned that the Tsar and his family had been executed by a firing squad of five soldiers.

Pot of Gold

Continued from page 48

the butcher and the groceryman. Then she bought herself a new hat and a new dress.

"My lord, pretty soon she'll be taking beauty treatments," somebody said and everyone laughed because it was so funny to think of the old lady having her face gone over and her hair curled.

Old John started looking a little younger himself. He didn't seem so all-fired worried about losing his job or getting sick and having to spend his savings on doctors' bills or not being able to save up enough money to take care of him and his wife when he couldn't work any longer. He smoked nickel cigars and when he grinned at the fellows' jokes his teeth didn't look like yellow snake's fangs any more because he'd had 'em jerked out and store teeth put in.

"Stuff tastes a lot better when you can chew it," he said.

This time when the city paper came and John's name wasn't among the winners he didn't take it so hard. He was kind of glum for awhile but he got cheerful again quick.

"There's always another lottery," he said.

He got another ticket and on the same day bought two easy chairs for him and his wife. The banker said he'd started drawing on his bank account and said John was an old fool to spend his money recklessly just because he thought he might win two, three hundred thousand on a lottery.

John didn't seem to care, though. And neither did his wife. She seemed to be having a better time even than John. She had her hair waved regular and she always had a good-looking dress on when she came up town. She and John started going to the town movie, two, three times a week and they bought a radio.

The town was getting pretty used to their goings on, but when John bought an automobile there was plenty of talk and excitement. People said he'd got childish in his old age and so had his wife. It wasn't a new car John bought but it cost more'n a hundred bucks and people didn't think he could afford it. They knew he couldn't do it out of his wages and of course it came from his bank account.

John and his wife started going on automobile trips every Sunday and they missed church almost every other week. The preacher said that was what gambling did to folks, made them forget their God and go in for sinful luxuries.

John and his wife didn't have anything that could be called exactly sinful or luxurious either, but they had a lot more'n they'd ever had before and they were having a swell time to boot. Everybody wondered what'd happen when John ran through his bank account. Pretty soon he'd be too old to work, they said, and when that time came him and his wife probably would be on the county to support.

They talked to John about it but he was as stubborn as a mule and wouldn't listen to them. Everybody felt sorry for him and his wife and thought they were fools but there wasn't anything they could do about it. John and the missus were having too good a time spending money they'd be sorry about later.

That went along for two years. Old John and his wife bought things they wanted and went for Sunday rides and to the movies and acted just like they were rich and didn't have to worry about when John got too old to work. They had their house painted and John got so he wouldn't smoke anything but ten cent cigars.

Then, one day, John had a stroke and he was carried home on a stretcher, not able to move his legs. The doctor said he couldn't ever walk again but it didn't matter much because he couldn't live very long anyway.

The fellows went to see John and tried not to let him know they knew he was going to die. But he wasn't a bit worried.

"Those doctors in the big city can do wonders with an old wreck like me," he said. "Maybe I'll have an operation and I'll be sound's a dollar."

One of the fellows said an operation cost a lot of money and John just grinned.

"The drawing's next Tuesday," he said, "and maybe after that I'll have enough money to buy a hospital."

Everyone knew John was broke and in debt and they got sore because the law hadn't stopped the selling of lottery tickets. Old John had spent lots of money on them, they said, but the worst thing was that the hope of winning a lot of money had made him waste all his savings and now he was about to die and his widow wouldn't have anything to live on. That was the worst thing, they said, him spending all his money on a good time and not having anything to show for it now that he was at death's door.

The preacher went to see John just before he died. He said he was sorry John wasn't going to leave his wife any money and that the county would try to do what they could for her. Old John reached under the pillow and then tried to sit up.

"She's got this lottery ticket," he said, "and the drawing's next Tuesday."

The preacher was so sore about John talking lottery tickets now that he was about to die that he went away without saying anything more.

After the funeral they tried to sympathize with Mrs. Hammer about being left without a cent to support herself and she turned on them, with John hardly buried and all, and gave them a going over. She acted just like they'd insulted her.

"I can sew and I can raise chickens," she said, "and I don't see as it's anybody's business what else I do as long's I don't ask them for anything."

She carried her head as high as if she had been left a rich widow and pretty soon people stopped worrying about her. She did fairly well with her sewing and her egg business. She drove the old car John'd bought and went to the movies two, three times a week and made herself good dresses.

Everybody would have said she was a pretty smart woman and was doing well except that every two, three months she bought a two dollar lottery ticket.

A Merry Young Soul

Continued from page 76

neighborhood of his office until he rounded up thirty different kinds of puzzles. Had the clerks wrap each one individually and send them so she'd get a new one each day.

And you don't have to be sick to get service from him. The wife of one of his friends sent him two lampshades one time and asked him to see that they were re-covered properly! Mrs. This calls him up to find out where is the best place to rent a saddle horse—Mrs. That phones him for help in getting theatre tickets, and so on. I never saw a big man who could do so many little things for people as he does.

Yes, he plays golf—in the nineties. Bob Davis has called him the only serene golf player he ever saw. Can dub his shots, lose his money to mercenary opponents, but nobody can prevent his having a swell time. I've seen him play the whole course with one club—and not much worse than he ordinarily plays it with a dozen!

Once they slapped him into a hospital himself. His first order was for two telephones to be installed so he could keep in touch with his business: his second, for a case of Scotch—hospitality for his friends, mind you, because he isn't a drinker himself. However, the phones kept him so busy that he forgot to tell any of his friends where he was and it was five days before the news leaked out. Then everybody in town from the mayor down began to flock in until the place soon took on the appearance of Grand Central on a football Saturday. Each new arrival, dashing madly into what might be the man's death-bed for all they knew, found the crowded room full of cigarette smoke and two private nurses running themselves ragged fetching more White Rock, shaking up highballs, passing smokes and generally providing a nice *Ritz Bar* touch to the sick room!

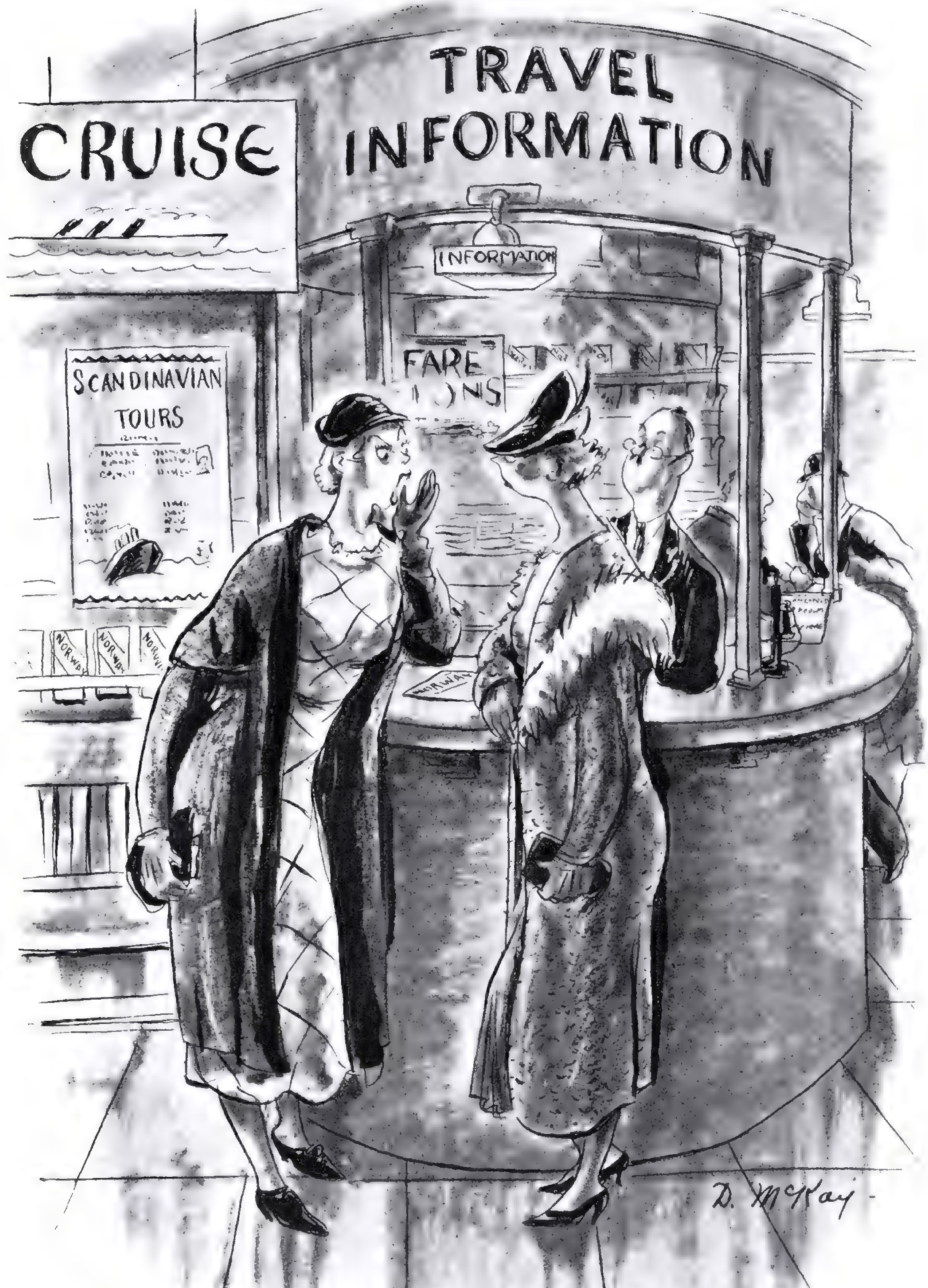
"But, Mr. Cole," the nurse would wail, "Doctor says you must rest—you must eat—you must sleep—"

"Lissen," Rex would break in, "you go get a couple of porters like a good girl and take these flowers around to people who haven't any. As for the doctor, he knows I sleep in the winter. And as for you," turning back to a mournful subordinate, "you say there's no business? My God, man: look out of that window—look at those apartment houses, every one losing tenants. And they're not going to get new tenants until they rejuvenate those places—bring them up-to-date—re-decorate them—put in electric refrigeration. Hells bells, I could jump out of any window in this building and land on fifty thousand dollars worth of business. Gimme that telephone!"

Sleeping in winter questionable—check up on it. General belief is that he never sleeps—couldn't be alone that long. Besides, telephone would wake him up. Nobody has ever seen him finish a meal without at least two long distance calls.

The General Electric people asked him to help select a suitable distributor for this territory and he sat in on their conferences until the prospects had been simmered down to two. There was much haggling among the

Continued on page 136


CRUISE
TRAVEL INFORMATION
INFORMATION
FARE
SCANDINAVIAN TOURS
NORWAY
NORWAY
NORWAY
NORWAY
D. McKay

"Isn't Scandinavia near Norway?"

A Merry Young Soul

Continued from page 134

committee from that point on, and finally Rex got tired of it and announced, "If you fellows don't make up your minds and end this, I'll have to take the job myself."

"Well," said the chairman with a great sigh of relief. "It certainly took you a long while to catch on!"

From H. M. Aylesworth, President, N B C:

Rex Cole has more friends who'd go through hell for him than anybody I ever knew. And why? Because he sells himself personally exactly as he sells his product: on service. You hear a lot of twaddle under that heading in business, but I tell you, Kearney, Rex lives it whether the person on the receiving end is a customer or a personal friend.

In selling he works on a much broader program than merely taking orders. He starts by studying his product in all its phases—no doubt he could build a refrigerator himself if he had to and certainly there's no part of a repair job he can't do. With that he combines a real appreciation of the ultimate buyer's expectations of what he buys to the end that the prospect doesn't become just a consignee but a life-long friend of Rex Cole's product.

Furthermore, he sells an idea, not a piece of merchandise. When he came to New York twenty years ago as the inventor of the *Duplexelite*, he saturated this market with a swell fixture—but he never sold fixtures, he sold *lighting*. And he knew lighting, frontwards and backwards.

Today he isn't selling refrigeration but the electric kitchen—and he knows every angle of that subject—so well, indeed, that he opened a cafeteria for his employees which sells a fine lunch for twenty cents or so and still breaks even.

He's more than a salesman—he's an evangelist. And believe me, they come from all over this country to talk to him, to attend his salesman's training school, to find out how. And well they may.

They'll benefit, of course, but none will ever match him because none of them have the capacity for it.

In re: Service. Rex and Roxy and I were in Bermuda and we all started out one day for a round of golf. (His golf isn't so hot!) Roxy and I went out to the first tee and waited for him. Waited and waited. Presently the colored chef came out with word that "Mr. Cole is delayed in the kitchen." Puzzled, I went in to find Rex in high spirits: he'd discovered the only electric refrigerator on the island and it needed a bit of tuning up.

"But that isn't one of yours; why waste your time with it?"

"It's the only one in Bermuda—and if it doesn't work satisfactorily, it'll give electric refrigeration a black eye. And *nobody'll* sell any."

Grantland Rice, Rex Cole and I went south last year to shoot some golf with Bobby Jones on his new course. There were two porters in our car and toward evening one dug up a bottle of gin somewhere and both of them began to get tight. Rex didn't like the idea of having two drunks waiting on him, so he chased them both out of the Pullman and made up all the berths himself.

More Service: Matt Brush (he's served on more directorates than any man in the country) went into his kitchen one evening to rustle up some beer for the guests. A couple of men are fiddling with the refrigerator and Matt wants to know how long they'll be. Who should turn around to reply but Rex Cole himself. It seems the butler had phoned that the unit had gone dead late Saturday afternoon. With a service man, Rex snatched a unit out of a display refrigerator, bundled it into his Cadillac and dashed up to the place so they'd have refrigeration over the week-end.

But that's Rex Cole all over. He's steeped in the idea that when he sells a refrigerator, he's just begun.

He starts where the others leave off—and that's one good reason why he's sold about forty million dollars worth of refrigerators in this territory!

A prince of a fellow, if there ever was one. He'll go to Heaven, all right. But he won't like it. No telephones. And no market for refrigeration such as there'd be in the other territory!

My notes on Rex Cole:

Tried to back out of interview over telephone because "I've given so many ESQUIRE subscriptions to friends they'll think I've bought a puff."

Born on a Michigan farm; sole boyhood companion a half-witted chore boy. "That's why I'm this way, I guess."

About fifty; bald; eagle-eyed; gaunt—resembles nobody but Rex Cole. Tall, rangy frame; large bones; big hands. With his build would have made a swell first baseman in his youth.

Quiet talker but neither the slick salesman type nor the high-pressure go-getter; can impress you without driving you under cover, yet you'd have to be told he's the No. 1 man in selling—i. e., if you dropped in from Mars.

A reserved, reticent demeanor fools you if you've expected to see the human dynamo you've heard about. Still, he's high-strung: not the nail-biting kind of nervousness, but a drive that keeps him doing something all the time.

No high-hat antics. In fact, extremely considerate in speech and action. When I reached for a pack of *Camels* in my pocket, he had a match lighted before I had the cigarette out.

Hard as hell to catch in his office—but harder still to leave!

Skiing: Swiss Style

Continued from page 67

aids which are so thoughtfully provided for less rabid skiers who dislike climbing under their own power. Because of them you may overhear such remarks as "We'll make a couple of quick trips from Moragl, have lunch and finish with a Corviglia,"—that is, three descents of about two thousand feet each in one day, all the climbing done sitting (or, because they are so popular, more often standing) in the car of the funicular. They are electrically operated, two sets of cars suspended by cables wound on huge drums, the two trains passing in the middle of the run as they move in different directions. The *Corviglia Hut*, by the way, is a club located directly behind and above St. Moritz, where the members lunch and lounge in deck chairs absorbing the warm sun.

The heat of the sun is one of the marvelous things about Switzerland. It is quite possible to sit around at seven thousand feet in a ski jacket not much warmer than an ordinary coat. In one afternoon I have gotten a nicely sunburned face and a frostbitten ear, the one sitting around enjoying the view while I was digesting lunch; the other, during the hurried descent after sunset. It is quite possible to walk in an ordinary suit on most days with comfort. It is often necessary to strip to shirt sleeves on the practice slopes. Yet the heat of the sun has no apparent effect on the snow; skis do not stick to it. Furthermore, the mountains break up the wind so there are no terrific wind storms except on the peaks; there are no blizzards in our sense of the word. However, as soon as the sun goes down the temperature drops rapidly. For good thorough cold let me suggest a ride from St. Moritz to Pontresina after a party, say about four in the morning, in one of those sleighs that looks like a Victoria on runners (complete even to the vase of imitation roses). I did that on my last trip; next time I'll wait till eight and take the heated trolley.

St. Moritz is the only place in Switzerland that has any real night life, hence the sleigh ride just mentioned. The amusements of the skiing resorts are subsidiary to the sport. Beyond dressing for dinner, liqueur in the lounge and a nightcap with the companions of the next day's trip as plans are settled, it is impossible to continue. The vigorousness of the exercise, combined with fresh air and altitude, rule out staying up late. Therefore, if you would ski, it is best to settle on a quiet spot with few distractions.

There are so many expeditions of such varying difficulty that there need be no fear that one will be confined to the school slopes. These practice slopes are very good in their way, ranging from the gentlest gradients to any severity of slope you may want. But after all they involve only the old business of sliding a few hundred feet to a stop and climbing up again to repeat it. That, with the constant challenge of the surrounding peaks, is unsatisfactory. It is possible, for instance to take the train to a little town fifteen miles away and ski back downhill practically all the way, never attaining great speed nor meeting too sharp curves. Between that and the difficulty of the steep track through the pine forest from Muottas Moragl, there is a wide latitude. And from the much-beaten trail from the Corviglia Hut to the lonely shoulders of Piz Bernina is a broad field.

Nevertheless, no matter what descents are in mind, it is well to be under the guid-

Continued on page 139

"I'll take the old things"

New things are important
To progress, I'm told;
But you take the new things,
And I'll take the old.

Old houses with beams
That are darkened with age.
Old books with a dog-ear
On 'most every page.

Old slippers whose wrinkles
Are those of my feet.
Old pipes that the years
Have made mellow and sweet.

Old friends who know when
To be silent, when gay,
And who when they talk
Have something to say.

Old Four Roses Whiskey—
And by old, I mean *old*—
With a rich-ripe aroma
And a color like gold.

Not a whiskey like many
Of those that I've seen,
That are tasteless and flat,
Or else fiery and green.

But a whiskey distilled
In the old-fashioned way,
By the methods they followed
In grandfather's day.

Distilled from choice grain,
And aged in the wood—
Aged by Nature herself
Till it's better than good.

Yes, you take the new things—
The new liquor that's sold.
I'll stick to Four Roses,
A whiskey that's *old*.

* * *

Four Roses is a proud product of the old Frankfort Distilleries, a company that's been making fine whiskey for four generations. It's made the only way truly great whiskey can be made—by the slow, costly *old-fashioned* method. Four Roses is a blend of *straight whiskies*, and comes sealed in the patented bootleg-proof Frankfort Pack that *must be destroyed* before the bottle within it can be removed.

We'd like to send you a copy of "Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe Book"—$100 worth of humor by a master writer. Send 10¢ in stamps to Frankfort Distilleries, Dept. 491, Louisville, Kentucky.

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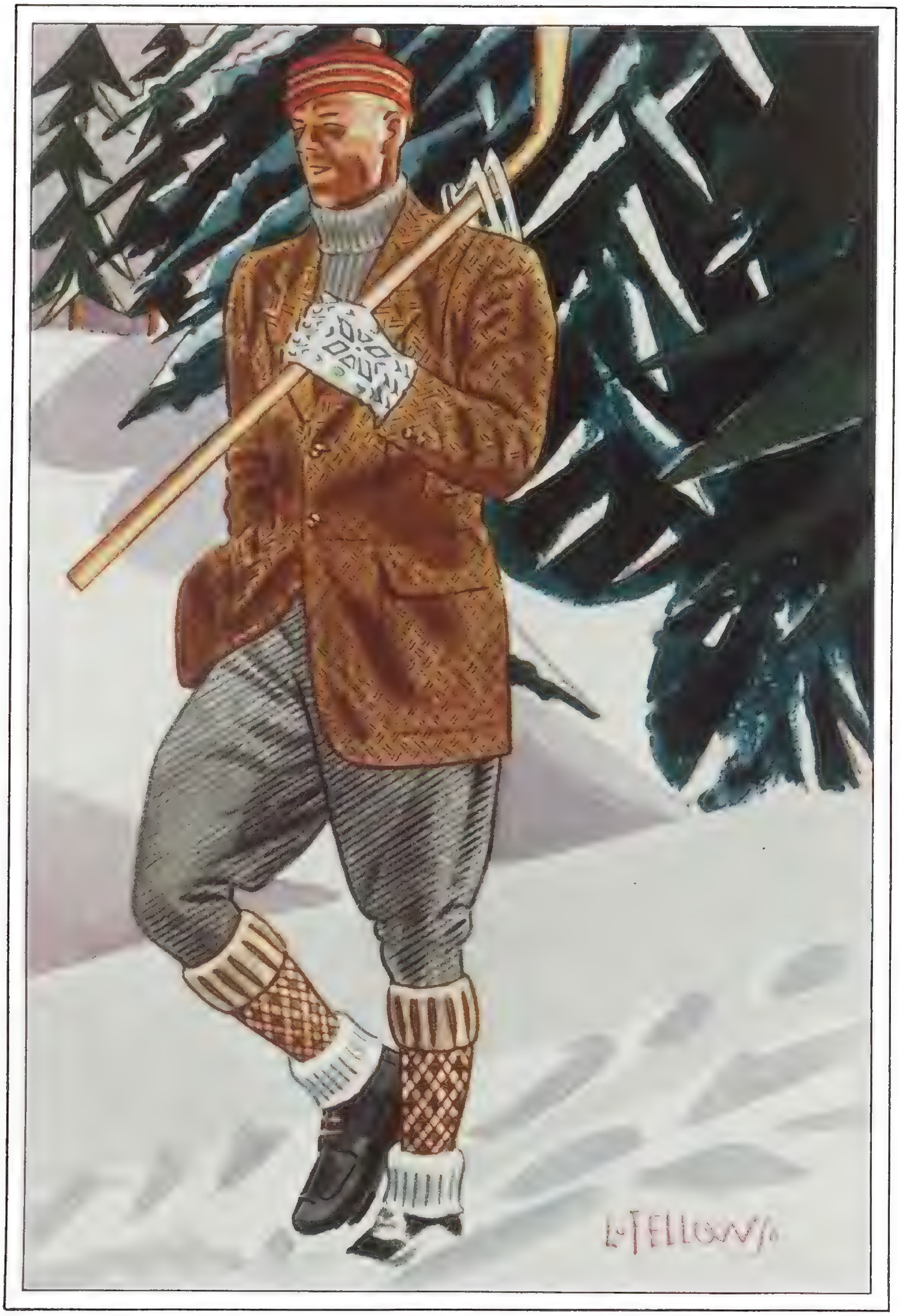


TO MEN WHO SPECIALIZE IN WINTER SPORTS

Here is a recommended outfit that can be used for skating, cross country skiing, tobogganing, in fact for almost any active outdoor sport of the winter season. It is typical of the all-purpose costumes worn by many of the best dressed men at the famous continental winter sports centers. It consists of a heavy Shetland Norfolk jacket in a brown diamond pattern, heavy grey tweed knicker breeches (in model an approximate cross between knickers and riding breeches), brown checked woolen hose over which are worn a pair of heavy weight wool anklets, an extra heavy grey turtle neck sweater, a red woolen cap with white pompom, heavy wool gloves in the colorful Norwegian pattern that is a traditional feature of winter sports clothes, and a pair of dark ski boots of treated elk leather. It goes without saying, of course, that flannel shirts and sweaters may be added to raise your Bodily Thermal Units to the comfort point.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

Skiing: Swiss Style

Continued from page 136

ance of a good instructor until a fair proficiency has been attained. Otherwise you may offer a sight, such as I saw, of two jockeys never before on skis coming down the mountain resting their weight on their sticks, which they placed before them at each step lest there be any forward motion. On most of the descents the running is too fast to take straight on; it is necessary to zigzag back and forth. Unless you are to stop and kick-turn at the end of every traverse, it means heading straight downhill for a few seconds until you have swung half around. That is a terrifying experience the first time, but a great thrill when performed expertly.

Once the proper balance and rhythm has been attained, there is nothing more exhilarating than to throw all your weight into a turn at top speed. There is possibly a greater thrill in jumping, but that I am unable to say conclusively, since I have done only the mildest sort. That, however, was excitement enough, thanks.

No matter where you may go in the High Alps you will find such conditions as I have described, with the exception that St. Moritz is unique. Anywhere you go, you may take long hard all-day or over-night expeditions, taxing to the uttermost your skill, courage and self-reliance. Everywhere you will also find interesting easy jaunts. And always there is the magnificent scenery. Once you have seen such mountains, the challenge always remains until you return to conquer them.

The experience of having attained the summit will return as a treasured recollection. Especially if it had been hard won the remembrance of it will be a comfort in a sedentary existence.

Of the two types of skiing both are commonly used in Switzerland. The open stance (the Austrian style of running, with skiis about a foot apart, knees bent, body bent well forward from the hips) is more common to the Tyrol. The closed stance (feet close together, one leading the other by some six inches, knees bent, back straight) is more usual in the regions I have visited. I, myself, prefer the closed for a variety of reasons, the chief of which is that I fall less easily, especially where the running is either very rough or alternately fast and slow. The other main reason is that I can turn more easily, particularly at high speeds. It is necessary to lean your whole body against the lateral force of the legs and skis. From a closed position I do this more rapidly and with better effect which, of course, is all that is necessary. It is entirely a personal matter, though nevertheless a source of debate, whichever you choose.

All of the various turns are useful, and because of the steepness of most good runs some turns are necessary. If you pursue the sport vigorously enough you will find plenty of opportunity to use everything you can learn from the simple kick-turn (done at a standstill, kicking the skis up and around so that at completion you face directly opposite the original direction) to the spectacular jump-turn with or without sticks (pole-vaulting or jumping into the air meanwhile twisting to a quarter or half turn before landing). The Christiania swing is the most useful of them all. This turn can be performed on either hard or soft snow, and is particularly valuable because of the abruptness with which the direction can be changed. The *telemark* is valuable because of the breadth of most of the snowfields, where long gentle turns are less tiring on a long run. The stem turns are common, especially from an open position.

The Swiss have provided for the protection of injured, benighted or storm-bound skiers by numerous huts strategically located near accustomed routes in the mountains. Through their clubs of professional instructors, guides, jumpers and climbers, search and rescue parties of those most expert can be sent out at short notice.

Among the ordinary citizens—innkeepers, valets and craftsmen—can be found the best skiers the sport has. You can see why that is if you get up early enough to watch their sons and daughters going off to school some morning. Little children, the girls with two pigtails slapping on their backs, off on their skis, a few of the poorer with theirs fashioned from barrel staves. Books on their backs, some of them only four years old go several miles to school on their tiny skis as expertly as though they were born with them on. One of my guides once admitted that his thirteen-year old son was more expert on skiis than he was, which is quite believable after seeing school boys that age taking jumps with the best of the older men.

The British Ski Club has helped the prevention of accidents by increasing the knowledge of the average skier. It does not provide instruction itself but acts as incentive to greater skill, to pass its first class test being quite an honor, while its judges are picked from the finest skiers of all.

The sport of skiing in Switzerland has developed practically a culture of its own, a part of the surrounding civilization yet possessed of a unique bent.

The direction of the whole organization devoted to it is to satisfy skiing as its main purpose. As such, bob-sledding and climbing have gotten out of hand, otherwise Winter Sports in Switzerland are skiing which is a good enough occupation for any country.

The More Presentable Sex

Continued from page 30

eyes as to men's. This objection to him is an oblique vindication of and testimonial to men—normal, natural and unaffected men—as presentabilities superior to women. Despite the slightly involved quality of the theorem, its substantiality must be apparent.

The whole point is that men have no need, by virtue of their very nature, to go to the trouble that women, by virtue of their very nature in turn, do in order to make themselves inoffensive and welcome to the public eye. There are men, true enough, whose looks and general appearance would—to revert to a not dazzlingly original phrase—stop a clock, but there are also a like proportion of women who wouldn't promptly set it going again. Yet, taking them by and large, men do much better by themselves as landscape scenery than women. Their hair, while they have any of it left, doesn't give them one-tenth—aye, one-fiftieth—the bother that women's hair gives them. When they find it getting a bit dull or a bit gray, they let is go at that and look pretty well in spite of it.

Women, on the other hand, at the first hint of dullness or gray, begin laying out tidy bi-weekly sums to the hairdresser or beauty parlor expert to tint and dye and color-wash—and gradually look more or less like freaks.

Men's complexion in most cases doesn't give them a moment's thought. Maybe a hot towel once a week or twice a month at the corner barber-shop, and a slap of witch hazel after shaving, and that's that. Women's complexion is one of the fair sex's chief and alarmed concerns. For one advertised preparation for men in this direction, you will find two dozen for women. For men's bodies in the bath, a cake of ordinary soap is good enough, and it does its job well enough. For women's, there are more and various soaps, creams, scents, powders and salts than they can shake a lipstick at.

Let us now approach somewhat more esoteric and delicate matters. To make delicacy doubly delicate, let us avoid statements and phrase our argument in the form of questions. Therefore:

1. How many men do you know who, to make the right kind of physical showing, have to resort to brassières?

2. How many men do you know who ditto—wear girdles?

3. Can you name any males who are compelled to beautify themselves with compacts and lipsticks scented with *De Toi Je Chante, Nuit d'Amour, Baiser de la Lune, Zéphyr de Langouste* and other lovely *parfums?*

4. What men do you know who find it necessary to fix up their cheeks with such various shades of rogue as *framboise*, poppy, sun orange, etc?

5. Have you or have you not, sir, a little eyebrow-plucker in your toilet kit?

6. Do you know any men who have to brighten up their eyes with belladonna, or any who use mascara? (If so, don't mention it in public.)

7. What males do you know who have had their freckles removed?

8. How many men, outside of a few movie ex-leading men who are still hoping to get jobs leading, have had their faces lifted?

9. What is the proportion of ladies who wear transformations and other false hair to the male goats who wear toupés?

10. Will you send in to the editor a list of the men you have met who wear waist and thigh rubber controls, lastex spirals, bandeaux, and "uplift bras"?

Meanwhile, let us order a drink, sit back and patiently wait.

Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

Pinning a posy on Cole Porter for his part in making a wow of wows out of "Anything Goes"

by JOHN V. A. WEAVER

• THEATRE •

GLIMPSE LIST

MUSTS

"Anything Goes." Victor Moore and Ethel Merman in the musical super-wow . . . Cole Porter tunes.

"Dodsworth." Sinclair Lewis adaptation by Sidney Howard, with Walter Huston, in second season.

"Life Begins at 8:40." Revue delight for the Weary Business Man . . . Bert Lahr, Ray Bolger.

"Merrily We Roll Along." Kaufman-Hart sadness on the Wasted Years . . . Good theatre, played backward.

"Personal Appearance." Gladys George very hot as a movie queen in mid-exhibitionism.

"Page Miss Glory." Abdominal laughs about a prize beauty.

"Post Road." Humorous crook play with Lucille Watson.

"Say When." Brassy musical, swell entertainment even if Harry Richman does try to be a suave juvenile.

"Small Miracle." Good melodrama.

"The Children's Hour." Finest play of many years, from every angle—on what used to be a "forbidden" theme.

"The Distaff Side." Dame Sybil Thorndike and Estelle Winwood redeem a barley-waterish British thesis.

"The Farmer Takes a Wife." The good old days on the Erie Canawl—June Walker, Herb Williams, Henry Fonda in heart-warming costume play.

"Tobacco Road." Year after year of this sad comedy of white trash. Still grand.

"Within the Gates." Sean O'Casey's poetic masterpiece.

MMMM—YES

"Gold Eagle Guy." Costume drama of skulduggery in financial circles of San Francisco. Bromberg overcomes artiness.

"Eva Le Gallienne Repertory." Almost a must. Excellent performances of *L'Aiglon*, *Hedda Gabler* and *Cradle Song*.

"The Great Waltz." Doubling the business of all the other shows, it's killing me.

"Dark Victory." If your dish is Tallulah Bankhead, here's a load of her.

NIX!!

"So Many Paths." Victory for Irving K. Davis—only third-rate this time.

"The Night Remembers." Punk mystery.

EXTRA!!

"Valley Forge." Beautiful study of Washington in Revolutionary crisis. Notice later.

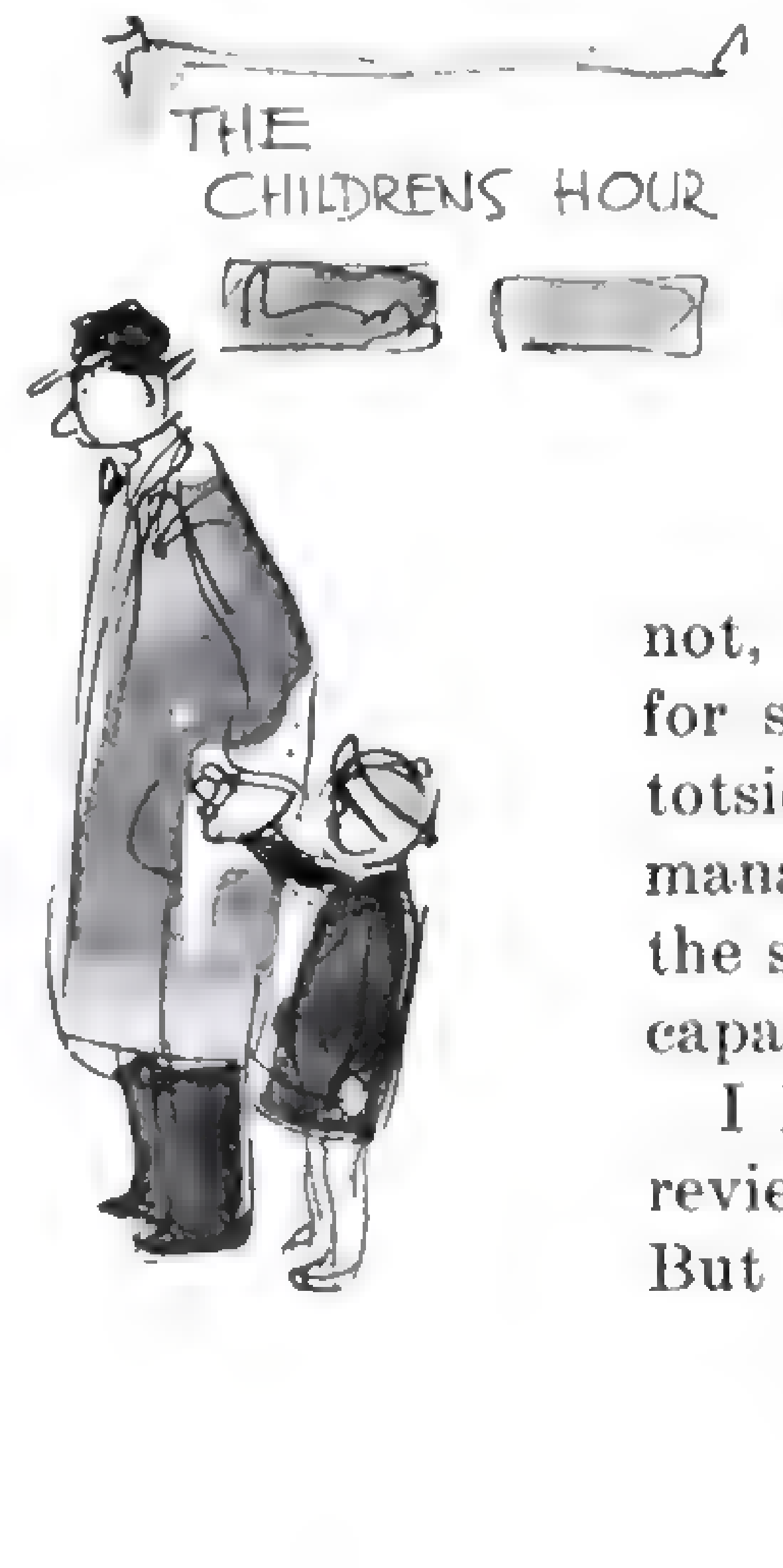
It is time to make a daring statement. All right, here it is: The present theatrical season is the most noteworthy in a decade.

Not only is the general level of offerings well above the average, but advance reports on numerous incomers are sanguine; while the current incumbents are prospering so steadily that conditions of the boom days are duplicated. House-owners, with their typical short-sightedness and greed, are already slapping premiums and high stop-limits on all available auditoria, thereby squeezing the golden-egg-layers until they screech "Uncle"; while sundry hopefuls lurk hopefully in the sticks, waiting for some relief from the theatre-shortage. The difference between this boom and the former ones is that in those earlier days, practically anything got by, while now the occupants of the show-shops have real merit. Even if no new superior entertainments turn up, the season can squat on its laurels, pointing with pride.

For instance, the earlier weeks produced that poetic masterpiece which would by itself distinguish any year—O'Casey's *Within the Gates*, which is surprisingly successful financially, too. They brought to the flippant that belly-laugh boon, *Personal Appearance*, and to typical Broadwayites the revue *Life Begins at 8:40*, plus the merrily brassy *Say When*. (Added inducement to see the latter: at this writing, the arm of the law has yanked "Prince" Mike Gergusonoff from the cast, and there's a chance the improvement may be permanent!) The sweet nostalgia of *The Farmer Takes a Wife* flourishes. And recently to these—and the lesser but still worthy—spectacles have been joined two, completely dissimilar, which demand superlatives.

A honey for any class of customer, from social mink-traps to iron-jawed chicle-poppers, is the musical, *Anything Goes*, which tops anything of its ilk since *Fifty Million Frenchmen*—and probably excels that treasure of yesteryear. The book itself, rescued from Bolton-Wodehouse mediocrity by some magic on the part of Russell Crouse and Howard (*She Loves Me Not*) Lindsay, is a coherent assemblage of mad scenes, knowing gags and legitimately goofy characters which, unless you are puritanical or otherwise dumb, may reasonably rupture your laughing-apparatus. Played by what a cast, this zany-fest further gives you more than the worth of whatever you pay for seats—and gents, that'll be plenty—by serving as vehicle for the best score Cole Porter has ever eased into happy ears. Sly, witty verses wedded to debonair, catchy melodies—some nuptials! Every number—and there are many—is good, half would be Grade-A hits anywhere, and two deserve a special rating, Porter-plus. Luckily, these two, *You're the Top* and *I Get a Kick Out of You*, are too intelligently constructed to lend themselves to much quacking by the radio, so that you'll have to see and hear them put over, as no one else could, by Ethel Merman—especially the latter, a three-against-two humorous torch-psalm tossed against a rippling rumba rhythm.

Speaking of Miss Merman—as who isn't?—it is indeed gratifying to witness her development. Now, now—I mean her progress from coon-shouter to the most subtle lyric-putter-over extant, enhancing her appeal by deft repression, making her a most engaging comedienne as well as songstress. Victor Moore, that joy, outdoes even his vice-presidential success; could praise go further? Looking like an eager, wounded oyster, he flubs his way through many adventures as Public Enemy Number 13, determined to advance his standing with the aid of his beloved "Put-put-put"—the darling little machine-gun which he totes about in an old violin-case. No moan has been heard on the stage more heart-breaking than his comment when he gets the news that the government considers him harmless: "I just can't understand this administration!" he wails. For further pleasure there are a couple of amusing male quartets, a cutie named (I believe) Vera Dunn who, if she played her cards right, might succeed in capturing my phone number, and William Gaxton, the most active straight-man in the business. All in all, *Anything Goes* is a wow of wows.



From every standpoint—interest of subject, writing, acting and dramatic result—*The Children's Hour* is epoch-making. Do not, for the love of Heaven, mistake this for something to which you can haul the totsies. Grown-ups are rewarding the managerial acumen of Herman Shumlin and the skill of the author, Lillian Hellman, by capacity attendance.

I hold a bitter brief against the sort of reviewing which resorts to telling the plot. But in the case of this deeply-moving trag-

Continued on page 169

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The Candid Cameraman

Breaks down and confesses that even a picture with Bing Crosby can be entertaining

by MEYER LEVIN

• MOVIES •

A MAN'S GUIDE TO THE MOVIES

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

The Man Who Reclaimed His Head: Important for its attack on munitions manufacturers, as well as for the concise and powerful performance by Claude Rains, who here at last appears in a sympathetic role. The story is of a ghost writer who takes literal vengeance upon the man who has betrayed his ideas; the writer, on leave from the war which he sought to prevent, and which the "name" for whom he wrote helped perpetrate, takes off the head of his "identity." The murder scene is worthy of Poe.

The President Vanishes: Producer Wanger, who would "rather make a fair picture with a new idea than a swell picture with an old idea," makes a swell picture with a new idea. First half of the film is a vigorous stab at fascism, picturing with news-reel conviction the rise of a Hitler-like grey shirt gang. Then the picture becomes a thrilling detective story of the hunt for a kidnaped president.

GO ALONG TO SEE

The Private Life of Don Juan: Douglas Fairbanks has the grace to act his age. Amusing idea: Don Juan, aging, and supposed dead, appears in Seville to refute the plays and stories about his amours. Touch of Pirandello when he leaps upon a stage to stop the play about himself, and finds the audience believes more in the play than in him. Hollywood could have made brisker satire than this, done in England. End: he climbs, with aid of rope ladder, to his wife's chamber. Final shot: the silken bed.

Behold My Wife: Sylvia Sidney, whom I like, and Gene Raymond, whom I can stand, in a fair comedy drama. Plot: Society boy sore because up-snickety family won't let him marry common gal jumps into his roadster and heads west, revengefully weds a true Indian daughter and brings her home. But she outwits and charms them all. A suicide and a murder thrown in, also a very intriguing operation-scene wherein Sylvia, accoutred in all the fringes of a redskin belle, pries a bullet out of the flesh of wide-awake Gene. A test of manly courage. Probably they'll be casting Sylvia Sidney as an Eskimo next, since her exotic face gives credence to almost any racial suggestion. It's been a long time since she's had a part fully worthy of her talent.

Bright Eyes: The new Shirley Temple. An aviator and a crochety-but kind-hearted sewer contractor fight to adopt sweet Shirley, who is orphaned in this one. The child is seen more than in previous pictures, which is a good thing, as people come to see her. James Dunn, the aviator, seems to be the best cinema papa or god-papa she has acquired.

Broadway Bill: With bated breath, the sophisticates awaited director Frank Capra's new picture, for he is the man who made something out of a little nothing called "It Happened One Night." The news is that Broadway Bill has that informal and unstudied touch. Also some of the best horse-racing atmosphere ever shot. Also the pleasant Myrna Loy, who is cast as a little sister instead of a knowing wife this time. But of course she becomes the knowing wife of Warner Baxter, who is pretty good in this too. The horse wins, even with a crooked jockey on his back. But bursts his heart doing it. Very touching burial-of-a-derby-winner scene.

Father Brown, Detective: Walter Connelly slips into this character as comfortably as into an old coat. Connelly, who is never less than good, has an ideal role here, and gets all the shrewd, warm, human values that have made Chesterton's detective-priest so well beloved. The adventure follows the attempts of Flambeau, cleverest of crooks, to steal the ten pearls called "The Flying Stars"—six out of a safe, and four out of a crucifix. Father Brown of course keeps the pearls, and also wins the soul of the (reforming) crook. The religious societies should certainly take this film to heart. There is just a shade too much preaching, in an otherwise clever and entertaining who-got-the-button film.

Here Is My Heart: I have to break down and admit that Bing Crosby is in a good picture. But it's not his doing. The palm goes to director Frank Tuttle for a slick-paced semi-musical. The designer of the gleaming white interiors of the Monte Carlo hotel in which most of the action takes place deserves a few plaudits, though the values are a trifle derived from "Merry Widow." Mr. Tuttle has also borrowed a nip of salt from Joseph Von Sternberg, who introduced the use of statuary as beauty-background. Kitty Carlisle, a stunning haughty princess, is often posed against graceful plaster caryatids. Plot: Crooner masquerading as waiter, wins princess. Ronald Young and Reginald Owen, caricaturing exiled Russian nobility, take this out of the ordinary class. And a well-gagged script.

The Mighty Barnum: Wallace Beery gets all the gusty parts, and manages not to ruin them. In this as in "Viva Villa" he is adequate, though the momentum of the picture makes him seem more than adequate. He chews his face a good deal of the time; the habit seems to be growing on him. The picture itself is noisy but not very remarkable; a good deal of hullabaloo will probably be made about it by Gene Fowler's camp followers. He's the scenarist.

It's a Gift: W. C. Fields, solemn and screwy. Swell back porch noise sequence.

GO ALONG (*with misgivings*)

Babbitt: For the first few reels it seems as if this is going to be a classic. The loud conviviality, the fat laughter of Zenith's Zebras comes right out of Sinclair Lewis's novel.

Guy Kibbee is surprisingly good, seeming to have developed a much wider range of sensibilities than he showed in the sugar-daddy roles of the Warner musicals. But after a swell start the film degenerates into an ordinary small-town family picture, with Aline McMahon the smiling understanding mother, and a couple of clean upstanding young brats.

The side-story of Babbitt's pal, Paulibus, who shoots his super-nagging wife, is, however, unflinchingly handled; like the side-story of the negroes in "Imitation of Life," it sticks right out and cops the film.

The Secret Bride: Intrigue to get the governor impeached. Barbara Stanwyck pretty nice. Otherwise a sit-through-it.

WASTE

Enter Madame: A glossy, expert production with Elissa Landi as the opera singer, unreasonably boresome. Nobody cares. Looks like the glamour has finally worn off of this stand-by.

Wicked Woman: Mady Christians, a fine actress, gets stuck with one of the worst scripts of the season. Rancid melodrama patched with adolescent comedy.

Continued on page 167

Click!

On your left a parrot stutters. On your right a candle sputters. The sybaritical pirate leers with pleasure as his lovely captive shudders. A purely fanciful scene as life might once have been on the bounding main.

Today such a picture of action offers a problem beyond the capacity of ordinary color photography. Yet the *ROSENOW-ESQUIRE* operator calmly clicks his shutter and you see the irascible tropic bird, the lambent flame, the leer and shudder clearly limned in motion.

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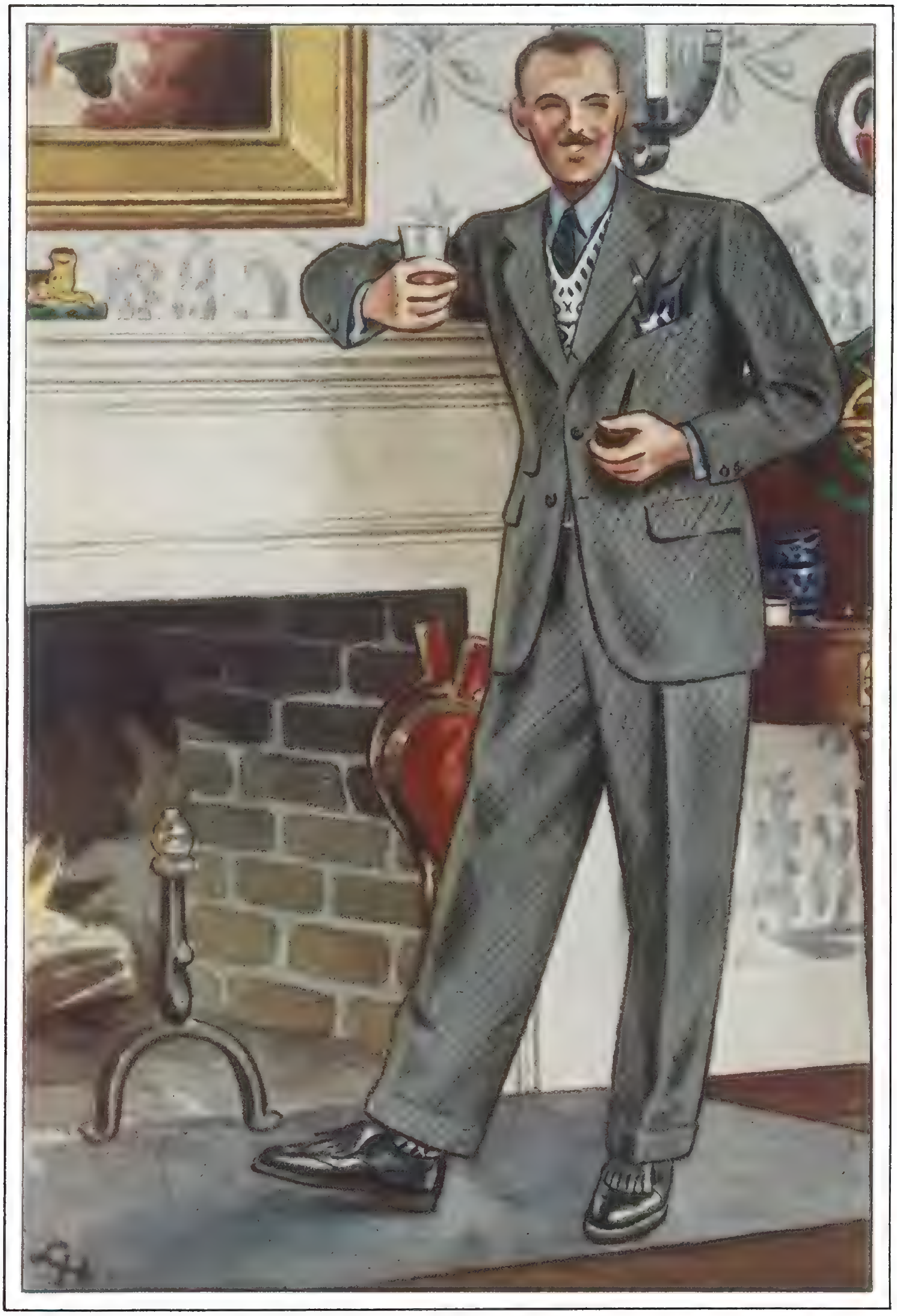


FOR WINTER WEEKENDS IN THE COUNTRY

The British influence is pronounced in this case, this outfit as a whole being typical of the clothes worn at this time of the year in English country houses. It consists of a three-button notched lapel single-breasted suit of heavy tweed, the jacket made with an extra outside cash pocket and eight-inch center vent, a blue Oxford shirt with medium pointed collar attached, a Fair Isle short sleeveless sweater, a black silk tie with narrow spaced blue stripe, wool Argyle hose and black Scotch grain brogues with overlapping fringed tongues. Note the leather watch guard strap from the buttonhole of the lapel to the breast pocket. The British tradition of dress for a long time confined these informal tweeds to the country, but the old inflexible line of demarcation between town and country clothes has been getting more and more smudged over during the last few seasons, with the result that a suit like this now gets by in town.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Brief reviews, seasoned with spiced snorts at the condescension of both Limeys and neo-revolutionary snips

by **BURTON RASCOE**

• BOOKS •

TOPS

THE FORTY DAYS OF MUSA DAGH (Viking Press, $3) by Franz Werfel—This is a meaty, old-fashioned novel, but old-fashioned in the best sense. Everything about it is conceived on a heroic scale. It has genuine heroes performing great, selfless deeds in a situation of epic grandeur and tragedy. It has to do with an incident in the World War when the Turks resolved to exterminate the Armenian Christians within their borders by forcing them to leave their homes and possessions and march to their death in a desert. Under the leadership of a returned expatriate who had married a French woman, the Armenians withdrew to the top of Musa Dagh, or the Mount of Moses, with contraband arms and ammunition, built fortifications, established a commune and withstood the Turks for forty days until rescued by a passing French warship. Drama and melodrama are packed into this novel, which teems also with types and characters displaying all the noble and ignoble qualities of human nature. The whole story is magnificently imagined and impressively worked out. It is good even in its defects and limitations, or in spite of them.

MARY POPPINS (Reynal & Hitchcock, $1.50) by P. L. Travers—This fantasy, I firmly believe, will become a classic in kind like *Alice in Wonderland*, although I hasten to add that I mention *Alice* in analogy, not in comparison, because *Mary Poppins* also stands unique and alone in its release from ordinary logic into the refreshing logic of the day-dream. It is a book for adults which children will enjoy and it is about an uncompromising nurse-maid who slid up banisters instead of down, knew what animals were thinking about and had uncompromising ideas about things which struck her wards as being much more sensible than ordinary ideas.

CLOUD HOWE (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) by Lewis Grassic Gibbon—The setting of this story (that of a Scottish village) may operate against this book's having a large audience; but it is one of the most beautiful, unusual and completely satisfying stories that has come along in years. Those who like it at all are certain to like it rapturously; because here is beauty, simplicity and distinction in writing dedicated to the unfolding of the deep inner drama of a sensitive woman whose first love was killed in the war and of her husband who had survived the war with a burning conviction that life should be more noble and have more meaning than it had in the vicious and ugly little village in which he found himself. The coarse, earthy humor of the Scot enlivens this rich and tender drama of emotions.

HALF MILE DOWN (Harcourt, Brace & Co., $5) by William Beebe—This is a record, with photographs, line drawings and color plates of the first exploration of an entirely new and enchanting world, 3028 feet below the level of the sea. Descending in the "bathysphere," a scientific marvel designed to resist the terrific underwater pressure and to permit a view of the strange fish and their habitats in the waters a mile from the shore at Bermuda, William Beebe returned to dry land after having observed many inexplicable phenomena, among them the puzzling fact that not only are the beautiful fish in the depths of the sea undisturbed by the terrific pressure but that a lobster tied to the outside of the bathysphere made the descent and emerged alive, without being crushed to smithereens as Beebe expected it would.

FEBRUARY HILL (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50) by Victoria Lincoln—This scandalous story of a lovable, yes lovable, degenerate New England family is so filled with humor, pity and sympathy that one's ordinary moral judgments are completely suspended while reading it. Out of material Faulkner would have used for nightmares, Caldwell would have treated with sardonic grimness and the lesser naturalists of souls would have made into an unsavory mess, Miss Lincoln has written an enchanting yarn full of fun and deep human pathos.

ANOTHER CAESAR (Knopf, $3) by Alfred Neumann, translated by Eden and Cedar Paul—This large and tumultuous novel should run tandem with *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh* in the favor of those who like their novels spread out on a large canvas, exciting in incident and melodrama, keyed to grandeur in intrigue, ambition, adventure and lechery, and historical in background. This is the story of Louis Napoleon, whom Hugo called "Napoleon the Little," a wash-out who nevertheless became a big shot in European politics, emperor of France against the tide of revolution and democracy. This novel has all the ingredients of a great thriller with interludes of bawdy comedy and yet it is the work of a historian seriously concerned with the forces at work behind the Napoleonic era.

RECOMMENDED

CAST DOWN THE LAUREL (Knopf, $2.50) by Arnold Gingrich—Only diffidence in the circumstance prevents me from including this novel in the above list. Only two other studies of the peculiar nature of musical genius are comparable to it, *Maurice Guest* by Henry Handel Richardson and *Martin Schuler* by Romer Wilson. It is a story of a concert pianist who threw up his career at the very moment he had attained perfection, that is at the moment when he had solved his problem and when to go on meant mere mechanical repetition. It is a handling of the central problem of all genius, when actual genius is involved, and it is about the attitude which is most disconcerting to the lay mind. Leonardo da Vinci for instance, never quite finished anything, whether of painting, sculpture or mechanical design, precisely because when he had worked out the problem he had set for himself, when he could see in his mind's eye the finished work, the problem no longer interested him, the concluding details were only mechanical, and he would drop the thing for something else. Gingrich, by an original technique, has made a fascinating story out of the appearance and the reality of the actions of an eccentric of genius. He has had one man tell the story to a popular, hack novelist; then he has had the novelist write the story as the surface aspects of it appear to his cliché-filled imagination; then he has the first narrator *write* the story. Three approaches are thus made to a central problem of character and motivation, three aspects are given with sardonic implications; and the novelist's treatment is a triumph of satiric parody. Both the story and the method of conveying it are distinctly out of the ordinary. The relationship of genius to women is portrayed with skilful insight.

BRITANNIA WAIVES THE RULES (Dutton, $1.50) by Frances Douglas and Thelma Le Cocq—This book which bears the subtitle, "A Confidential Guide to the Customs and Manners and Habits of 'A Nation of Shopkeepers'," and has a foreword by D. B. Wyndham-Lewis, is long overdue. It satirizes and shows-up those qualities in the British character which appeal so much to American climbers and it pokes fun at those

Continued on page 174

Candy-Man

Continued from page 39

till Monday morning just the same. Reach out your hands for these 'cuffs, nigger."

Candy-Man stepped away. His yellow gal was on his mind. He didn't feel like passing her up for no iron-bar jail. He stepped away.

"I'll shoot you down, nigger. One more step, and I'll blast away."

"White-boss, please just let me be. I won't even stop to get my supper, and I'll shake my legs right out of town. Because I just got to see my gal before that Monday morning sun comes up."

Candy-Man stepped away. The night policeman threw down the handcuffs, and jerked out his gun. He pulled the trigger at Candy-Man, and Candy-Man fell down.

"There wasn't no cause for that, white-boss. I'm just a big black nigger with itching feet. I'd rather be traveling than standing still."

The people came running, but some turned around and went the other way. A few stood and looked at Candy-Man while he felt his legs to see if they could hold him up. He still had two miles to go before he could reach the top of the ridge.

The people crowded around, and the night policeman put away his gun. Candy-Man tried to get up so he could be getting on down the road. That yellow gal of his was waiting for him at her door, straining on the tips of her toes.

"White-boss, I sure am sorry you had to go and shoot me down. I never bothered white-folks, and they sure oughtn't bother me. But there aint much use in living if that's the way it's going to be. I reckon I'll just have to blow out the light and fade away. Just reach me a blanket so I can cover my skin and bones."

"Shut up, nigger," the white-boss said. "If you keep on talking, I'll just have to pull out my gun again and hurry you on."

The people drew back, so they would not stand too close. The night policeman put his hand on the butt of his gun, where it would be handy in case.

"If that's the way it's to be, then make way for Candy-Man Beechum, because here I come."

Man with Outthrust Chin

Continued from page 75

at Valencia, earning eighty pesetas or approximately eleven dollars, and had a good afternoon. Various other successful appearances induced him to perform again in his home town and on July 21, 1912, he sealed his reputation. His fame and popularity spread like wildfire and he asked and received his own price from bullfight promoters.

He took his *alternativa* on October 16, 1913 in Madrid from the hands of the famous bullfighter Machaquito. This gave him the coveted privilege of alternating in the arena with full-fledged matadors. About the same time a young bullfighter named Jose Gomez, better known as "Joselito" and "Gallito" was burning up the rings. Although he was three years younger than Belmonte, he had been a matador for a longer time. During the seven seasons when these two men were both fighting, bullfighting in Spain probably enjoyed the peak of popularity. Both were masters, both were courageous, colorful, audacious. Who was the greater of the two was a moot question but it was generally admitted they were the two greatest in bullfighting history. Some *aficionados* liked the unwavering stance and the sensations and thrills aroused by Belmonte's fierce courage while others preferred the smooth, scintillating work of the well-built Joselito who knew so much about bulls.

These two, with different styles but both possessors of an unprecedented art, knew how to enthuse the masses, obtaining in a period of seven years such great triumphs that it will be difficult to have another pair surpass them. Joselito, for whom the art of bullfighting had no secrets, dominated the technique. Belmonte possessed an extraordinary personality and brought a new talent to the ring. Joselito's death in 1920 at the age of 25 produced a profound impression throughout Spain because it was believed that he was nothing less than invulnerable. His remains rest in the San Fernando cemetery in the Andalusian capital in a mausoleum erected by the famous sculptor, Mariano Benlliure.

The death of Joselito left Belmonte in a class by himself. He earned huge sums everywhere he fought, Spain, Peru, Mexico. Knowing the value of money, he put it away in property and ranches. He attempted to retire twice but staggering offers caused him to defer his withdrawal. He was wounded seriously at Barcelona on October 30, 1927 by the bull "Temido" and he stayed away from the arena for seven years.

I asked Belmonte what he thought of his great rival Joselito. We were in his penthouse seated on a chaise beneath a large oil by Zuloaga showing him in his bullfighting suit, with a *muleta* in his left hand. The sword, bloody to the hilt, was in his right. He drew back on the lounge and began reminiscing.

"Joselito was a great bullfighter and a *muy buen hombre*—a very swell fellow. Our friends were divided among themselves regarding our respective abilities. Families were split into Gallistas and Belmontistas. When we fought together, Joselito's friends would pray that I would be awful and my supporters would trust that Joselito would be bad. We didn't mind. Joselito and I were good friends because we fought together and faced danger together many, many times. Besides it helped the gate receipts.

"He was a great fighter of the old-time style. That is to say his fighting was defensive rather than offensive but he differed from the others of this category by his extraordinary ability to dominate the bulls.

"He was always very cool. He trusted his brain instead of his heart to tell him what to do. If there is any way to describe the difference between Joselito and me it is this: Joselito was a matador who fought with his head. I fought with my heart. I let it persuade me and if I changed bullfighting style it was because I let myself go and obeyed the impulses of my heart instead of my head.

"I feel that bullfight critics make a great error when they limit their discussions of fighting to the technique of the art without taking into account the sentiment and emotion which the bullfighter feels.

"In my case," he said earnestly, "I regard a bull as I would regard a woman. I try to tempt and inveigle it to follow my commands and my desires. I speak to the bull as if it were human. We are alone in the ring. Under these circumstances, I frequently lose my head. I forget rules, esthetics, art and the rest. I fight the bull as my heart inspires me and as I always dreamed of fighting. Certainly I broke rules and upset the critics but I fought the way I felt the bull should be fought and not according to any set rule or precedent."

When Joselito and Belmonte were the leading matadors, fans used to remark that Joselito was so extraordinary a bullfighter that there couldn't be a bull he couldn't master. He made bullfighting look easy because he was such a complete artist.

Guerrita, a luminary of the past, talking to friends about Belmonte when the latter first appeared, said "you had better see him soon or you won't get to see him." Guerrita was certain that Belmonte wouldn't live long if he continued to work so close to the bull.

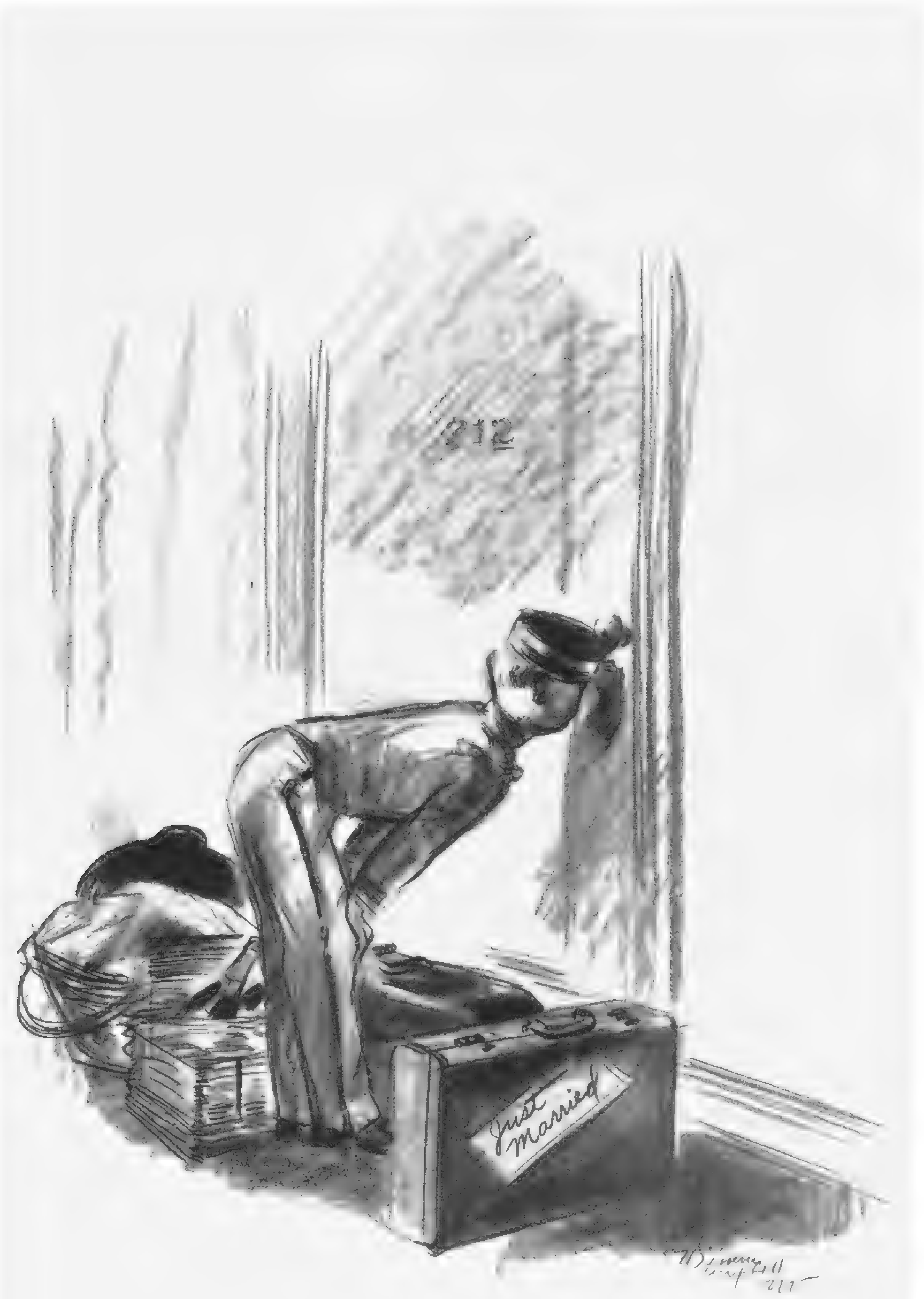
If the name of Belmonte means anything to bullfighting, it is this: he's the man who "revolutionized" it. Before his time, fighters would not cross into what was known as the "terrain of the bull." To Juan that meant nothing. He saw few fights before becoming a torero and he didn't believe in passing the bull at more than arm's length. He went to the bull and made his passes so dangerously near the bull's horns that he left the crowd breathless. He always had weak legs that seemed to double under him so he couldn't do much dancing about. This inability to move rapidly forced him to fight close to the bulls and fight them in the smallest possible space. He relied on his arms instead of his legs. So he made the bull follow the cape through sheer domination and skillful movement of the arms. His style smashed all rules and traditions and marked the revolution in bullfighting. For this reason bullfight critics have divided bullfighting history into two epochs—B. B. and A. B.—Before Belmonte and After Belmonte.

His *natural* pass, standing with the *muleta* held low in the left hand, exposing his entire body to the bull and avoiding danger by dexterous movement of the red cloth—was and is held to be a classic of bullfighting.

Juan's bravery is unquestioned. His scorn for death is not human. He has the inexplicable, unconscious ability to make spectators feel they are down in the ring with him facing the enraged bull. The sharp horns do not seem to deter him in his love for the fiesta. In the first fight of his comeback on June 25 this year at Nimes, he was lifted twice on the bull's horns against the wooden barrier while women screamed and thousands jumped to their feet. He miraculously escaped injury and then bravely led the vicious bull away from the boards and shortly put it to death.

In Pamplona he was fighting an animal

Continued on page 148


212
Just Married

"Why, th' big dummy——th' big greenhorn!"

Man with Outthrust Chin

Continued from page 146

that wouldn't charge. Slowly, skillfully, he kept drawing it towards himself by exposing his body. Finally he was backed up against the fence and the bull's deadly horns were only a few inches away. As the frightened crowd gasped, a peon opportunely waved a cape and drew the bull away. Another escape from a terrible goring if not death.

Referring once to the mishaps and catastrophes of the ring, he said "when your feet go up in the air, you forget all about science and art."

I asked Belmonte whether it was true that he sometimes hums "flamenco" or gipsy tunes while he fights. "Sure," he replied, "but that doesn't mean I'm calm. That's only to hide my fear."

But are bullfighters really frightened by bulls? Belmonte answered that when a newspaper reporter inquired: "Can you recall any occasion when you were afraid of a bull?" The matador, carefully picking his words, answered: "Why don't you ask me whether I am always afraid of the bull?"

The famous bullfighter likes comfort and ease. Once he felt tired and lazy so he bought a batch of books and went to bed for twelve days. He never could convince his mother-in-law that he was not ill, that he just didn't feel like being on his feet.

What he has learned he has gained through his own initiative. He had little schooling but after becoming a successful matador and after meeting successful people who idolized him, he made up his mind to catch up on his education. So he started to read and he is still an avid follower of the book world. He never reads bullfighting reviews or books.

"The only newspaper I read," he said, "is *El Sol!* of Madrid because it's the only paper that does not publish anything about toros or toreros. You know they only print the deaths and accidents of bullfighters and they slug all such stories 'the so-called national fiesta'."

"When I started out as a torero, I used to read every bullfight review. If the writers praised me I became over-enthusiastic. If they knocked me, I became angry. It didn't do me any good so I decided I would never read another bullfight criticism or any article or book treating with the subject."

He presented me a volume by a critic calling himself "Don Quijote," who in dedicating it to him, described himself as one of Belmonte's most faithful admirers even though the bullfighter didn't know him personally. The leaves of the volume had not been slit and Belmonte remarked, "If you don't like it, you can sell it."

A newspaperman, telling Belmonte that Sidney Franklin, the well-known American matador, had translated the Spanish bullfighting novel, "Currito de la Cruz," into English, said that Sidney insisted he preferred to face ten Miura bulls rather than tackle four sheets of copy paper. Now Miura bulls have an old and established reputation for being extremely brave and extremely dangerous.

Belmonte smiled and shook his head.

"You don't believe it?" insisted the reporter. "But you've never written anything."

"No, I haven't," said Belmonte, "but I've fought Miuras."

Mug's Game?

Continued from page 35

his giblets with envy? That bank could be both judge and plaintiff if any plain man ran against it.

On the other hand Bro. Warburg (could, if he had read up the matter) have pointed with pride to the one bank in Europe that has lasted since 1602 without reorganization, the Monte dei Paschi. This was a reconstruction bank, founded on three centuries of Medici banking experience, and the Medici were *not* mugs. There was no blind optimism in their makeup. The credit of the Monte dei Paschi was based in the last analysis on the abundance of nature. It paid 5% on its shares, and lent at $5^{1}/_{12}$. The overhead and administration charges were kept to a minimum and the profits above that went to public utility (hospitals and the like).

The shareholders were insured by the Duke, and the Duke had a lien on the grazing lands down toward Grosetto, but it was not a mortgage PAYING him interest.

You can't say this is a figment of my poetic imagination. It took three centuries of Medici horse-sense to achieve it. And Siena was flat on her back after a war, so they had to do what they were told. You can go down to Siena tomorrow and open a current account in that bank. When Bro. Warburg says banks can be useful, he is damn well right. But he didn't invent the idea. Any more than Lenin invented the root idea of bolshevism, which ole Ez. has kindly discovered in a measure offered to the Venetian senate in 1263 (or rather Signor Rota discovered it, and printed it where it was forgotten for 60 years, until ole Ez. read a book).

Being new (more or less) or at least not a "received superstition" in 1263, the idea that banking shd. be a monopoly of the state, was laid on the carved walnut table for 320 years, the venetian senate being a senate, and about as fast a mover as other senates. In 1580 something, it was tried . . . for three years . . . sabotaged, and given up.

But it did lead to banking reform in Venice.

The trouble with the new economists is that they can't convert their equations. A man with as good a background as Jeffry Mark gives us 200 pages of historic survey, so good that it is an outrage that peddlers of falsehood and of exploded theories like O. M. W. Sprague shd. be recalled to Harvard to misinform the young, when men like Mark are available. But when one expects him to correlate Douglas and Gesell, he merely wanders off in generalities and personal preference. He wants to get rid of usury. As practical politics, you just can't. "We are all usurers" say Mark etc. You can no more create a new economics by suppressing every case of bad habit than you can produce a crop by merely grubbing up weeds.

Brother J. P. Warburg, delegate to the Econ. Conference of London, etc., tells us a lot that the professors haven't found out, or haven't thought tactful to mention. Bro. Warburg knows his banks. Nine-tenths of all money is bank money, sez he. But he don't say that in that case the bankers can, obviously and always, buy up the other one-tenth whenever they want to.

"Got to watch the makin' of bank money," *i.e.*, the bank's issuing money or credit, sez he. Sure.

This argymint iz being peddled by a lot of blokes that want to get all the issuing into the hands of very, very very authoritative and wholly irresponsible persons. Trust 'em as you would a nest of mad cobras.

He fails to state that if the people, or delegates closely responsible to the public working in the open, controlled nine-tenths of the money, they cd. damn well keep the banks and bankers in order.

It is the proportion of nine to one that gives the bankers the strangle hold. Poker game where you can't call for as much as you've got, but always have to call for the other fellow's stake, or forfeit your ante.

Some credit probably ought to be under local control. As a class, one kind of bank which survived the last ramp was the bank that personally knew to whom it was lending, and sometimes why.

When politics is merely one little racket in the midst of fifty, not having much effect on the private life of the citizen, the citizen don't watch it as he wd. if he knew that his representatives were doing something that affected his dinner and sleeping suits.

To give the boys something to think about, that isn't in their university courses, I suggest that:

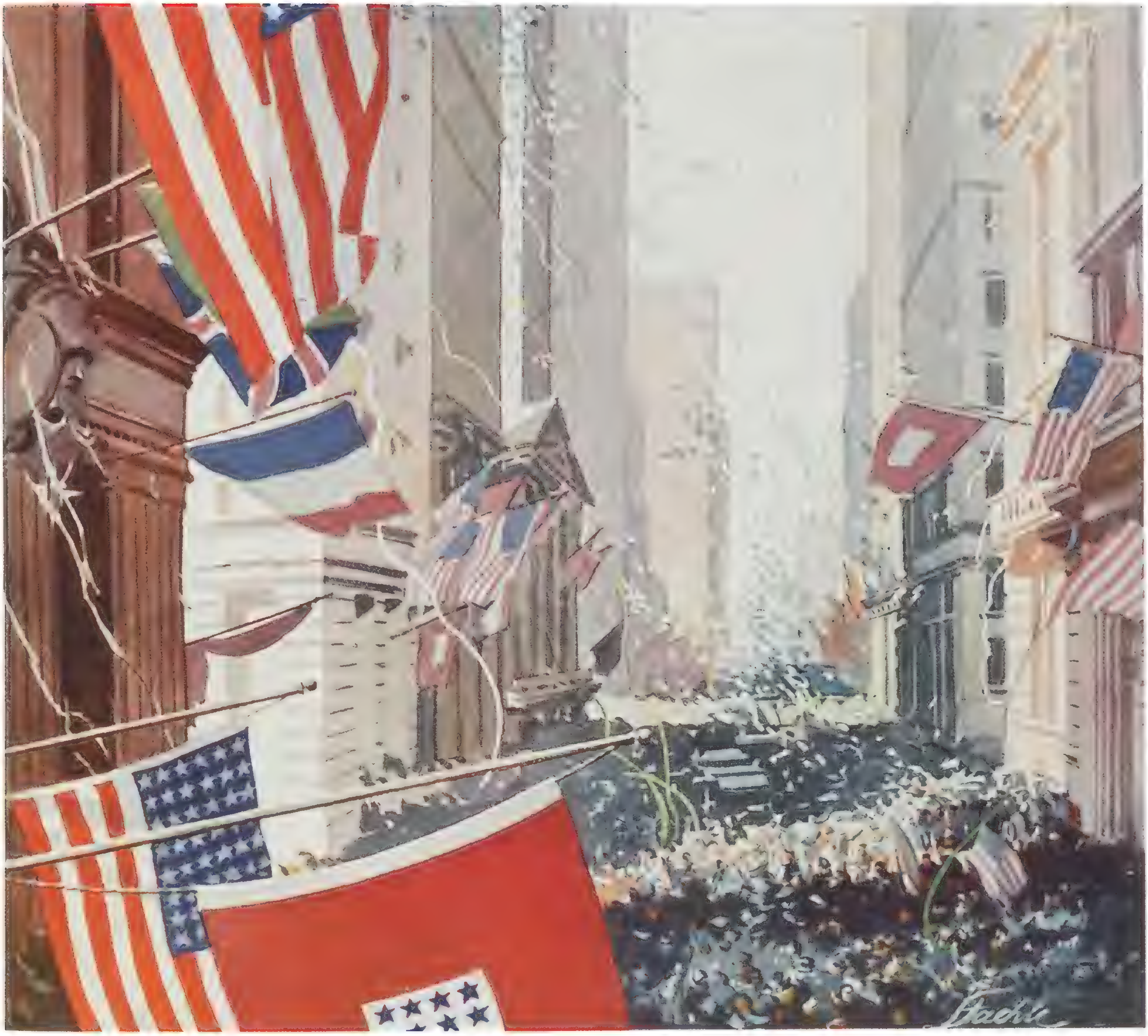
Money issued against goods or merchandise is good up to the amount of those goods that people actually WANT.

I suggest that instead of burning coffee, plowing cotton under, etc. it wd. be more intelligent to ISSUE MONEY AGINST IT up to the amount people WANT.

Ethics, law, IF the government owns this miscalled "overproduct" up to the point of being able to order its DESTRUCTION, it owns it quite enough to issue orders for its delivery to blokes who can use it.

I also suggest that such currency wd. circulate and bring life into adjacent industries. It would obviously be an increase in purchasing power. I suggest it shd. be issued as stamp script, just to educate the public and give it mental exercise (and for all the other reasons which justify the use of lubricants on machinery).

As for the writin' chaps and the pseudo-intelligentzia that want to get ribbons for being intelligentzia without using their minds, I suggest that the Goncourts' idea of novel writing was that it was setting down the history of contemporary social values, and customs, and that it is impossible to understand or to estimate or set down these values without understanding their economic motivations. These motivations affect almost every act of contemporary man, as desire now and then, and as the backwash of perfectly needless frustration nearly always.



HURRAY FOR WHAT?

The war is over?

Is it over, Mother?—No, your son was killed.

Is it over, little girl with the big blue eyes?—No, your daddy was killed.

Is it over, soldier?—No, you lost a leg.

Is it over, laborer with the horny hands?—No. You, and your children, and *their* children, and THEIR children must lay out their hard-earned dollars in taxes to pay for it!

So why do we cheer?

Only the fighting is over. Hearts will go on aching. And men will walk on crutches. And laborers will work and work, and pay and pay—for years. For years, and years, and years.

Let's not have another war.

What to do about it

Hysterical protests won't avert another war, any more than will "preparedness".

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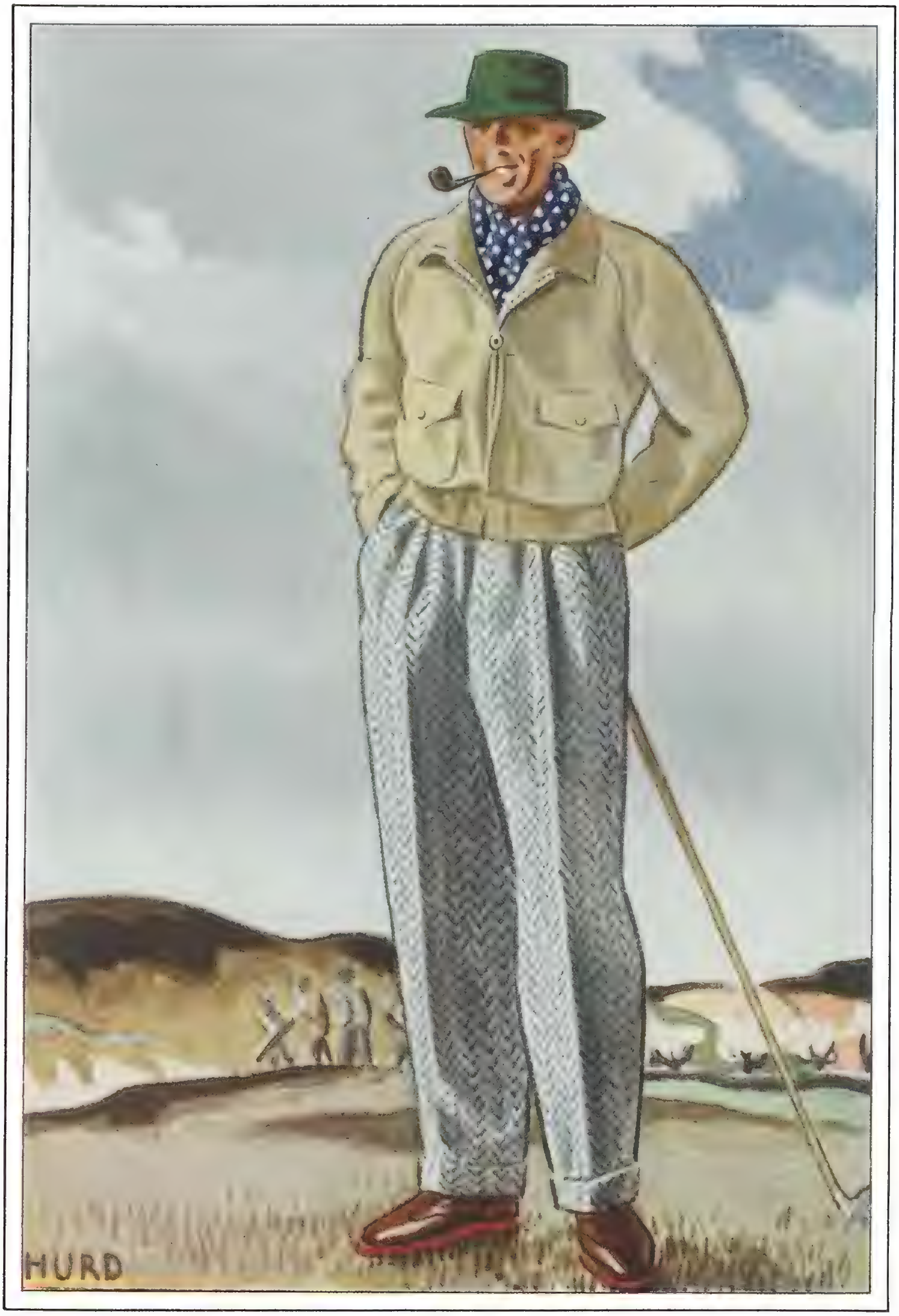

GOLFING AT PINEHURST OR WHITE SULPHUR

Bearing in mind that the breeze is pretty crisp and cool at most of the rendezvous of winter golfers north of Palm Beach, this golf outfit does not count on tropical conditions to assure comfort. The golfing jacket is light in weight and very thin, but it is windproof, and also it is cut generously enough to allow for a heavy sweater underneath. It has a web waist, two roomy pockets with flaps, and closes with a hookless fastener. The slacks are of herringbone Shetland in a somewhat bolder than usual version of this traditional fabric pattern. The shoes are brown calf with red rubber soles and heels and the hat is a green felt in the pork pie model that is now so generally finding acceptance. For comfort's sake many golfers have given up tie and collar and wear instead a silk foulard muffler or handkerchief. Note that the jacket has raglan shoulders, enhancing its appearance and providing freedom for an unimpeded follow-through.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

The Listening Post

Continued from page 96

Mater," by Kay Swift and E. M. Warburg, for which he did the decor. It seems to have been a riotous medley of typical John Held characters, with football a dominating motif, as in actual college life. The official record reports laughter and cheers, with a consequent demand for a New York showing.

As for "Calling All Stars," which in Boston was a disjointed, haphazard series of experiments, it had become a snappy and effective revue by the time it reached Broadway. The outstanding tunes are "If It's Love," and "Straw Hat in the Rain," with Jack Whiting and Everett Marshall doing most of the singing, and Mitzi Mayfair and Patricia Bowman the dancing.

I leave it to Stage-Door Johnny to decide just how funny Lou Holtz and Phil Baker are, but I wish Percy Hammond could tell a piano-accordion from a concertina, and that Phil would play more tunes, the way he used to, even with the grand interruptions of "Bottle" McNaughton.

Frankly I find Gertrude Niesen a terrible bore as a singer. I don't like her exotic personality or her face or her Spanish motions. The musical high spot of the show comes when the Sara Mildred Strauss dancers are on the stage, with solo co-operation from Patsy Bowman. I also agreed with the Boston audience when they elected as their favorite in the cast a homely hill-billy girl who does just about the funniest singing I have ever heard. I think her name is Judy Conova, but the management is evidently trying to keep her a secret.

From Concerts to Concertina: Speaking of the concertina, there is a man named Rafael, who appeared in the Continental Varieties and has more recently been heard in the night clubs of New York. He does things with that musical caterpillar that this listener would have considered impossible. Not the least of his distinctions is that he manages to look like an obese Hitler and to act like a candy-puller shuffling a pack of cards and yet to produce music that is continually fascinating. I liked Rafael much better than Lucienne Boyer, who seems to me a nice girl with a good voice, but nothing particularly individual beyond the fabulous sums she is said to be paid.

Yvonne Printemps is another story. In spite of her long nose and her funny mouth, she gives the impression of dazzling beauty and irresistible charm. "Conversation Piece" was worth seeing not only for its Chansons de Printemps, but for Noel Coward's music in general, which in this case far surpasses his play-writing. The instrumental accompaniment glitters with cleverness, and "I'll Follow My Secret Heart" ranks with "Some Day I'll Find You" and close to the top of "I'll See You Again." Coward will be remembered for his melodies long after his plays are forgotten.

In the case of "Sunday Nights at Nine," there is a personal predisposition to be overcome. But I may say that I like Jacques Krakeur better as a composer than as a singer, and that I wish Nina Tarasova would wear her stunning Russian costumes rather than Fifth Avenue creations. I share the admiration of the public for Shirley Booth, Felicia Sorel, Marion Chase and the burlesque dances of Lee and Stuart, with a special medal to the little Throckmorton boy, whom I nominate as the Fred Astaire of the future.

Radio City Carries On: Some of the most interesting musical experiments in New York may be seen each week at the Radio City Music Hall, where the Messrs. Leonidoff, Rapee, Markert and Minnelli continue to rack their minds for new ways of turning the white elephant of the show business into a tractable and entertaining animal. Usually you can count on hearing some good music in the course of the program, regardless of the picture, although there is still a need for basic ideas not too rooted in conventionality.

An elaborate attempt at operatic expression was made with "Onteora's Bride," an American Indian legend, with music by the staff composer, Dezso D'Antalffy. To call it an opera would hardly be fair. The whole production was obviously created for the peculiar equipment of the Music Hall, permitting even the de-Roxyated Rockettes to turn aboriginal, but retaining their best features of body and rhythm. The horse race was exciting too.

I still think the American Indian is poor material for opera, and a little legend goes a long way.

Snoops, my Dear: Isn't Grace Moore going just a bit too temperamental since the success of "One Night of Love"? After all, the star performer in that picture was the recording apparatus. Does she honestly feel superior to such artists as Rose Bampton, Edward Johnson and Bonelli, who have been billed below her in the Metropolitan Opera Quartet? Snap out of it, Miss Moore, and thank God for a lucky break.

Did the visiting Savoyards ever enjoy anything more than the New York party at which the girls all gathered around that extraordinary negro pianist, "Hughie," and made the welkin ring with jazz and low-down blues? Leslie Rands and his wife, Marjorie Eyre, were a big help on all such social occasions, and the little girl also made a hit with her sotto voce interpretation of "I'll Follow My Secret Heart," between the acts at "Conversation Piece." Which is what this has unexpectedly turned out to be.

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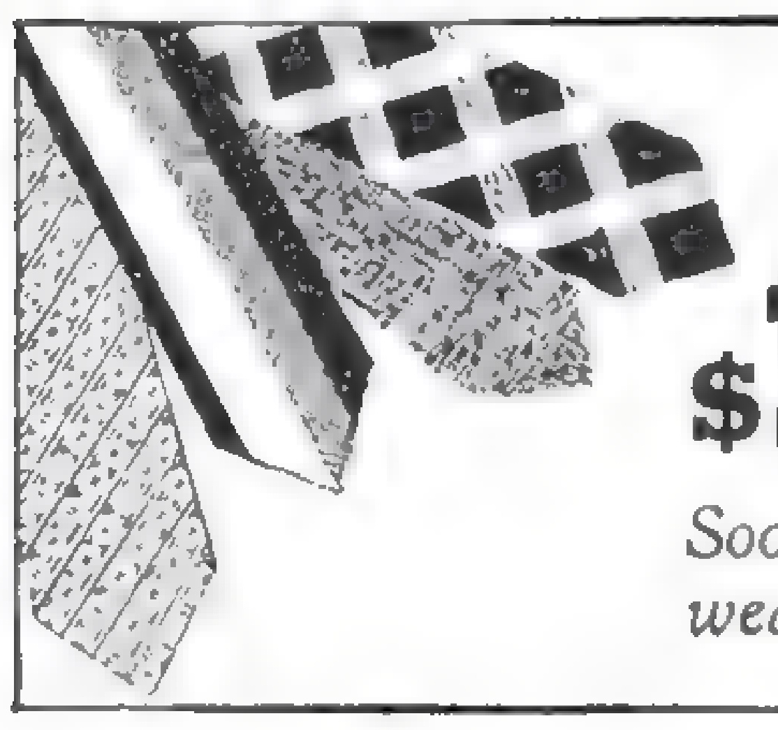

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Remembering Shooting-Flying

Continued from page 21

on that old double barrel. It kicked me against the tree and when I opened it up I found it had doubled and fired both barrels at once and my ears were ringing and my nose was bleeding. But I picked the quail up, reloaded the gun, wiped my nose and set out to find my father. I was sick of not hitting any.

"Did you get one, Ernie?"

I held it up.

"It's a cock," he said. "See his white throat? It's a beauty."

But I had a lump in my stomach that felt like a baseball from lying to him and that night I remember crying with my head under the patchwork quilt after he was asleep because I had lied to him. If he would have waked up I would have told him, I think. But he was tired and sleeping heavily. I never told him.

So I won't think any more about that but I remember now how I broke the spring in the 20 gauge. It was from snapping the hammer on an empty chamber practicing swinging on the pigeons after they wouldn't let me shoot any more. And some older boys came along the road when I was carrying the pigeons from the barn to the house and one of them said I didn't shoot those pigeons. I called him a liar and the smaller of the two whipped hell out of me. That was an unlucky trip.

On a day as cold as this you can remember duck shooting in the blind, hearing their wings go whichy-chu-chu-chu in the dark before daylight. That is the first thing I remember of ducks; the whistly, silk tearing sound the fast wingbeats make; just as what you remember first of geese is how slow they seem to go when they are traveling, and yet they are moving so fast that the first one you ever killed was two behind the one you shot at, and all that night you kept waking up and remembering how he folded up and fell. While the woodcock is an easy bird to hit, with a soft flight like an owl, and if you do miss him he will probably pitch down and give you another shot. But what a bird to eat flambé with armagnac cooked in his own juice and butter, a little mustard added to make a sauce, with two strips of bacon and pommes soufflé and Corton, Pommard, Beaune, or Chambertin to drink.

Now it is colder still and we found ptarmigan in the rocks on a high plain above and to the left of the glacier by the Madelener-haus in the Vorarlberg with it blowing a blizzard and the next day we followed a fox track all day on skis and saw where he had caught a ptarmigan underneath the snow. We never saw the fox.

There were chamois up in that country too and black cock in the woods below the timber-line and big hares that you found sometimes at night when we were coming home along the road. We ate them jugged and drank Tyroler wine. And why, today, remember misses?

There were lots of partridges outside of Constantinople and we used to have them roasted and start the meal with a bowl of caviar, the kind you never will be able to afford again, pale grey, the grains as big as buck shot and a little vodka with it, and then the partridges, not overdone, so that when you cut them there was the juice, drinking Caucasus burgundy, and serving French fried potatoes with them and then a salad with roquefort dressing and another bottle of what was the number of that wine? They all had numbers. Sixty-one I think it was.

And did you ever see the quick, smooth-lifting, reaching flight the lesser bustard has, or make a double on them, right and left, or shoot at flighting sand grouse coming to water early in the morning and see the great variety of shots they give and hear the cackling sound they make when flighting, a little like the noise of prairie chickens on the plains when they go off, fast beat of wings and soar, fast beat of wings and soar stiff-winged, and see a coyote watching you a long way out of range and see an antelope turn and stare and lift his head when he hears the shotgun thud? Sand grouse, of course, fly nothing like a prairie chicken. They have a cutting, swooping flight like pigeons but they make that grouse-like cackle, and with the lesser bustard and the teal, there is no bird to beat them for pan, the griddle or the oven.

So you recall a curlew that came in along the beach one time in a storm when you were shooting plover, and jumping teal along a water course that cut a plain on a different continent, and having a hyena come out of the grass when you were trying to stalk up on a pool and see him turn and look at ten yards and let him have it with the shotgun in his ugly face, and standing, to your waist in water, whistling a flock of golden plover back, and then, back in the winter woods, shooting ruffed grouse along a trout stream where only an otter fished now, and all the places and the different flights of birds, jumping three mallards now, down where the beavers cut away the cottonwoods, and seeing the drake tower, white-breasted, green-headed, climbing and get above him and splash him in the old Clark's Fork, walking along the bank watching him until he floated onto a pebbly bar.

Then there are sage hens, wild as hawks that time, the biggest grouse of all, getting up out of range, and out of range, until you came around an alfalfa stack and four whirred up one after the other at your feet almost and, later walking home, in your hunting coat they seemed to weigh a ton.

I think they all were made to shoot because if they were not why did they give them that whirr of wings that moves you suddenly more than any love of country? Why did they make them all so good to eat and why did they make the ones with silent flight like wood-cock, snipe, and lesser bustard, better eating even than the rest?

Why does the curlew have that voice, and who thought up the plover's call, which takes the place of noise of wings, to give us that catharsis wing shooting has given to men since they stopped flying hawks and took to fowling pieces? I think that they were made to shoot and some of us were made to shoot them and if that is not so well, never say we did not tell you that we liked it.

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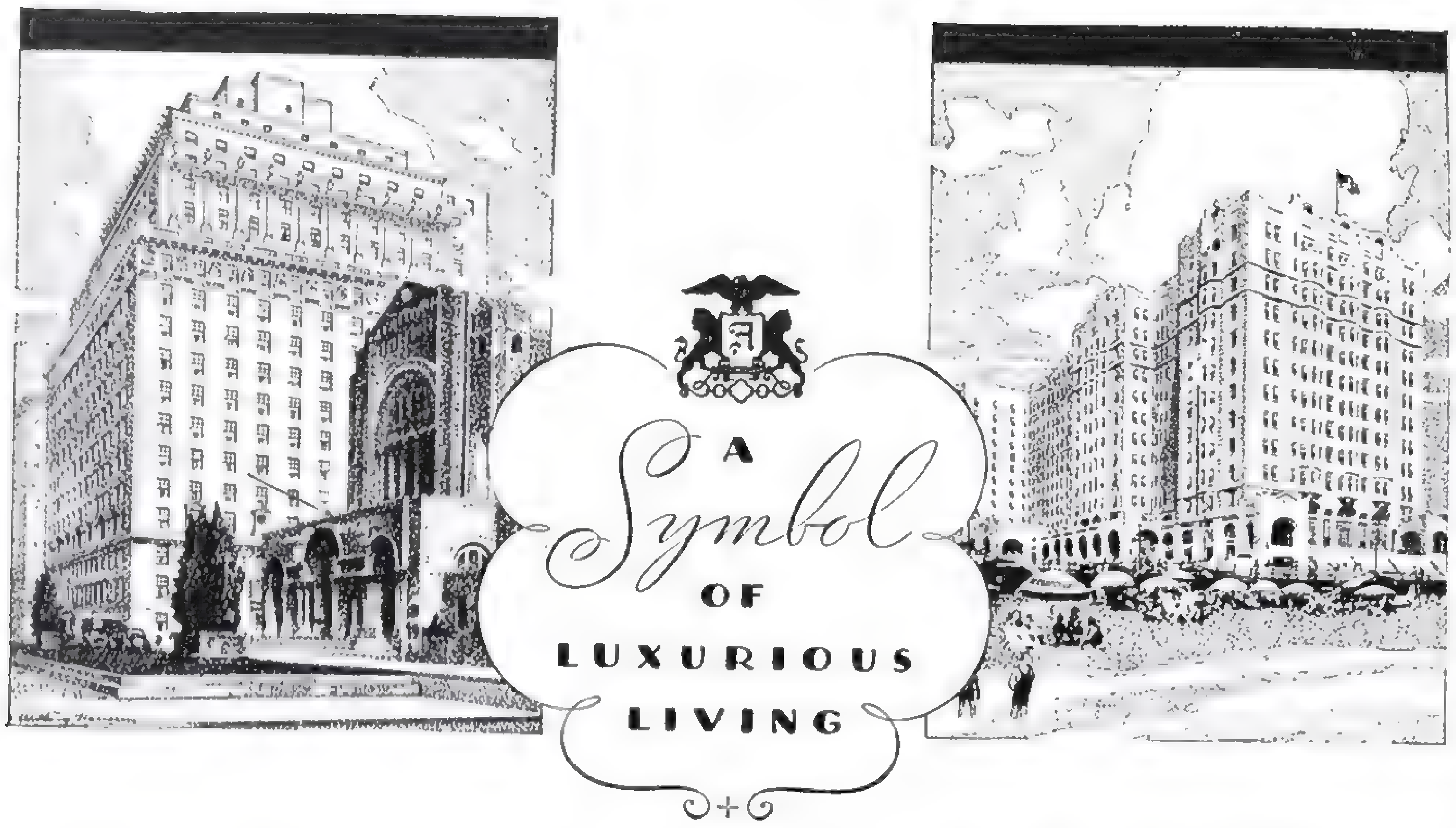
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Yo-Ho and a Bottle

Continued from page 86

"Actually, though, the name is an expression of commercial gratitude rather than justice, because, while the Yanks *bought* more rum than anybody else, the Tommies *drank* more of it, for it was issued to them free, as a ration—an arrangement that made a great hit with Americans who happened to be brigaded with the British. The 107th Infantry, for instance: New York's old Seventh Regiment. Those fellows, and I know a lot of them, still roll their eyes when they speak of that rum. If anybody's buddy happened to have charge of the company jug, it was friendship's cue.

"Also, it was a nice break for the island of Jamaica and for Demerara in British Guiana, the two places where most of the stuff comes from. But that didn't help Martinique and Guadeloupe any, so the Tommies might have drunk a puncheon a day per squad and the French wouldn't have noticed. They just weren't customers."

The grog arrived and we bumped brims. It was velvet Vesuvius and it re-assembled me.

"'Fraid I'm keeping you from your party," I said.

"Oh, I'm not a customer," he smiled. "Just a sandwich man. You see, I'm interested in young people, having been a school teacher all my life, and I like to talk to these girls."

"How are they on rum?"

"Oh, they never touch a drop of hard stuff. And I wouldn't think of offering them any."

The old scalawag! He wouldn't corrupt *them*, and here he'd gone and corrupted *me*.

"As for drinking, I know all the girls that use this café in their business of sitting around and waiting for prospects, and I can tell you what they drink. It's coffee, coffee, coffee. Never even a glass of beer, if you offer it to them. And then none of them smoke. As for make-up, the average high school bunch in America has on twice or three times as much. And loyalty! Just watch them. If a girl sees another girl angling for a prospect's interest, she'll play up to her, help her along, and never try to cut in, even though she herself may not have eaten in three days. It's a grim game, with Death just around the corner. But they're soldiers at it. . . . Not that I claim to know much about soldiering, as the only war I was ever in was the Spanish-American affair—a picnic, you might say."

"Tell me," I said, "were you by any chance in on the famous landing at Daiquiri beach when America discovered Bacardi? The rum rummage, I mean?"

"Why, yes," he said. "But I didn't know anybody had ever heard of that little episode."

It had changed our great nation's drinking habits, that was all. So I made him tell me about it, learning that when the landing party struck terra firma at this insignificant place, just east of Santiago, the sole capture-problem was one of getting a little something to drink. This was solved by the discovery that the local grocery contained about 200 bottles of a strange and different kind of rum, highly thirst-quenching when mingled with the juice of limes, which the same store also luckily possessed. And thus was born, as far as the United States was concerned, the original Daiquiri Cocktail.

"But Bacardi isn't my type," was the school teacher's last word on the subject. "I prefer the rummier, fuller kind from Jamaica and Martinique."

So we'll leave him where I met him—in wintry Paris. I'm grateful to him for the *grogs américains* which subsequently provided my central heating all over France, and have since spiked many a threatening cold.

Out-and-out rum, shameless in its rumminess and worthy of its original names, Rumbullion and Rumbustion, gets its character from things called esters (compound ethers, non-lethal) which "come through" in the distillation and supply so much aroma that the difficulty is to control it all. Not how to build up a bouquet, but how to sit on it.

In Jamaica, due to climate and soil and the use of conscientiously old-fashioned machinery and pot stills, redolence gets a bigger play than anywhere else. Consequently the rums of this island, when ably cheffed and well aged in government warehouses there, are the world's richest. In fact, for some drinkers they are a leetle *too* opulent. But not for me. I wallow in them. The other evening at the Club, hearing they had got in some especially choice Jamaica, I ordered a shot—just a simple fizz (shake-up of lemon, sugar, ice, plus seltzer)—and what a drink was there, my countrymen! Fragrance in every bubble. The only trouble was the stingy-sized glass, designed for mere gin use. When I drink rummy rum, I want to drink it in a real rummer—that happy species of glass stovepipe with one end closed off for a bottom. With me it's thimbles *not* preferred.

Demerara, in British Guiana, on the Spanish Main, has gone somewhat modern in its methods, and for rum-ists who find the Jamaica offerings a bit too much of a good thing the Demerara sepia-golden medium may answer a long-suffered want. Not that color means anything. Consumers cry for it, of one shade or another, and distillers comply, with burnt sugar, that's all.

Another skilled piece of consumer-pleasing is done at the well-known London Docks (you'd think rum grew there) where Jamaica and Demerara are blended into combinations which are pretty swell, as was the case with the British Army Rum during the War. How pleasant that ration was may be gleaned from a little detail concerning the evacuation of Gallipoli, told me by a friend who served there. It seems that the last man taken off was a fellow carrying a jug who had been unwarrantedly detained by his burden.

Haiti makes a very creditable contribution. Distilled from the fermented cane juice instead of from molasses, this rum is less esterful than the Jamaica product, and more delicate: your palate's wife, not its mistress. Today I tried some Haitian in tea, as I've been doing with the rums from other islands (one spoonful in a cup is sufficient), and the verdict was Best Yet. For it harmonized and enhanced instead of hogging. So I'm betting on it, confident that rum with that much tact will go far.

Our Virgin Islands certainly have something ahead of them; and it's going to be good, judging by the comparatively young stuff now being turned out—pure, but still

Continued on page 156

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1 jigger of Bacardi. 1 cube of Sugar. Dissolve in 2 spoonsful of water. Add a dash Orange Bitters; 1 dash Angostura Bitters; Serve in old-fashioned glass with ice, dress with fruit and mint.

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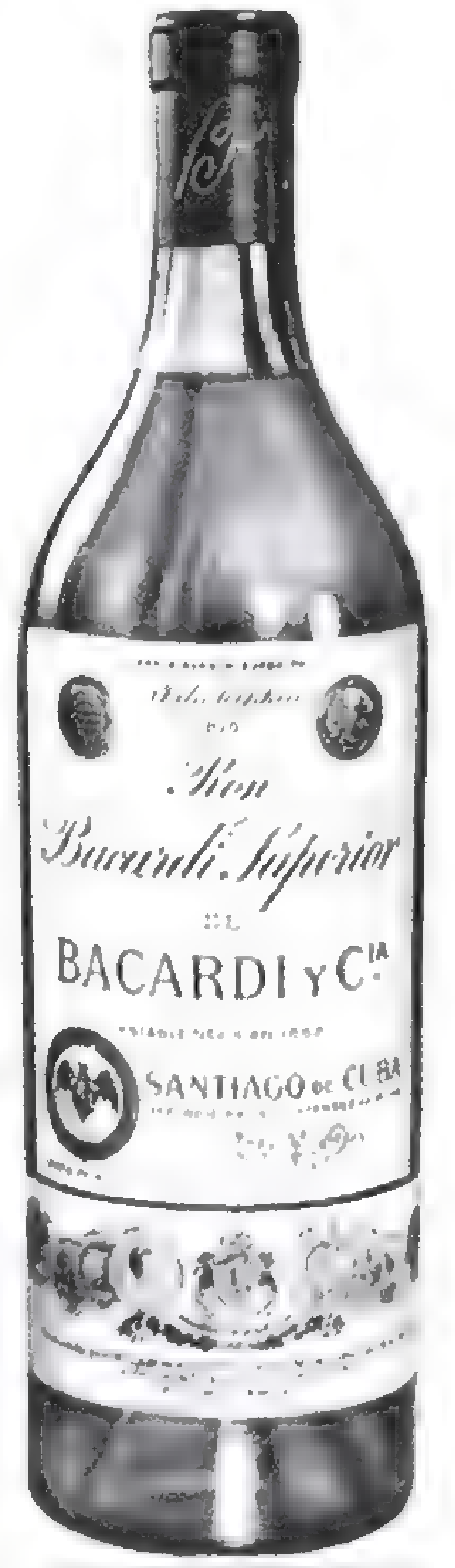

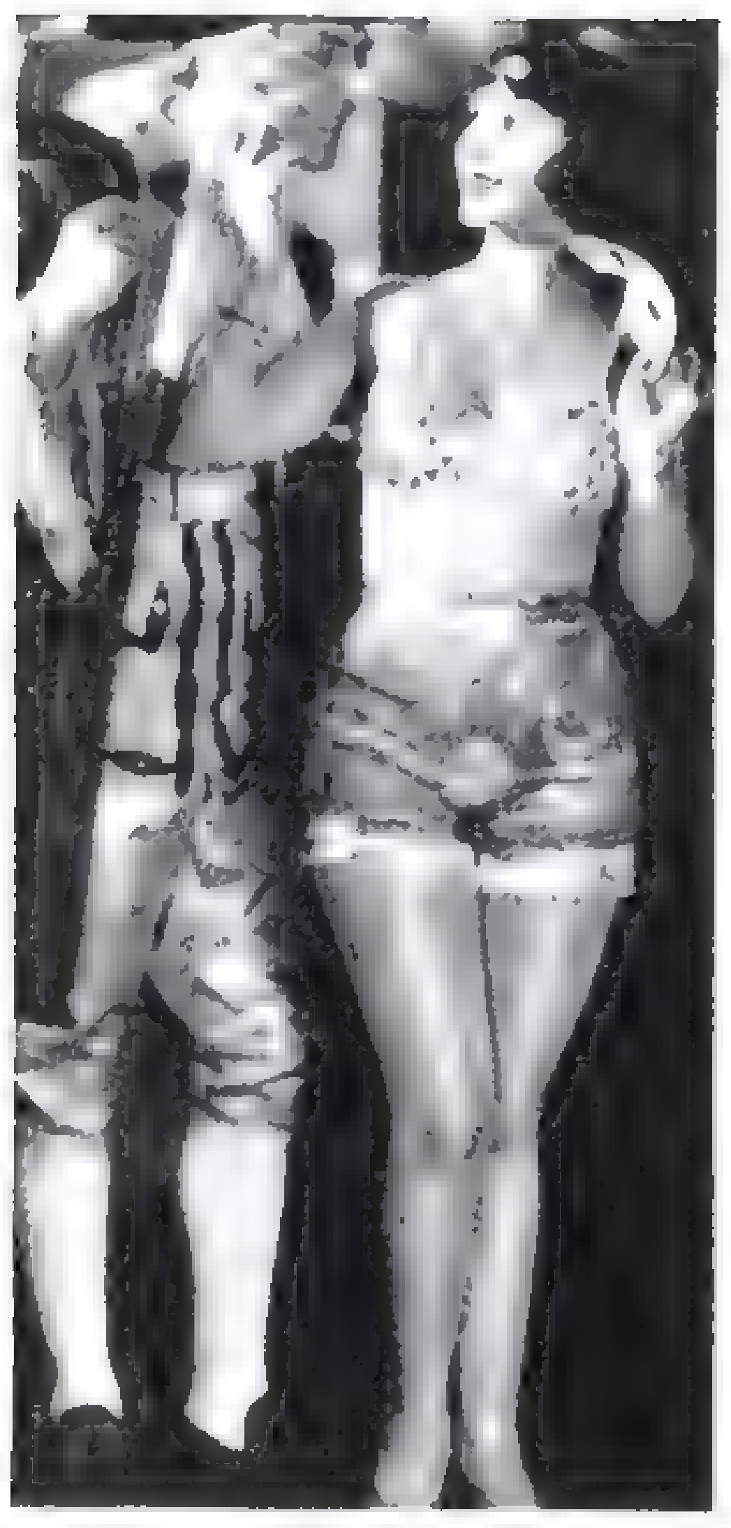

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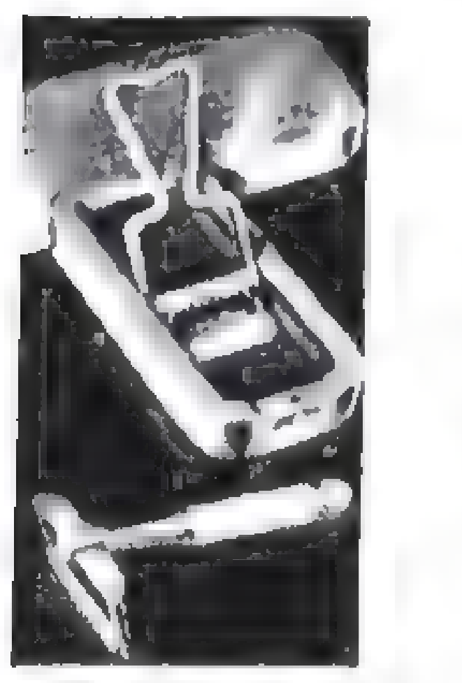

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GUARD YOUR FACE FROM CHAPPING WITH WILLIAMS AQUA VELVA AFTER SHAVING

Williams
AQUA VELVA

Yo-Ho and a Bottle

Continued from page 155

a bit naïve for the demanding. Meanwhile there's no unreasonable hardship in drinking it, no duty to pay, and every time you tear a leaf off your calendar Virgin Island rum is that much older.

Porto Rico has dreams—just dreams as yet—of being a rum isle. Meanwhile Porto Rican molasses is being competently distilled in New England so that Yankeedom may stay thawed. And down in the Louisiana sugar kingdom there's a Why Not More Cubas movement progressing apace.

In general, therefore, such rudimentary needs as pudding ignition, omelette priming, grapefruit spikeage, mince pie glow, demi-tasse fueling, and so forth can be grappled with, provided that home-makers keep busy with the makings.

What I'm worried about is news concerning rum's distant cousin, arrack, distilled from sugar cane and rice. Ever since 800 B. C. production of this spirit has been going on in the Orient and all has been lovely, apparently. But now comes a communication from the Arrack Shippers Association of Java—I mean, the Vereenigde Arakverkoopers—stating in plain Dutch-English that: "The consumption has, as a matter of fact, of late years been knocked back a little caused by the use of whisky." An encounter with White Mule, obviously.

If arrack is weakening like that, what will become of Swedish Punch, of which arrack is the basic ingredient?

Consulting a neighbor of mine, from Stockholm, who is my world's handiest authority on Swedish drinks and the drinking of them, I am informed that the Swedish Punch recipe does equally well for Rum Punch, the only difference being the substitution of rum for arrack, in the same quantity. Here it is, as used by this gentleman's eminent grandsire:

STOCKHOLM RUM PUNCH—COLD

1 quart rum
1 quart grain alcohol
4 pounds granulated sugar
3 quarts water

Boil water and then add sugar, boiling them together for 25 minutes. Let cool. Mix rum and alcohol, pouring result into cool sugar water. Ladle strenuously for couple of hours. Ice and garnish with thin quarter-slices of lemon.

Simpler, and without the long, grueling ladler's workout, is this academic one, swiped from the traditions of a great university:

OXFORD RUM PUNCH—HOT

3 parts rum
2 parts brandy
1 part lemon juice
6 parts hot water, with sugar to taste

With a bowl of either of these, tumtum is rumtum.

I, the Lord, Love Judgment

Continued from page 29

thing. So, indeed, sign us on he did. Then he saw to it that we were outfitted with boots and dungarees and oilskins and whatnot out of the ship's slop-chest. In consideration of having received these things we had to sign away nearly three months of our pay before we even stirred from the dock at Trebizond.

The captain assigned Sergei and me to different watches, to work in the black gang—that is, we would help shovel coal into the fires in order to keep a head of steam in the wheezy boilers of *La Mouche à Feu*. That night we spent in the foc's'le. It was hot, it was full of lice, it stank. We slept well. We had grown used to such things. And in the morning we sailed.

During that voyage through the hot waters of the Black Sea, the Strait of Bosporus, the Aegean Sea and the other accursed seas of the world I learned many things, some of them not fit to tell. It was like having men in prison, slowly going insane, except that in a ship there is the eternal danger of the sea and more savage danger from one's fellow creatures. I learned the agony of one man who moaned all during his sleep, always afraid that the ship would sink before he could wake up. I learned about the fat mess-boy, whom the crew had grown to call Mary Magdalene, and to use him as such. I learned the collective anguish of all these men, living out their lives without joy and without hope, being battered across the world from ship to ship and from port to port in an unavailing Odyssey, cheated by miasmic interludes of drunkenness, clutching at some woman whenever they had a chance as if a woman were a saviour; lives perpetually submerged in filth and hatred and fear, snatching at one hopeless gamble after another until at last these unhappy dupes, worn out and diseased, end up somewhere on the beach waiting to die. Such a ship, more important than its teakwood, cotton or hemp, bears a cargo of human, heart-breaking futility.

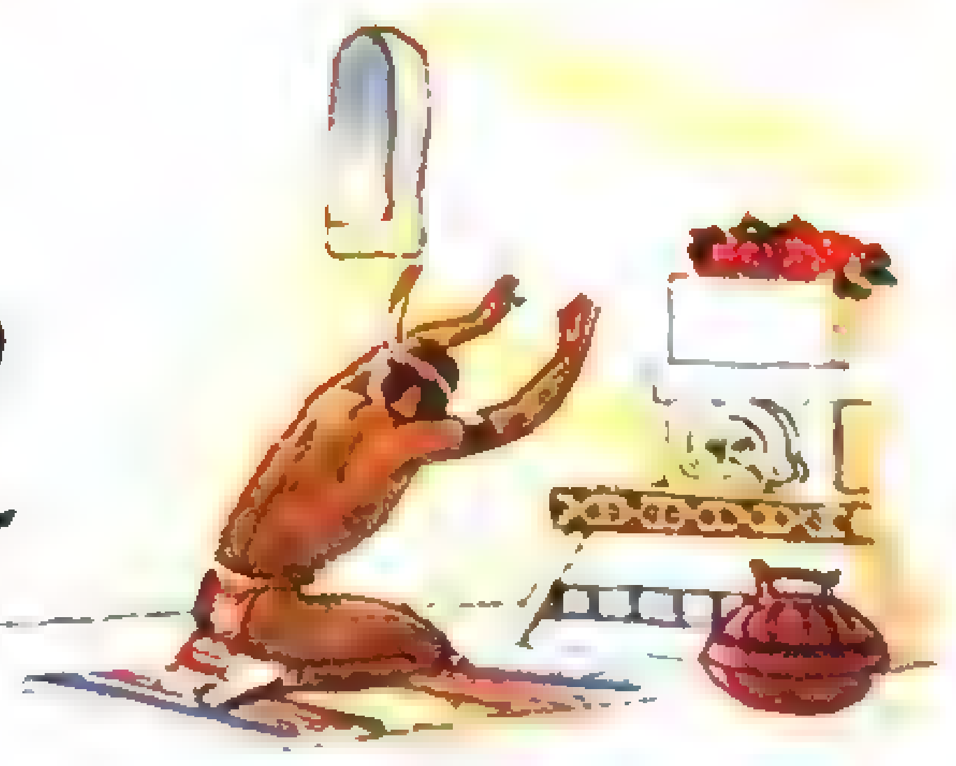
Yet more than all this I learned. I had seen my country laid in waste. I had seen a letter telling me that my father and my mother and my sisters had been killed. I had seen my brother killed before my eyes: the men in the Kremlin were the creatures of an ideal. But even these sacrifices, and my own, and others of which I had heard—these I would gladly make, and Sergei and my family and all Russia, if the men in the Kremlin are right and it is possible to change the human heart. There are some things upon which it is impossible to pass judgment. The human heart is a dark garden and there is nothing, however dreadful, that its seed may not bring forth. If the men in the Kremlin are right, they can change those seeds and there will be no more unhappiness and I shall be glad even that my brother was killed. But there was something I saw in the fire-room of that ship *La Mouche à Feu* . . .

Four other men were on the watch to which I was assigned—one a coal-passer, the rest of us stoking fires. Two were middle-sized Frenchmen, quiet and weary; one was a giant Singhalese, black and gibbering and savage; and the fourth was a huge French-

Continued on page 158

LOVE APPLE JUICE

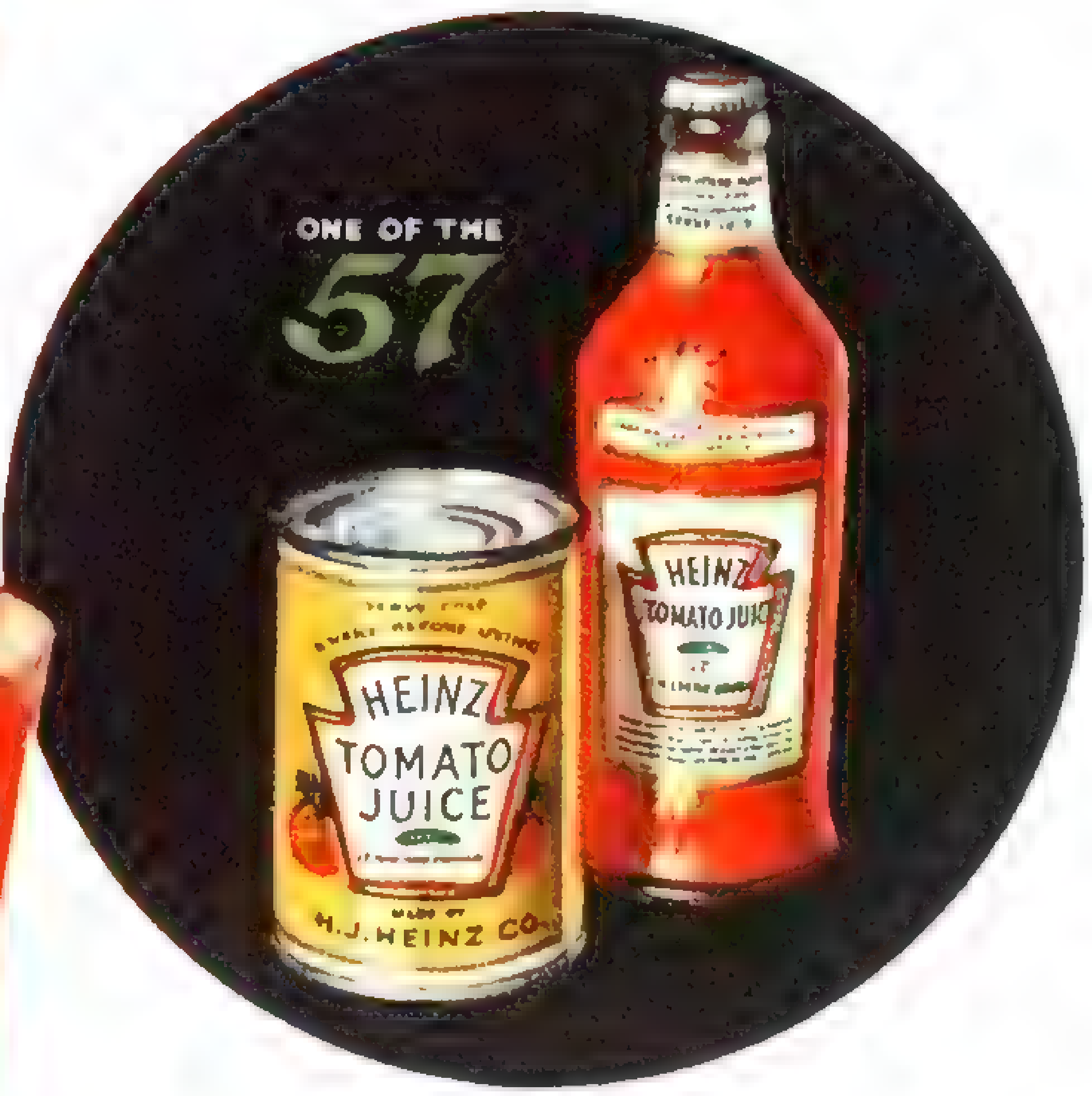
by Heinz



Centuries ago the Aztecs actually worshiped tomatoes. Succumbed to their come-hither blushes and their luscious flavor. Discovered and delighted in their healthfulness. Then the Spaniards took up tomatoes—and liked them.

But some Frenchman made a mistake. Dubbed tomatoes "love apples." The Puritans took it seriously. Associated "love apples" with witches! Branded them forbidden fruit. But now that's all blown over. We moderns enjoy our tomatoes—even as the Aztecs did.

CONSIDER the things Heinz does to help the tomato hold popular sway! We cross-breed finest seeds to beget tomatoes finer still. We raise the plants tenderly in greenhouses, then transplant them to sunny fields. When the tomatoes are ripe, to catch their fresh goodness, they are picked, washed, pressed, sieved and sealed in tins and bottles, *all within a few hours!* Nothing is added—no spices, no seasoning—nothing but the tiniest pinch of salt. (It would be a shame to camouflage the keen liveliness of fresh-picked Heinz tomatoes!) Here then is pure fresh-tomato goodness, luscious and wholesome, imprisoned for you a few hours from the growing plant . . . Drink! Drink this captured sunshine morning, noon and night! Buy Heinz Tomato Juice (bottles or tins). Keep it on hand.



HEINZ *Tomato Juice*

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I, the Lord, Love Judgment

Continued from page 156

man, larger and more savage than the Singhalese, called Dupain. Perhaps he was a Breton. At any rate, he spoke French with an accent I had never before heard. The first few times I was on watch with him he showed me how to get rhythm with my shovel and how to twist it at the end of the stroke so that the fresh coal would spread evenly in the glowing fire-box. Pretending to be kind to me, he took an even greater pleasure in watching me almost stifle with heat and weariness. I don't know how hot it can get in a fire-room. The air is so hot you can taste the heat. You open your mouth to take a breath and you can feel the heat on the insides of your lips and on your tongue. Your eyes are laid in beds of fire and there is an endless ticking sound at the base of your skull. You knock open the fire-door, break up the clinkers with a long slice-bar, swing your shovel: one, two, three, four. Your sweat-rag tightens at your temples like a band of fire, clutching. You hear Dupain laugh. You think of your brother's eyes, when the bullet broke his forehead. You wish you were dead.

At the end of your watch you go up on deck. You are so tired that when you walk your feet feel as if they were wading through heavy mud. You breathe the heat and the sulphur-laden fumes out of your lungs and replace it with the salt stickiness of the warm sea. In a book which I read, a man called the sea a gray sweet mother. The northern seas are a gray sweet mother when they are not a raving old witch, but the southern seas are the distillation of hell.

All through our ship there was suspicion and hatred. It had begun to spread long before we signed up on her. At mess the men were sullen, cursing the salted meat and the meager soups, snarling under the recurrent fear of the food and sometimes sitting at table with each man waiting for another to taste the coffee first. The foc's'le was a fraternity of hatred and cruelty. When the men played at dice or acey-deucey they did so with bare knives beside them on the floor. And then there were the shameful cries of Mary Magdalene, the mess-boy, or, even sadder, his pitiful submission. That was the only time there was ever any fellowship on board *La Mouche à Feu.* The men made themselves happy by torturing one weaker and unhappier than themselves.

At Cyprus one of the middle-sized, weary Frenchmen on my watch jumped ship and we saw him no more. The captain signed on an Italian who said he had been beached there. His name was Nick. Dupain became friendly with him. It is said that a Breton can smell money. Certainly Dupain became very friendly with Nick. When Dupain found out that Nick always slept with his left shoe on, Dupain became friendlier than ever, and then often sat in a corner whispering with the Singhalese. Terror soon infected Nick as if it had been a disease. The least sound behind him, or any stirring when he was asleep set him trembling and trying to reach at the same time for his left shoe and the knife which he always wore slung from his belt in the middle of his back, the sheath hanging on the crack between his buttocks. Dupain and the Singhalese laughed at him. They would creep up behind him and make a noise, just to watch him jump. You might have thought that Nick was what is called goosey. And once again, just as in the abuse of Mary Magdalene, when the crew began to see and understand this contest of terror between Nick on the one hand and Dupain and the Singhalese on the other, they became friendlier with one another. The ship's whole hatred and terror had a focus on the poor Italian, and the men grew almost happy. Once or twice there was even singing in the foc's'le, loud harsh voices rising and falling to the time of fists beating on the wooden lockers. Mary Magdalene lay trembling in one bunk; Nick, in another. The rest of the crew sang.

Now those two men, Dupain and the Singhalese, could have robbed Nick in a kindlier way than that which they chose. Although he was elusive and diseased with suspicion and terror they could in some way have got him into a corner and taken away his money upon the threat of death if he betrayed them. But they had in their hearts those dark seeds of which I spoke, those seeds from which will sprout, for all I know, disappoint-

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Roll back the top and take your cigarette...open the tiny cylinder and there's your flameless light! The lighter contains no flint, wheels or moving parts. Lights in strongest wind for there's no flame to blow out. No odor, taste or scorch. Besides, flameless lighting prevents tobacco stains on teeth and fingers...If you prefer a flameless lighter without cigarette case, we suggest Glolite with handsome chain and monogram tag attached—a matchless gift for any cigarette smoker.

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If the lighter fails from any cause, or is broken, send it to Glolite Corporation, 521 Fifth Ave., New York City, with 10c for postage and handling, and it will be repaired or a new one sent to you.

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Model is wearing the new "Hillbilly" tweed by Peck & Peck ment and despair for the idealists in the Kremlin and elsewhere in the world, wherever they may be.

One night when we went on the midwatch, the coal-passer, the remaining middle-sized Frenchman, the Singhalese, Dupain, Nick and I, it was easy to feel that there was something evil afoot. The coal-passer and the middle-sized Frenchman felt it, and were indifferent to it. I felt something too difficult to name in one word, curiosity and pity, perhaps, and a feeling that something was going to happen impossible to alter or avert. The will of man, good or evil, in certain circumstances can overcome everything but the senseless operations of nature, such as the laws of gravitation and the passage of time. Nick was so terrified he could hardly open his fire-door. Dupain and the Singhalese looked at each other with blank faces and bent their hard, glistening arms to their shovels.

Through the first six bells we swung our bodies in the insensate rhythm—one, two, three, four—seeing the glare of the blazing fire-beds, feeling the agony of heat and weariness. Then, just before seven bells, Dupain and the Singhalese began to quicken the swing of their bodies, gorging the fire-boxes and rustling the red-hot coals with their slice-bars until it seemed they would surely burn the tubes out of the boilers. At seven bells exactly Dupain knocked open his fire-door and thrust his slice-bar into the little hell he had created. He stood watching it for a few moments. Just as he pulled out the slice-bar, so hot the steel was burning in a flutter of tiny sparks, the Singhalese swung his shovel up over his left shoulder. Nick was standing between them.

"Nick!" cried Dupain, pointing to the floor.

Nick raised his head, bent to look downward. The Singhalese sent his shovel crashing down on Nick's head as hard as he could swing it. Dupain caught Nick as he fell, and tossed the body back to the Singhalese, who held it sprawling under the shoulders. Dupain swung his slice-bar in a long, glowing arc. The burning steel blade bit half through Nick's body just below the ribs. There was another swing of the slice-bar, its fire now almost quenched. We could hear Nick's backbone crunch, and saw it severed. The Singhalese swung Nick's torso into his fire-box, poked at it with his slice-bar. Dupain tore the shoe off Nick's unlucky foot, thrust the legs into his fire-box. Then Dupain took a little oiled silk bag out of the shoe and threw the shoe in to join the foot upon which it had so long been tightly laced. Dupain and the Singhalese gorged their fires once more, piling in coal, aiding the draft with their slice bars. In a few moments those fires, which could burn steel, were glowing just as they had always glowed. With buckets of water Dupain sluiced the blood into the bilge. Then Dupain opened the little bag of oiled silk and counted the money under the eyes of the Singhalese.

"He must have been a miser or a thief," Dupain said. "No open-hearted, honest man could have so much money as this!"

He gave the coal-passer, the middle-sized Frenchman and me a hundred francs apiece. The rest he divided with the Singhalese. We all gave our fires a last minute's attention. Eight bells rang. The new watch came down.

"Where's Nick?" one of the men on the new watch said.

Continued on page 160

ALLIGATOR

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The Alligator Co., St. Louis, Mo.

I, the Lord, Love Judgment

Continued from page 159

"Oh, Nick—he went up a few minutes early," the coal-passer said. "He must be topside now, getting a breath of air. Nick felt the heat today."

We all laughed a little and the new watch knocked open the fire-doors and bent to their shovels. We went up. Dupain said nothing to any of us except the coal-passer.

"I got a bargain," Dupain said. The coal-passer laughed.

"Sure, this is your lucky day," he said.

The others went forward. I stood alone, feeling the hundred franc note in my pocket. It would have been foolish of me to refuse it. They would have been suspicious of me, and would have killed me, too, before we got to Marseilles.

Besides, I had a notion that I would make some kind of gesture with the hundred francs—cast it into the sea, perhaps, or else use it to buy a mass for the good of Nick's soul in the next port we touched. This notion I told to Sergei after I had told him all that happened in the fire-room.

"Don't be foolish," Sergei said. "It's a good thing I still have my ikon. Give me your hundred francs and I will pray to the ikon for the repose of Nick's soul. There can't be much difference between the Roman God and the Greek Orthodox God. Besides, we'll need that hundred francs when we get to Marseilles. We'll go to Paris. Surely we'll find some of our friends when we get there."

Sergei went forward. I stood looking at the sea. Everything I could think of made me sad. And most of all I felt sad that so many men should be as they are, that Sergei and I, who had been young and full of hope and fresh and happy, should have been born into such a world as to make us what we had become.

And under my feet I could feel the changeless, tidal movement of the gray sweet mother obeying the moon.

Lost Sheep

Continued from page 41

These remarks wasn't anything to laugh at, or they wasn't funny; but it was one of the saddest sights I hope I ever have to witness. With the three thousand head of sheep he had been given, and them scattered for miles by the terrible blizzard, still, here the poor fellow was, out of his mind, ready to die, and too far gone to even detect the difference between a live sheep and a bunch of dead ones. We tried for at least an hour to get him on one of the horses so Say Nothin' could take him back the same as he had the first one. We done everything but use force on the old herder in tryin' to get him to mount, but still he insisted he wouldn't leave his sheep for fear they would starve or bank up and freeze to death. I noticed Say Nothin' turn and commence talkin' and coaxin' the black sheep dog to him. He picked the little dog in his arms, and carryin' it to the horse, lifted it to my saddle, then turnin' to the old herder, told him in a very easy voice to get up in the saddle, sayin' he'd go with him to find some of his sheep that had strayed off. And without a word, I watched the poor old fellow as he mounted, and with his hand holdin' his little dog close to him, I watched them ride out of sight.

When my pardner returned the next day, he was ridin' our own horses again, and had brought along enough supplies and oats to last us three or four days. We finally had the sheep in one big bunch after close on to eight days of hard laborin'. We judged there was around sixty-eight hundred head left of the nine-thousand which had been sent to this country.

All they had been livin' on for weeks was sagebrush and cactus or prickly pears. Their lips and mouths was swollen and bleeding from tryin' to eat these damn' cactus, and thousands of them had tortured their mouths and throats until they were compelled to go about with their mouths lolling open from the terrible thorny mats which were caught in their lips. Many of them had become so weak from hunger, that in fallin' against the sagebrush, they would become unable to free their wool.

A lot a times while we was bunchin' them, we would reach down, take hold of some sheep's wool and lift it to our horse. It was nothin' for us to carry three of the weaker ones in front of our saddles, and these we would carry to the center, lift them to the snow, again turn and ride back hollerin' and crowdin' the outside ones always towards the center of the big scattered band. The blizzard had never let up once. We took turn about ridin' the band at night—one ridin' while the other tried to sleep, usin' my same idea. We got a little sleep in the daytime too.

At last we drew a deep breath of satisfaction when we finally had them all together, and again I asked Say Nothin' to ride back to Josh's, but this time, I asked for him to have Josh send a four-horse load of hay, that we just had to have it.

"Tell him to send it on one of his bobsleighs. See if you can call Buffalo, and if you can, have them wire Omaha and tell the boss to get back here and give us a hand if he wants to save any a his stock!"

I knew the rest of the boys at the ranch had all they could do with the cattle, in fact, every sheep and cattleman in the country was workin' just about night and day, so after repeatin' my orders to Say Nothin' and tellin' him to bring a load of hay if he had to whip the whole country a-doin' it, he struck out once more. As I saw him ride away, I thought to myself, "If there ain't a man, there just never was one moulded!" When I'd asked him to bring back a big load of hay, I knew he'd do it if he had to go clean down to Casper and whip Sheriff Hibbard a-doin' it.

About eleven-thirty the next day I saw Say Nothin' a-comin'. He was a-settin' almost burried in one of the biggest lop-sided loads of hay I ever saw hangin' on a hay-rack. He sure was a-pullin' a four-horse load alright. I stepped upon my horse and rode to meet him. The four horses was a-puffin' and steamin', and his blue roan saddle horse was tied on and trailin' behind the load.

"Hello, Say Nothin'," I hollered out as I rode up alongside the load, "how'd you make out?"

The team stopped, but he didn't offer to answer or move for a few minutes, then I saw him commence pushin' the hay back from off his head.

"Good Lord, Say Nothin'! What's happened?" I asked for his face was all swollen and covered with frozen blood. I asked him again what'd happened, but he only sat there with an angry, disgusted look. I dropped my reins and climbed upon the load, and grabbin' him by the arm I asked him for the third time what'd happened. Instead of answerin' me, I saw his eyes narrow. I could tell he was so mad, cold and disgusted about somethin', that he just didn't feel like talkin'. He never did say very much no time.

Then without even turnin' his head toward me, he said in a slow voice: "Oh, I tried to make it back last night, Jim, but I've tipped this damn' load over three times. All I been a-doin' all night is loadin' this damn' hay back on."

"Is that how you got hurt, Say Nothin', did it upset on you?"

He looked up, "Hell, no, but when I felt hit a-goin', I started to jump—"

"Yeah, I know, you slipped and fell on the double-trees, didn't you?"

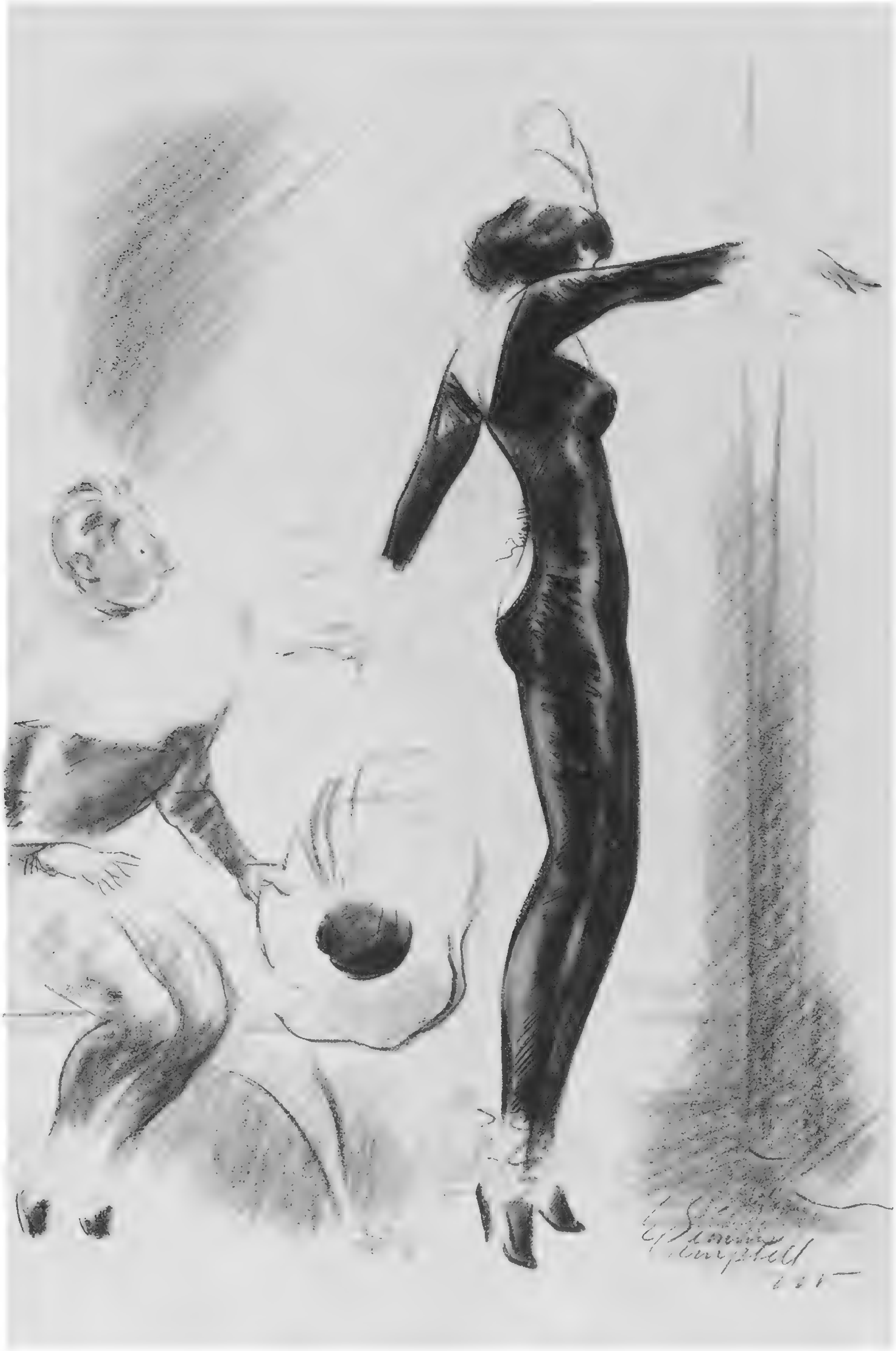
"Yeah, an' that damn' black off-horse thar, kicked me in the face!"

I asked him if his jaw was busted, but he said he didn't know or didn't give a damn, but added 'at if he ever saw that camp-tender he'd kill him if he had to beat his head off with the butt of his gun or use a neck-yoke a-doin' it. I didn't blame him none for havin' them kinda feelin's; in fact, I was afraid he'd cheat me outa doin' that very thing myself, for we had both had plenty of time and chances to think over a few of them kinda thoughts. He'd a-done it right then, I'm sure, but Say Nothin' knew his gun wouldn't shoot clean into Buffalo, kick a saloon door down, go through maybe a dozen hard talkin' fellers 'at chances are was a-standin' lined up at the bar, then have enough kick left in the same lead bullet to knock Slough-foot Charlie down too.

I got back on my horse and rode along while he pulled the load up along the lower edge of the sheep. We figured the country and planned which way we'd trail the bunch, then turnin' the four horses so they wouldn't have to face the wind, he tied the long lines. Then he mounted his horse and the both of us filled our arms with hay and commenced droppin' small handfuls as we rode around the starvin' band. I knew that if we could give a few of them just a mere taste of hay, that they'd come to life and start walkin' and lookin' for more.

After many trips back to the wagon this way, we noticed some of the sheep start movin'. Several times, we rode our horses through the bunch droppin' sprigs of hay as we went, for we wanted as many as could to get a taste of it. Then finally, I told Say Nothin' to crawl back upon the wagon and

Continued on page 162



"Well, you aren't saying anything——tell me what you think of it"

Lost Sheep

Continued from page 160

start headin' out very slow. He did; and with my horse walkin' close to the load with his nose in the hay, I commenced pullin' out handfuls of the alfalfa and droppin' it for the sheep. Soon you could see the stronger ones of the band start movin'. They had tasted the hay and, naturally, wanted more. After close on to two hours of this kind of work, with a little more extra coaxin' throwed in, we finally had the remains of the three bands strung out for nearly a mile. Then I hollered to Say Nothin', and told him to make a wide swing and to step his horses out so the lead sheep wouldn't turn and try to follow the load of hay back. I heard him lay the long line across his horses, and with the four almost in a run, he circled and we started pullin' the hay up through the drags once more.

The lead had stopped, but by givin' these weaker ones a taste, the same as we had done to start the band, we gradually got the drags to movin' along with us. As tired and cold as the both of us was, still, to watch these starvin' sheep try to follow the load made the both of us more determined than ever to get them outa this part of the country, and back into a range where there was a few windbreaks and some places of shelter. Soon the sheep commenced blattin'.

"They're comin' now!" I hollered to Say Nothin', and when we finally brushed the last spear of hay from the rack, we found we'd moved the band close on to five miles. . .

The wind had practically died down on the last mornin' around noon. I was workin' up towards the lead, when all at once, I looked up to see a rider comin' on horseback and when I took the second look, why, I plumb forgot the sheep. About all I could think of was to drag my carbine from the saddle-scabbard and beat Say Nothin' at killin' our first man, for at last, here come Slough-foot Charlie!

I didn't wait for him to ride up, but grabbed my horse with my spurs and headed out to meet him.

"What the hell are you a-doin', Slough-foot?" I asked after I reined my horse and squared in front of him. He straightened up in his saddle, asked who wanted to know and just started to get hard—told me to get to hell away from his sheep, 'at he didn't need any damn' cowhand a-buttin' their noses into his business. He just finished sayin', "I reckon I kin handle 'em by myself," when I heard Say Nothin's horse a-comin' in a dead run and without waitin' a second, he made for the big camp-tender.

I spurred my own horse just in time to let him by and watched him run head on into Slough-foot. Say Nothin' just made one long leap and drug Slough-foot from his saddle before he knew what it was all about. I sat and watched Say Nothin' give that camp-tender one of the worst beatin's a man ever took.

"Now, I'm a-gonna kill ye like a snake. I jist bin a-waitin' fer this chance!" Say Nothin' yelled.

I could see my pardner was just mad enough to do it, and I hollered at him, "Don't do it, Say Nothin'!" A second later, and it would have been too late to've said anything, but he lowered his gun and glanced up at me.

"Hell! Jim, let me kill him, he ain't fit to live!"

Again, he started raisin' his gun. I knew he wasn't bluffin' er kiddin'—not by a damn' sight, he wasn't. His eyes was burnin' like fire.

I hollered at him again, sayin', "I've got a better way to do it, Say Nothin'." And lookin' at the big, bleary-eyed tender I told him to get up and get on his horse. "Don't stop at the ranch, either, Slough-foot, but keep on a-goin' and stay clean outa this country, 'cause if we see you again, you'll start sproutin' sunflowers!" He got on his horse and, without sayin' a word, turned and started back out across the crusted snow, and just so the big fool would hear me and have somethin' to start thinkin' about, I whispered loud like to Say Nothin' to let him get a good start and we'd both pick him from his saddle.

We let him ride off close to two hundred yards, then both raised our carbines and commenced shootin' as close to him as we could without hittin' him. I've seen a lot a skeered fellers ride, but Slough-foot Charlie sure done his best to beat all records and for all I know he may be still hittin' his horse down the flanks and a-goin'!

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 12

SORRY, CAROL'S QUIT US COLD

I believe it about time that I put in my good word for Esquire. The strongest proof that I have a say in the matter lies in the fact that I've read every issue since your induction into the magazine fraternity little over a year ago.

Early in your career I wondered whether your charm was powerful enough to penetrate the close American pocketbook. It seems that it has, and I'm happy with you. As long as you continue to publish writers who can write, cartoonists who can cartoon, and masculine stylists who know masculine style, your success can't help but be assured.

S. and F. is one of my especial pets. Continue the publishing of constructive, interesting letters, and tie the red tape to inane feuds, like the Langston Hughes one, and your popularity will be on a continual upgrade.

And, don't be too damned particular about the "masculine magazine for men" idea. We males of the species enjoy much the feminine outbursts, as have been occasioned by George J. Nathan's recent article, which I too believe was very lousy.

Though the Franklin and Marshall campus (my present Alma Mater) is not exactly a representative view of all the campii, your mag has caught up very well here. The 15th of each month is set aside for the squeezing together of enough pennies to add Esquire to the too sparse libraries of the gens collegia.

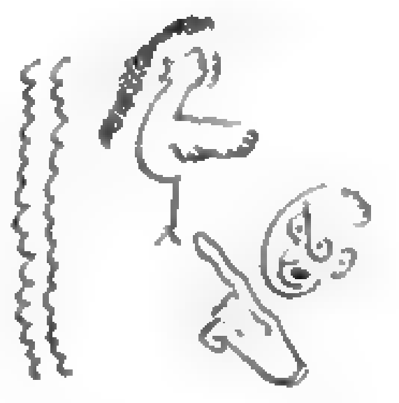
I believe it would be a good idea for you to label your cartoons in the index. Thus, in searching for that especially funny one to show to Joe, we'd merely look in the index, thumb a few pages, and there you are. At present, we laboriously raise the heavy volume from the table, and start thumbing. After hours of toil, during which the entire gang has just about ripped poor Eskie apart, we finally come upon that one beloved cartoon, and by then all are too interested in other parts to pay much attention. Thus, one's feelings are lowered, and this one must content himself by sitting in a corner and watching the happy lads devouring poor, poor Eskie.

Let's hear more from Carol of Santa Barbara in the S. and F. She tickles the Rabelaisian qualities of one—to quote her.

Sincerely,

Lancaster, Pa. M. Bern Korobov

OPEN LETTER TO CHARLES PARMER



After receiving your letter I am more than ever puzzled as to your status as a cocker. That anyone with the background you claim could make the statements you have, seems incredible. You dismiss my allegations because of differences in our respective knowledge and opinions, and because customs vary in different sections. But there are certain customs which are regular and others which, to say the least, are unusual. You report the banishment of handlers from the pit as a normal state of affairs. There has been considerable discussion over the practice in one section of not permitting the referee in the pit. Game papers have made many comments on that procedure but have carried no notices of the absence of handlers, which would really be an innovation. Furthermore we take four United States game papers which cover the country pretty thoroughly.

I said it was doubtful that you had seen a United States cock fight. You reply that you "should brag about the cockfights you have seen and invite a visit to the hoosegow," since sheriffs read Esquire. That is indeed one for the book. A raid on an ex-spectator. No, Mr. Parmer, I do not understand that one although I'm chuckling.

I will now affirm that I think it certain that you have not seen many U. S. mains or bothered to read of them from authentic sources. Approximately how many U. S. mains have you attended, Mr. Parmer?

Of course I am properly awed by Belle Meade Farm but surely you have not been very closely connected with it in the past, at least, as far as the fighting of cocks is concerned. Where did you see that main where fifty men and boys "each tightly holding a game cock in hand" sat waiting for the main ("usually twenty-one fights sometimes fought in one night but more often two or three") to end? Had the cock house burned or was it in Kansas during the late tree-sitting era?

I do not think any well informed cocker would claim, as you do "that the big mains for years have been twenty-one fights . . . usually. That standard admission price since 1812 is one dollar; that a stag becomes a cock at eight months." I would be delighted to make a nice sociable wager with you on some of these points. What say?

Do you realize that chicks hatched before April first would become cocks in November and thus would probably never have an opportunity to fight as stags if your eight months story were true?

Where do you get machine-made gaffs? Neither Dad nor I have ever seen a pair nor seen any advertised. That, of course, does not mean there aren't any but I think my curiosity justified. I have read much in the cocking journals of the necessity that gaffs be hand forged.

Since you have proclaimed the matter closed perhaps you will not deign to answer my questions or give the sources of your information.

Sincerely, Your "learned friend,"

Taylorville, Ill. Howard Powel

SWEET FACES—AND CUTIE FACE

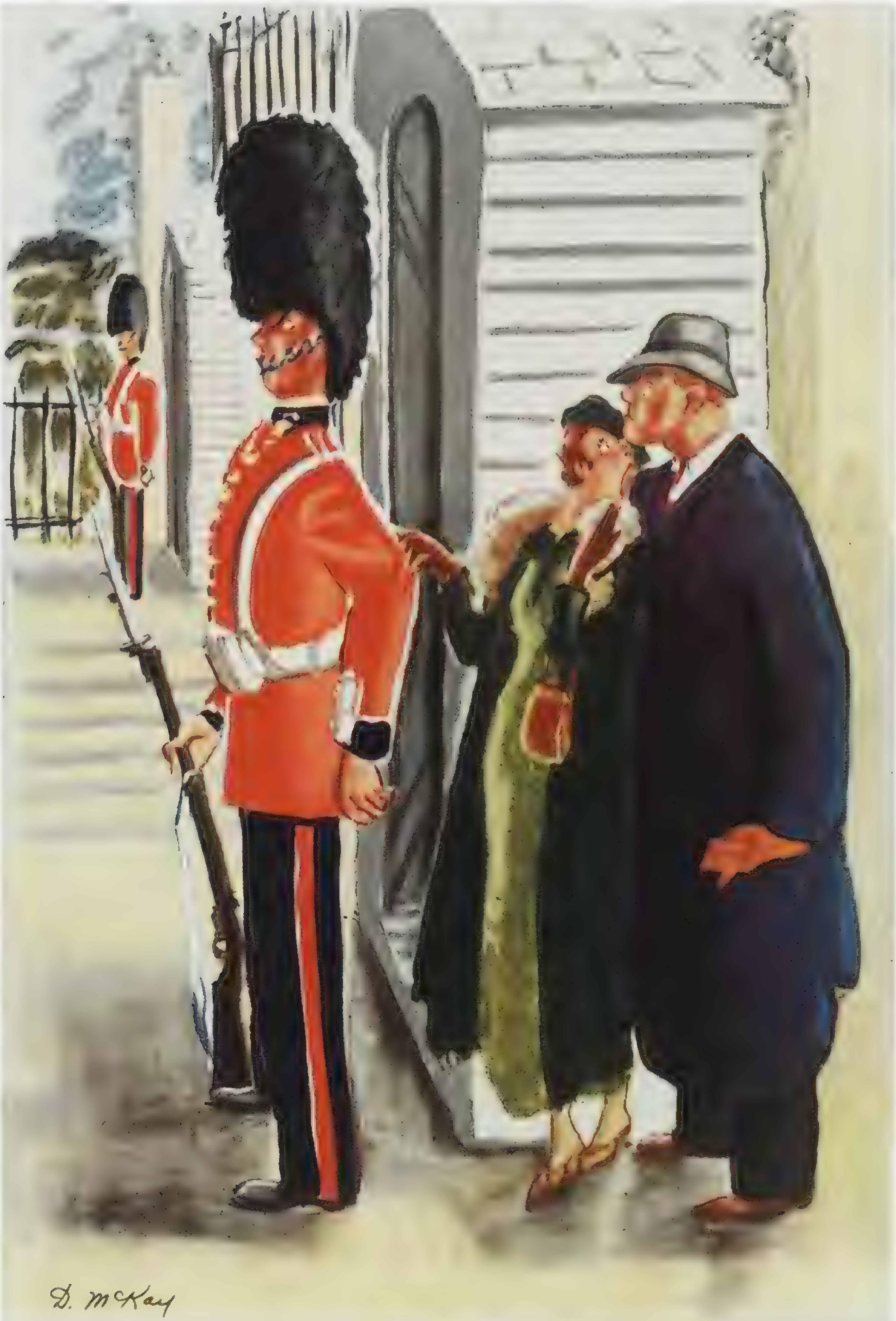
After months of hopeful watching I've at last dug up an error in a magazine—and in Esquire at that! You just can't rely on the truth of anything you read *anywhere!* I refer to page 185 of the December issue. Mr. Saroyan refers to "Cute Face." That name is "*Cutie* Face." That horse cost me $5.00 day before yesterday, so I ought to know.

Now a word of praise for George Jean Nathan's "Sweet Faces and Foul Minds." It's obvious that no man would dare approve of Mr. Nathan's article—in public print at least. My own reaction was a great big laugh—I really mean it—and several of my friends agreed with me that Mr. Nathan knew whereof he spoke. I've heard jokes told over the bridge table that would straighten a permanent wave. I also know that salacious books are passed about among women who are considered very respectable indeed—and with sweet faces. There is a pay-by-the-day library here where the more risque books rent for a dollar a day and there is a waiting list, mostly of women.

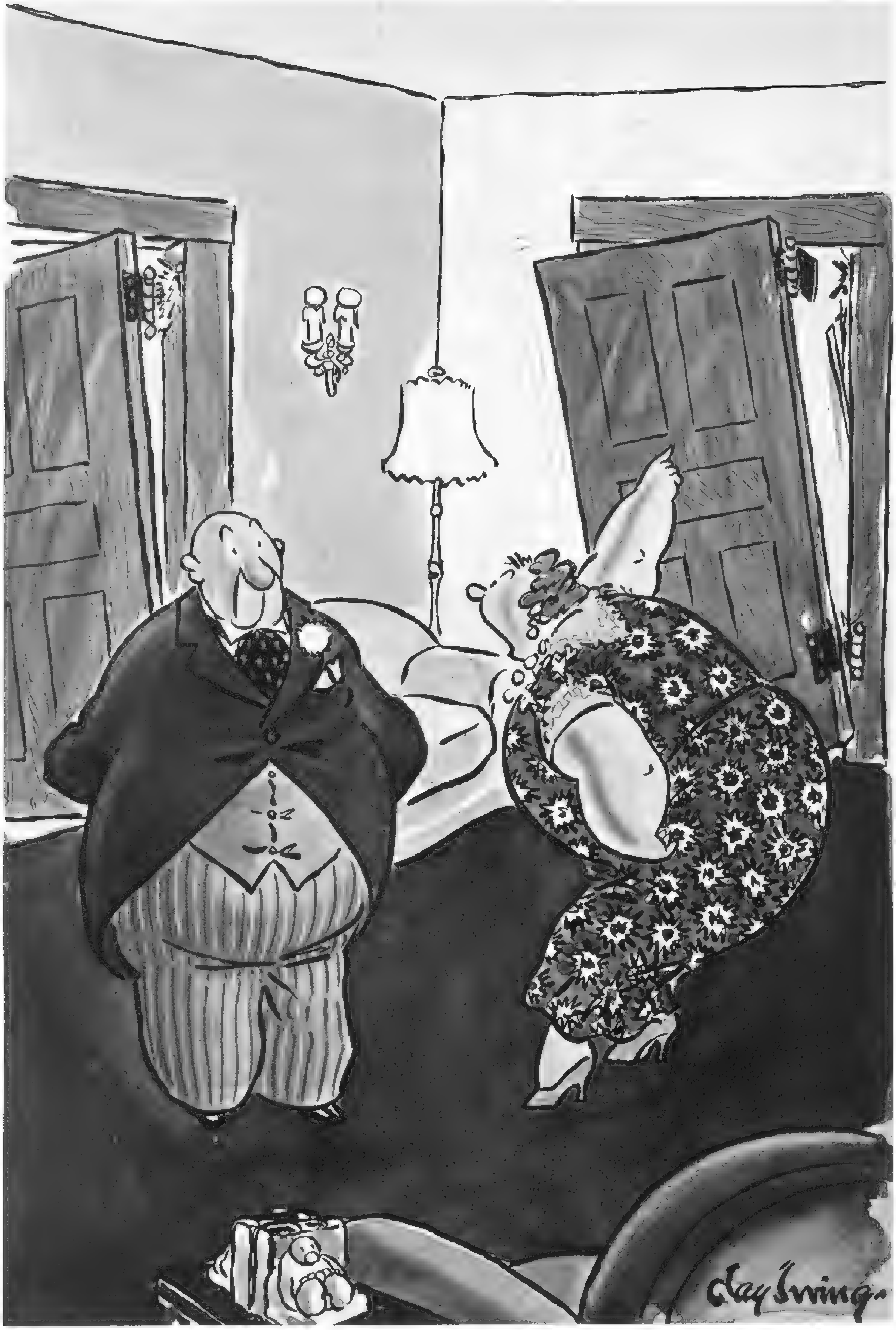
I have been in close touch with our own public library for years and am assured that the *reserve* shelf of the naughty books is patronized almost entirely by women. Perhaps they take them home to their husbands. I do not know.

But why get excited over Mr. Nathan's article if you are a woman? I am sure Mr. Nathan did not mean to imply that all women have foul minds. If you don't belong to that class—let it go. If you do, take it on the chin.

West Palm Beach, Fla. Mrs. L. M. Rickards



"Look Freddy, it's real!"



Clay Irving

"Tobias! Have you been cracking walnuts in the doors again?"

The Night Before Chancellorsville

Continued from page 24

ones with guns. One had on a brown blouse and one a blue blouse and I was surprised because I thought they always wore grey. They were disgusting looking and very dirty; one had a big pot of jam he'd smeared all over his face and the other had a box of crackers.

"Hi, Ladies."

"What you gals doin' down here?"

"Kaint you see, Steve, this is old Joe Hooker's staff."

"Reckin we ought to take em back to the General?"

They talked outlandish like that—I could hardly understand they talked so funny.

One of the girls got hysterical, she was so scared and that made them kind of shy. They were just kids I guess, under those beards, and one of them tipped his hat or whatever the old thing was:

"We're not fixin to hurt you."

At that moment there was a whole bunch more shooting down by the engine and the rebs turned and ran. We were glad I can tell you.

Then about fifteen minutes later in came one of our officers. This was another new one.

"You better duck down!" he shouted to us, "they may shell this train. We're starting you off as soon as we load two more ambulances on board."

Half of us was on the floor already. The rich women sitting ahead of Nell and me went up into the car ahead where the wounded were—I heard one of them say to see if they could do anything. Nell thought she'd look in too, but she came back holding her nose—she said it smelled awful in there.

It was lucky she didn't go in because two of the girls did try and see if they could help, but the nurses sent them right back, as if they was dirt under their feet.

After I don't know how long the train began to move. A soldier came in and poured the oil out of all our lights except one and took it into the wounded car, so now we could hardly see at all.

If the trip down was slow the trip back was terrible. The wounded began groaning and we could hear in our car, so nobody couldn't get a decent sleep. We stopped everywhere.

When we got in Washington at last there was a lot of people in the station and they were all anxious about what had happened to the army, but I said you can search me. All I wanted was my little old room and my little old bed. I never been treated like that in my life. One of the girls said she was going to write to President Lincoln about it.

And in the papers next day they never said anything about how our train got attacked or about us girls at all! Can you beat it?

The Greatest Invention

Continued from page 95

dwelling, a two or three room place, when I accosted him, a dark, heavy set man, with eyes that looked upon me with instant suspicion.

"I have traveled quite a distance," I told him, "to ask you about your invention."

"Not a word," he said, as he slammed the gate in front of me with a scowl.

"I have come from the New York Navy Yard," I called after him. They were magic words.

"Oh, that's different," he said, as he hurried back to the gate and swung it open. "Come in; glad to see you."

I followed him into his humble quarters. It was easy to see no woman's hand had set them to rights, everything in disorder, a tumbled bed with covering half on the floor and dust on every bit of cheap furniture. But what interested me most was his hurried examination of every part of the little house—I think it contained two or three rooms—opening on a closet door, peering behind doors and hasty glance out of windows. Finally he quitted his inspection and froze when I said:

"While it is true that I came direct from the New York Navy Yard, I do not want to sail under false colors. I am a newspaper man, Navy editor of the *New York World*. But Commander Jessop told me about you and your invention and I have come here especially to talk to you about it."

No, not a word would he say about his invention. Nor would he say anything about himself. Had he studied chemistry and where? No response. When had he come to this country? No reply. We had reached an impasse. Finally, I told him I had not had breakfast and if he would pilot me to a restaurant I would be glad if he would have breakfast with me. With much reluctance he finally consented and we repaired to a restaurant several blocks away. There were plenty of vacant tables in the place he selected and I was for taking the first one we came across. But that did not suit Andrews who led the way to one in a dark corner and there seated himself with back to wall where he could command a view of everyone entering the place. And whenever anyone did enter he suspended breakfast to make a close survey of the entrant. I asked if he was expecting some one. Busy with

Continued on page 166

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The Greatest Invention

Continued from page 165

furtive looks about the place, he did not at once reply. Eventually he said, "My life is not worth that," illustrating with snap of finger. "I am being followed everywhere, shadowed day and night.

"A lot of people know about my invention; a lot know enough about it to know it will put every oil company in the world out of business. Two cents a gallon for a substitute good as the best they can refine! I'll tell you," and he became more excited, "my life is not worth that," accompanied with still another snap of the fingers."

"Don't be foolish," I admonished him, "the oil people are not employing assassins. If they are afraid of your invention, wouldn't they want to buy it from you and destroy it?"

"Not only the oil people," he went on, ignoring the question, "but there are others. Think of what my invention means to the nations at war—"

"Well, if they wanted it, they wouldn't plan to kill the only one who knows anything about it," I argued. "That doesn't make sense."

"Why did someone poison my watch-dog last week?" he asked.

"Probably chasing neighbors' chickens," I suggested.

"No, no," he vehemently protested. "My neighbors have no chickens. The only reason for poisoning was—"

I interrupted with this suggestion: that I go to Washington and there endeavor to make an arrangement with the Navy Department for an official and thorough test of his invention, using it as a motor fuel for submarine and airplane, the two types whose radius of operation would be the first to be revolutionized if the invention stood up under actual test.

"Can you do that?" he eagerly asked and with more interest than he had displayed. The more he thought of it the more the idea appealed to him and with an inventor's enthusiasm he began picturing an airplane, relieved of its heavy load of fuel, carrying only a small quantity of his chemicals, a rubber hose for sucking up sea water and thus able to fly around the world and back again; submarines keeping the seas indefinitely and the reconstruction of battleships and ocean steamships—no limit to the possibilities.

With the understanding that I would do all that was possible to bring about an official tryout of his invention and that he would await the outcome in McKeesport and keep in close touch with the telegraph office, I left for Washington and arriving there on a Saturday, found Secretary Josephus Daniels and the Assistant Secretary, Franklin D. Roosevelt, both absent and the department in charge of the Senior Bureau Chief, who happened to be the Chief of Bureau of Steam Engineering, a fine old gentleman with whom I had served in the Old Navy—and as unimaginative as one of his blueprints.

Inquiring around the Department, I found another former shipmate on duty there, Commander (now Rear Admiral) Mark L. Bristol. He was in charge of Navy aeronautics and looking him up, I began telling him the story.

At first he was completely incredulous and small wonder, for it was an incredible thing I was telling.

The First Miracle was no comparison to this one which had not only converted fresh water but salt, and both into a fluid that seemed certain to revolutionize propulsion.

In my hurried account Commander Bristol had not caught the name of the officer who had conducted the test, but as soon as he understood, his interest was at once aroused. As I recall, he and Commander Jessop were classmates and Jessop was known throughout the service as one of its most capable line officers and possessed, moreover, of an engineering skill that had caused him to be detailed to the highly responsible post of supervising engineer of the New York Navy Yard.

Now keenly interested, he suggested that I see the Secretary immediately, saying he would be glad to accompany me. When I told him that both the Secretary and his Assistant were absent, he went with me to the senior bureau chief where the expected happened.

"I have attended vaudeville shows," the unemotional chief said, "I have seen sleight-of-hand performers draw a goose and a rabbit out of a silk hat—that is, it looked as if they did. This is another thing of the same sort. The New York Navy Yard is all steamed up about this vaudeville show and sent one of its officers down here today to tell us about it. He will have to tell it to someone else. I am not interested—I believe it merely another kind of flim-flam."

There spoke the voice of the Old Establishment. Often had it been heard before. It was heard when Dr. Gatling begged for a test of his now famous machine-gun; when Hotchkiss asked for a trial of his no less famous revolving cannon; when Holland had clamored for a tryout of his submarine, his being the first of that type ever constructed. The only concession these inventors ever got was the reluctant appointment of boards to consider their inventions, and well they came to know the dictionary definition of a board, a thing "long, narrow and wooden." For not one of these important inventions was adopted here, all of the patents being eventually sold abroad and so we have had to buy the rights of these American inventions from foreign countries.

I knew that history and realized I would have to wait the return of the more open-minded civilian secretaries—Daniels or Roosevelt. Secretary Daniels returned the next day and after he had heard the story promptly said, "Tell the man to come on at once; I will have a submarine and aeroplane detailed and ready for him on his arrival."

I sent a bulletin to my office and a telegram to Andrews, conveying the good news that the Navy Department would test out his invention.

Soon there came a wire from *The World* instructing me to bring Andrews to New York where *The World* would arrange for a test of his invention before a group of nationally known engineers.

Things were looking up for Andrews. Skies were brightening around that humble little dwelling in McKeesport. It began to look as though some day it might be a shrine.

I quickly hurried to him a wire conveying the message from *The World* and asked for an immediate reply as to whether he would wait for me in McKeesport or if he was coming on to Washington. Hearing nothing from him I sent another and still another and finally had the operator ask McKeesport if the messages had been delivered. The reply was that none of them had been delivered.

Hurrying back to McKeesport by train, I knocked on the door of the little cottage, but got no response. Trying the door I found it unlocked and went in to find no one there.

During the several hours spent in fruitless asking of people at telegraph office, restaurant and other places, if they knew of the whereabouts of Andrews, it came to me that those nervous apprehensions of his, which seemed so fantastic at the time, were not so preposterous after all. Baffled in the quest, I finally took the case to police headquarters. Men were sent with me to the cottage where an examination of the rooms revealed marks of a struggle, a trunk broken open and drawers of a bureau thoroughly ransacked.

But there was no trace of Andrews. Nor was any ever found or any clue.

A recent letter received from Captain Jessop—now on the retired list—and who would have been among the first to be informed, said that nothing had ever been heard of the missing inventor.

Thus into the limbo of unsolved mysteries, vanished Andrews and his invention; into the dusk with Dorothy Arnold, the collier Cyclops and other silent, baffling mysteries.

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 142

VILLAINS NOBODY LOVES

The original play, *The Man Who Reclaimed His Head*, was by Jean Bart, and Claude Rains acted in that, very briefly, on the stage. Then Messrs. Sam Ornitz, William Hurtlbut, Finley Peter Dunne, Jr., turned the play into a scenario, for it takes more heads to write a scenario. Fortunately they left much of the original work intact, they retained the whole idea, and added a timely and impressive treatment of the munitions-makers theme.

Claude Rains is a writer who ghosts for Dumont, an editor exposing arms manufacturers plotting the last war. Dumont wants only power, and, at the height of the expose campaign, sells out to the munitions interests, raises the war cry. The pacifist ghost writer is enlisted; at a way station he overhears the scandal gossip about his wife and Dumont; he goes to Paris and cuts off his enemy's head. The story is told retrospectively, as the wild, quivering murderer sits before a lawyer whom he has awakened in the middle of night. From the first moment, a tense, melodramatic and yet sanely emotional atmosphere is established. Throughout the film the lighting is shadowy; the action is in broken bits that nevertheless form a perfect unit. Rains is contracted within himself, always tense, his head cocked, his small, sardonic smile on his face. But in this picture his cynicism is no longer disagreeable. It is the check against his idealism, his pacifism. It is balanced by the pathetic tenderness with which he cherishes his empty-headed, doll-faced wife. It is forgiven for a voice of infinite persuasion.

Rains is an actor who contributes himself, besides the character he portrays. He says something. He is a continuous comment upon himself, his part, upon the world, life. His face is never dead of expression, it can't be, for this fellow is a character, a man, he has ideas, he's no sack of flesh put at the disposal of a part in a movie. And this is a part in which he believes.

The munitions story is presented somewhat fantastically; there are meetings of arms makers in the almost legendary international salon of their guild. They agree that during the war armies shall not bomb the munitions plants of opposing armies. They pass their resolutions with a suave, grotesque camaraderie. These scenes would have been more convincing if handled realistically instead of in a semi-satiric fashion. They are too true to be given a fictional setting.

The munitions makers have, in fact, been discovered as a type of villain that may be attacked without danger of offending any particular government. A swell running mate to *The Man Who Reclaimed His Head* is *The President Vanishes.* Where one is built around the arms manufacturers' conspiracy to make the last war, the latter film is built around their conspiracy to get America into the next war. While the first picture is typically European in approach, relating the conspiracy to the mental anguish of an individual, and affecting the audience through the aesthetic medium, by building in the spectator a strong emotional bond with the hero of the play, the second film is typically American: a bright speedy action built around an essentially artificial device, attractive through its stimulation of curiosity, and of admiration for cleverness of contrivance.

Yet the scenes in *The President Vanishes*, showing the development of the war conspiracy, are infinitely more convincing than the similar scenes in *The Man Who Reclaimed His Head.* Instead of a board-of-director's meeting staged with symbolist strokes, we get a cosy dinner-party attended by five industrial and political titans and given by "Washington's greatest lobbyist." The conspiracy to get America into the war is then carried on from a hotel suite, where the titans loll around, drinking milk and other things, much in the manner of the powers at a political convention. The whole first part of *The President Vanishes* is amazingly outspoken and convincing. One cagey old milk-drinker in the hotel room subsidizes a fanatic named Lincoln Lee, who has organized the "gray shirts" and who, Hitler-like, believes he is acting only in furtherance of "destiny." The growth of the "gray shirts" is suggested with lightning strokes, as squads of them rush out to beat up pacifist street-speakers, to attack artists who draw cartoons of capitalist pigs at the war-trough. The slogan-danger is exposed, as a publisher of a string of newspapers with 10,000,000 readers tries to stampede America into war by scare-heading all his sheets: "Save America's Honor."

On the day when the president is to appear before Congress, with his message for war or peace, he disappears. It is thought that the gray shirts have kidnaped him.

In the frantic search for the president, America realizes that it really wants him to preserve his pacifist policy.

In its solution, this picture remains characteristic of certain American minds; for, having posed a strong problem with startling reality, it "solves" it with a trick detective story end that is almost an evasion of the whole issue. Nevertheless, *The President Vanishes* is, because of its unqualified attack on fascism, the most encouraging idea-picture out of Hollywood this year, besides being an extremely entertaining, fast-moving mystery.

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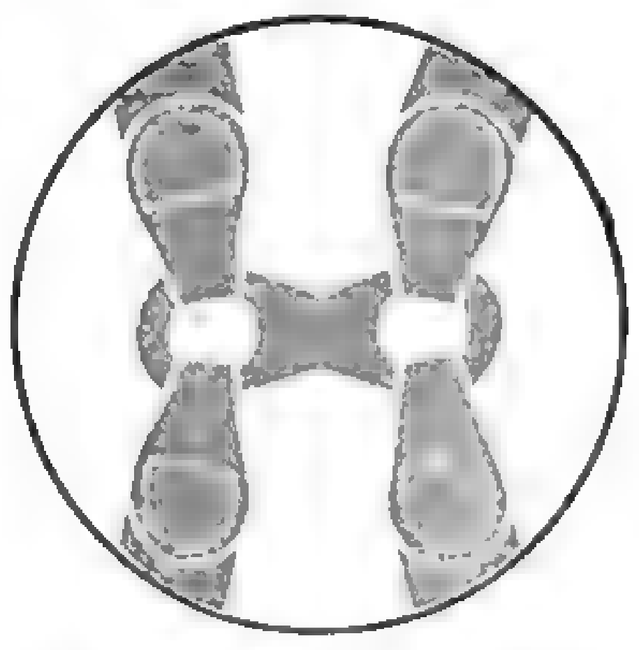

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Little Red Ridinghood

Continued from page 42

III. COSMOPOLITAN

Red Pants

The story so far: Instrumental in obtaining information for General Montcalm (who doesn't hear very well) in the siege of Quebec, Mademoiselle Marie-Louise Redingote-Rouge, eighteen and pretty, called Little Red Pants by the Indians, is a spy in the employ of the French. Caught behind the British lines with her red pants down—caught in her boy's disguise, her identity is suspected and she is brought before General Wolfe, commander of the British forces, for questioning.

Chapter XXVII

In the flicker of the tapers, Wolfe eyed her speculatively across the table. On the ground beside her stood her familiar basket.

"You are the boy the Indians call Little Red Pants?" said Wolfe evenly and dispassionately.

"Oh, General Wolfe, what great big eyes you have!" The answer was deliberately evasive, provocative, misleading.

"I have heard on excellent authority that you are Marie-Louise Redingote-Rouge, and you have been operating behind the British lines with your spy-lover, Comte Julien Armand St. Jacques de Brissac de Broulatour de Bon-Ami!"

"Oh, *mon General*, what great big ears you have!" replied Neekeechewin (Little Red Pants) demurely. Her eyes were alert.

"What have you in that basket?" he continued.

"Goodies for the soldiers, *mon General*," replied Little Red Pants. She smiled engagingly across the table and the candles flickered, casting strange shadows upon Little Red Pants, shadows that suddenly revealed . . . Wolfe's eyes narrowed.

"Come, Little Red Pants—no little white lies. You *are* Marie-Louise Redingote-Rouge!"

With a quick hand, he tore the collar from her shirt, laying bare her pearly white shoulder and the telltale curves of her firm young body. As she reached for her *pistolet* Wolfe pinned her arms to her sides in a rough embrace.

"*Mon General*, what soft, smooth whiskers you have!" She was all woman now. She smiled seductively up into his face.

"Spy or no spy," cried Wolfe hoarsely. His head bent closer over her soft pouting lips . . .

"Not so fast, General Wolfe!" Removing the red tablecloth from his head as he rose to his full length in the wicker basket, Comte Julien Armand St. Jacques, etc. levelled two menacing musketoons at the General. Slowly Wolfe's hands rose above his head. Comte Julien Armand St. Jacques, etc. stepped daintily out of the basket and over to Neekeechewin (Little Red Pants).

"Fly, my little one," he said. "Fly." He bent over gracefully and kissed her hand. "Gladly I give my life for your fingertips!"

(To be continued)

IV. AMERICAN

Profits in Purity

Like countless others, Dorothea Hood, eighteen and pretty, came to Hollywood from Frog's Neck, Ohio, for a career. In eight months, her slim savings exhausted, little Dorothea was reduced to one garment—a long red raincoat, and a basket of cookies thoughtfully provided for her by her grandmother. Carefully pinning the raincoat about her, Dorothea set forth with the basket of reheated cookies hoping she might sell them.

In front of the Roosevelt Hotel, a man in a beret, a Van Dyke beard and a wing collar spoke to her:

"Hello, Little Red-Raincoat. Wassina baskit?"

"Hot cookies," replied Dorothea Hood hopefully.

"—! Hot cookies!" A hairy fist pounded into a hairy palm. "The title for my new super-musical! Okay, baby, tomorrow morning at half-past ten. You're in the movies."

It was Manny Wolfus, President of Terrific Pictures, Inc. Thus are careers made in Hollywood. There are also other ways.

"When I went there the next day," said Miss Hood, "Mr. Wolfus told me I would have to sit practically nude on top of a basket of cookies and that a very artistic 'special number' would be worked out to go around me.

"'Look, I'll show you,' he said, 'just slip off that raincoat!'

"He came over and unbuttoned the top button. Then I noticed his eyes. They were all but starting from his head.

"'Oh, Mr. Wolfus,' I said, 'what great big eyes you have!'

"'You're telling me,' he replied, mopping his damp forehead with his handkerchief. He started on the second button. I noticed his ears. They were a mottled purple and quivering like a butterfly's antennae.

"'Oh, Mr. Wolfus,' I said, 'what peculiar ears you have!'

"'*Avada, avada!*' he said. 'Vat a lousy raincoat! They should put zippers on 'em.'

"He had the third button almost unbuttoned when I asked if I might use the telephone.

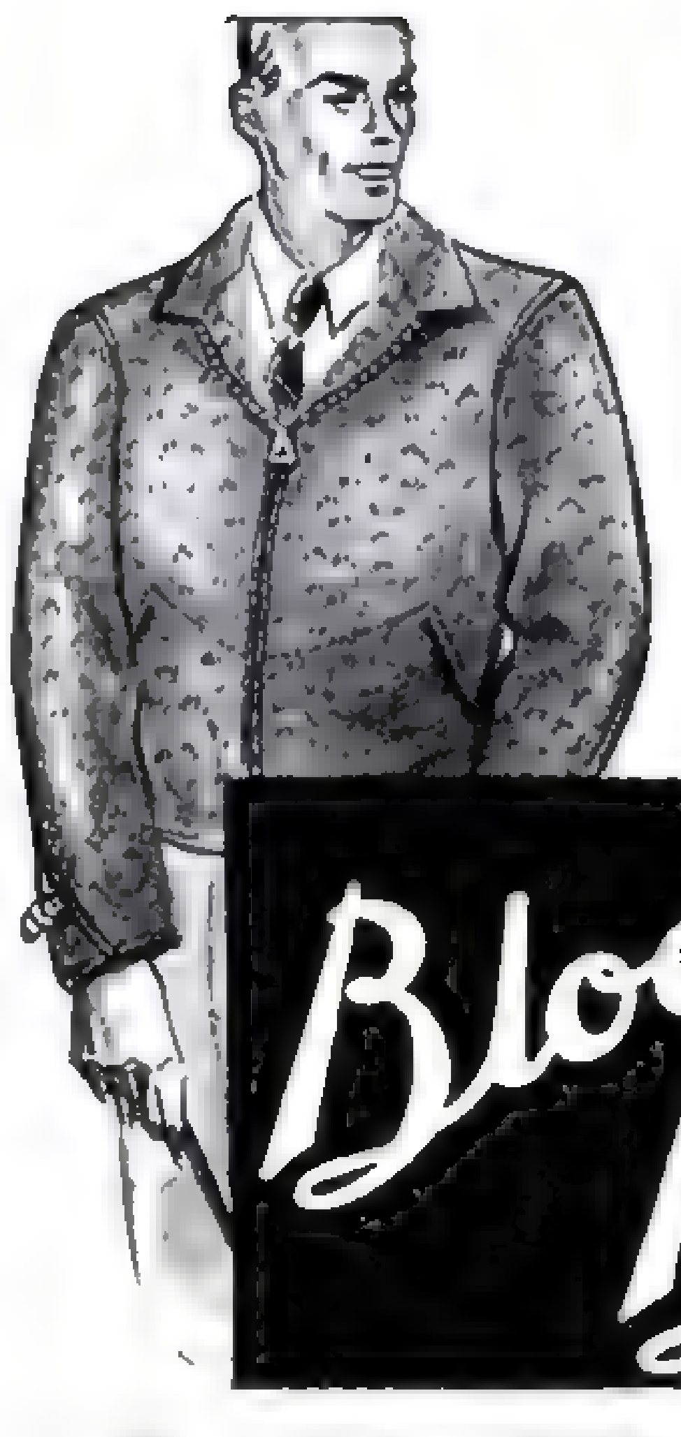
"'For vat, for God's sake, for vat?' inquired Mr. Wolfus in that imperious manner for which he is famous.

"'Because if I don't,' I said, 'I'm afraid a representative of the Children's Aid Society will be here any moment. I asked him to stand by. You see, Mr. Wolfus, I'm a minor and this is a major studio! And I haven't been in Hollywood eight months for nothing.'"

"Okay," said Mr. Wolfus and reached for his check book.

Dorothea was in the movies.

Six months later, Dorothea Hood sold the Big Bad Wolf idea to Mr. Walter Disney and bought a beautiful home in Beverly Hills. Happily married to a comedy director, she is now the mother of three beautiful little pigs.



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Frequently we receive requests for originals or reproductions of Esquire's cartoons. People seem to want them for framing. The originals are almost never available being used for various exhibitions, etc., so we've been wondering about some moderate-priced form of reproduction. We have a trick new way, at last. It's a plywood foundation, upon which a proof of the cartoon is mounted, then covered with a coating somewhat similar to cellophane. No frame is required, and the thing is not only very good looking, but absolutely indestructible. (Should be good for bars, if your guests start throwing things.) They'd have to sell for $2.50 apiece. Not bad, of course, and they look like at least twice that, but still it *is* money. How about it? Think we ought to plunge to the extent of making up a quantity? Will you buy if we do?

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Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

Continued from page 140

edy, written with consummate charm, fine knowledge of theatre and exquisite feeling for the spoken word, a narrative procedure seems necessary, as a warning to the too tender-minded, and a recommendation to the authentically adult. Briefly, it concerns two girls, formerly college room-mates, who have at last, through unflagging efforts, successfully established a small girls' school. All is well until a Problem Pupil upsets the entire apple-cart. This infamous young fiend, in revenge for much-needed discipline, spreads a tale, founded upon guesses and quarter-truths, that the principals are practicing Lesbians. Her grandmother, one of those infuriating Good Women, then destroys the school, wins a slander suit brought by the harassed suspects, and accomplishes their utter ruin. There is nowhere they can go, nothing they can do. One breaks her engagement, since she could never go on with a man who has suspicions about her. The other, confessing that while there has never been anything actually between them, her love for her friend has, as an emotion, always been of "that sort," blows her own brains out. And the curtain descends on the ironical spectacle of the meddling granny hastening, too late, to reveal that the young devil has been unmasked as a criminal little liar.

All this might so easily have been mere pandering to leerers, as in the case of "The Captive," or cold-blooded, cruel psychiatry in the Ibsen manner. But Miss Hellman has written with such tenderness, such forthright honesty, such perfection of taste that the play is a profound, if devastating human document. It is a sell-out, and there is more discussion of it, in the press as well as between individuals, than of all the other shows in the city combined. Some of the more captious have contended that in this sophisticated age, the discovery of these unnatural tendencies need not have resulted in tragedy; that indeed in our native Gomorrahs such peculiarities are definitely assets, fitting the possessors for success and renown in the realm of choice activities like art, decoration and the theater. True enough, but these particular girls are sensitive and idealistic, their characters so constituted that they cannot possibly cope with the ominous knowledge. My own fault-finding concerns the law-suit; if the victims had won, the catastrophe would be heightened by the hollowness of their victory. But who am I to be querulous about so noble an achievement? Miss Hellman told her tale as she saw it, and that's sufficient.

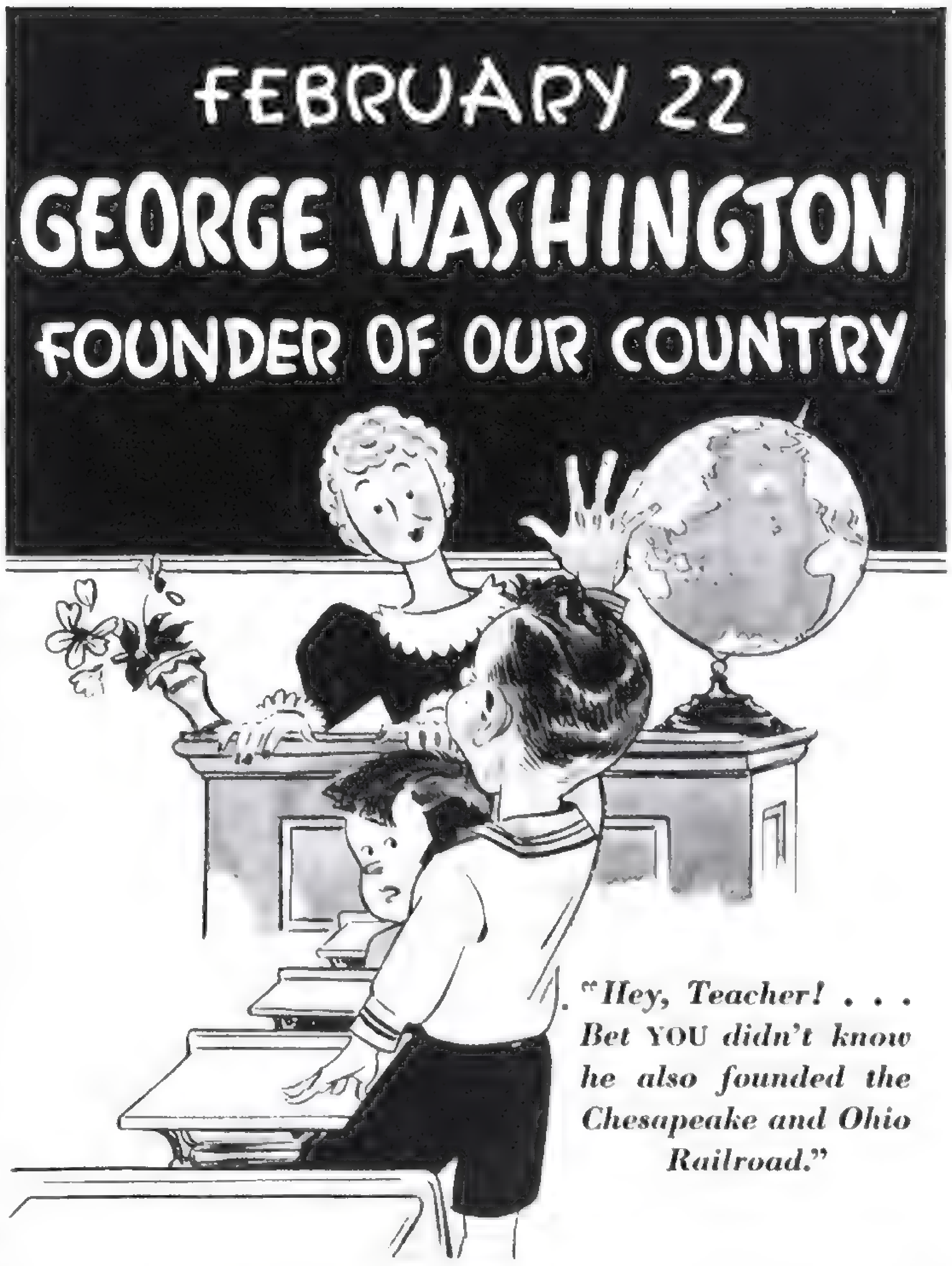
Now, for good, crackling, if not exactly inspired entertainment, you will do well to see *Page Miss Glory*, a satiric farce about the powers of notoriety. A broken-down publicity-expert and a cunning photographer assemble from assorted shots of famous beauties a composite picture which they submit to one of those contests. When the synthetic "Miss Dawn Glory," composed of Garbo's eyes, Dietrich's gams, and shoulders, waist, bosom, thighs and other fundamental sections of various pretties, wins the prize and a flood of contracts, the Pygmalions have hell on their hands to exhibit the fleshly counterpart. It is a tribute to the pulchritude of Dorothy Hall that she makes you accept her as all she is ballyhooed for. There are plenty of hefty giggles here.

Revenge With Music is one continuous gratification to the eye. An operetta treatment of an ancient spanish folk-tale, it provides a solid, not too stolid, evening, and should be witnessed. We welcome back Libby Holman, sultry and charming; Rex O'Malley, a splendid harlequin; Ilka Chase satisfactory as always, in a brittle role; Charles Winninger, cavorting as a lecherous cuckold; George Metaxa and Joseph Macauley sing admirably; and such beauty of setting and costuming that the vision is dazzled and caressed.

Gold Eagle Guy shows the rise and fall of a financial pirate in the bold, bad days of San Francisco's most tumultuous period. Edward Bromberg makes you forget his inclination toward pursiness by the convincing heartiness of his work. There are several exciting scenes, but I could wish for a lot less self-consciousness in general on the part of the Group Theatre, as evidenced in this production; there's too much Shrine-of-Thespis in the air. I wish they'd relax. The story gets over in spite of this eager ritualism.

Eva Le Gallienne has resumed repertory, placing *L'Aiglon* into the schedule. Her *Hedda Gabler* is a highly interesting version, more human and humorous than any I've seen before. It is astonishing how modern that Ibsen hell-cat is; not dated at all—she might easily be any of the consummate bitches among your own best friends . . . *Cradle Song* is to be viewed, also, if you missed it earlier.

Post Road, with Lucille Watson, after an ambling start gets going into fun and wildness, definitely belonging on your list . . . The D'Oyly Carte Gilbert and Sullivan troupers, after a triumphant New York run, have taken to the road; if they hit your town, pawn your gold fillings, if necessary, to see them. . . . The Abbey Players, those Irish standbys, are also off for the hinterland, and while not quite so good as in former years, are still required fare, especially for O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock* and *The Plough and the Stars*, pussyfooted though they have made the latter script.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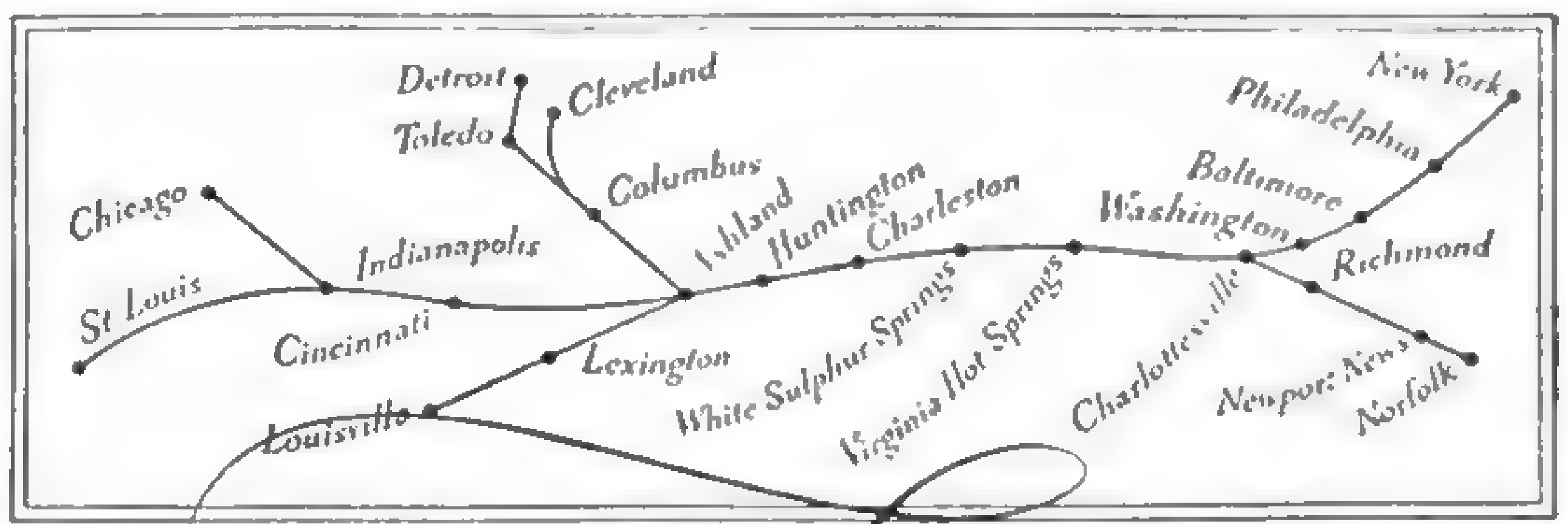

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Sports of Merrie England

Continued from page 36

secret of her success it is hardly likely that England will see another so successful.

Another well known sport to the English which has yet to gain popularity here is a game known as "conkers." It was called to my attention in a rather peculiar way.

I was walking past the *London Express* office on Fleet Street when I heard excited cries.

Two figures were surrounded by a cheering crowd and at first glance the two figures seemed to be fighting. A closer inspection revealed the truth. They were playing "conkers," but imagine my surprise to recognize one of the combatants as an unusually dignified editor of the *London Times*. The other was a small, grimy newsboy.

Now as to "conkers." A conker is nothing more or less than an educated chestnut. A chestnut is taken and placed in an oven. If it is left there too long, the shell cracks and it is useless for the game. If it is taken out too soon, the shell never attains that brittle hardness so essential. Baking a chestnut until it becomes a good, durable conker is quite an art. When you are satisfied that the conker is done, remove it from the oven, drill a small hole at the top and insert a piece of string perhaps two feet long. Tie it up and now you can dangle your conker before you for the world to see. You are sure to meet some one who owns a conker and who will challenge you to a match. He will dangle his conker by the string and you will aim carefully and hit his with yours. Then it will be his turn. You hit each other's conkers alternately until one of them breaks. That is the game of conkers.

The dignified editor of the *Times* was none other than Lord Buffington-Wyck, for many years accepted as the conkers champion of England. Replete in morning suit, Ascot scarf and top hat, he belabored the conker held by his grimy little opponent. Finally he hit the youngster's conker a terrific blow and the boy's chestnut flew into a thousand pieces. A mighty roar of approval went up from the crowd and Lord Buffington-Wyck was promptly "chaired."

He looked very hot and a bit flustered but there was a proud gleam in his eye. The crowd poured into Fleet Street, turned to the right and carried him to the entrance of the *Times* office where his Lordship promptly delivered an address on the importance of maintaining an iron hand in dealing with India; a plea for a larger Navy with a strong recommendation for a seat for every child in the public schools. By now, however, the crowd had dispersed and I was his only audience.

He invited me into his office for a glass of sherry and a finger of caviar and over our repast we discussed "conkers."

"The sport, I suppose, was invented by William The Conkerer?" I suggested, but he shook his head smilingly.

"That was William the C-o-n-q-u-e-r-o-r," he explained kindly. "He was called that because he conquered—well, now, I forget just what it was he conquered but it doesn't matter."

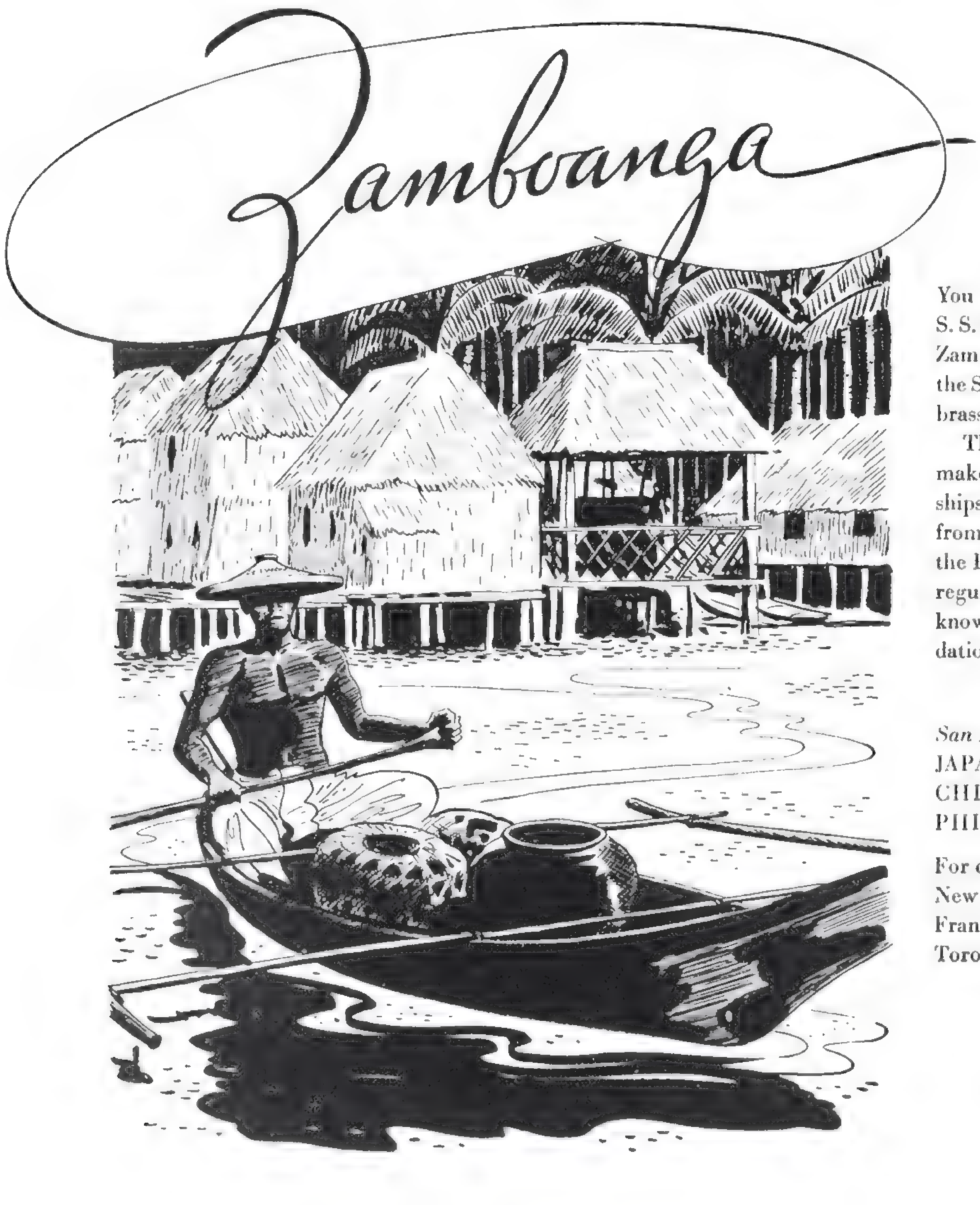
'How did you come to take up this sport?" I asked, lifting my nose from the caviar bowl.

"It is a strange story," his Lordship began. "When I was a youngster I made this very same conker which served me so well today. A newspaper was offering a prize of one jackknife to anyone who made a conker strong enough to survive ten battles. I was aiming for that but oddly enough on the day I won my tenth victory my grandfather gave me a jackknife. The same paper was offering a bicycle to anyone whose conker had been victorious twenty times. By another odd coincidence I won my twentieth victory on the day my great grandfather gave me a bicycle. It is Kismet, I thought. I should never conker for gain. It is my fate to be merely an amateur conker but by Godfrey I shall be the best amateur in England.

"I grew up," he smiled wistfully, and hummed a few bars from *Come Down to Kew in Lilac Time*, and went on. "My reputation as an amateur or gentleman conker opened many doors to me. There was and is one drawback. The ruling body of the sport has acknowledged me as the world's champion but it has also decided that I must be ready to defend my title at all times and accept any challenge that is offered.

"That," he said ruefully, "is what happened today. I was in the midst of writing a stirring editorial on the future of the baked apple industry in Canada. Canada," he explained, "is one of our little colonies. In the midst of concocting a splendid phrase, one of our newsboys came in, challenged me to a conkers match and I had to accept. Why the nerve of the little bounder, thinking that he might break my conker."

His long white mustaches fairly bristled but they dropped into kindly benevolent curls as he stared down on the desk at that veteran conker of his. I left him staring at it, a chestnut which had never met defeat in three hundred and fifty-six battles. Even here in the sacrosanct office



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of the *Times* it maintained that air of simple dignity that we always look for and so seldom find in our world champions.

There is another sport which must be mentioned and then, if possible, promptly forgotten, for I suspect that one who becomes an addict is merely serving an apprenticeship for madness. The sport is dibbling for chub. Now wait a minute.

The upper reaches of the Thames flow very gently through the country of Oxfordshire. The river is only a stream there but it flows through very green fields and the whole effect is quite ducky. It was here that I first became acquainted with dibbling for chub. I noticed a punt moored some forty feet from the bank of the stream and in the punt there sat a man with a long red beard who looked as though he had stepped right out of the pages of *Antic Hay*. He was sitting there quietly with that dull, vacant look in his eye which is so peculiar to fishermen. It was not that look which startled me but the fact that he was holding his fishing rod so that the hook hung some four inches above the water And dangling from the hook was —so help me—a bumble bee. This I thought was pushing eccentricity to rather an extreme.

"Have you caught anything?" I shouted sarcastically.

He raised his head slowly, bent a malevolent eye toward me and called sharply, "No, nor am I apt to with you standing there yelling."

"Is that so?" I yelled back but I guess it wasn't a very good answer. His whole attitude discouraged further conversation so I retired to a place called the *Red Lion Inn* to think this over. Of course all fishermen are a bit cracked, but to fish with your hook four inches out of water was a confession of true madness. Fishermen and writers have one thing in common. Both can tend to their chores while sitting down and this undoubtedly is the chief and only attraction of these two pursuits. Fishing and writing are both very easy on the feet and if a man has bad dogs he is strictly a sucker not to indulge in one or the other. But at least he should keep up an appearance of really being interested in his work. It is just as absurd for a man to fish with his hook four inches above the water as it is for a writer to bang away at a typewriter in which there is no ribbon.

I confided these observations to the man behind the bar at the *Red Lion Inn*.

"You don't understand," he shook his head sadly. "That man you saw in the river was dibbling for chub. Dibbling for chub is highly thought of around these parts."

"Do they ever catch any chub?" I asked.

"Well—now," he looked thoughtful, "not very often, but it has happened. I'll tell you about the sport."

Now it seems that the chub is a rather stupid animal, which is at all times very anxious for the company of man. It will go to almost any length to be caught. You can bait your hook with a boot or a book or a bottle, throw your line overboard and in no time you'll have a boat full of chub. They are like that and I suppose that is all part of their charm.

Many, many years ago the natives became a bit fed up with taking chub so easily. With that fine sense of sportsmanship inherent in the English, the natives invented the sport of dibbling. The chub starved for human companionship and with a fine disregard for the possible consequences took to the sport immediately. At first the fishermen (or dibblers as they are called) held their lines so that the hook was but an inch from the water. The chub took this right in their stride.

Gradually as the chub developed an aptitude for flying through the air, the distance was increased. At present four inches is considered par for the course.

They say that it is quite a sight to see the chub fly eagerly through the air at that bumble bee. What started the custom of using a bee for bait my informant did not know. However, he insisted that it made the whole proposition even more sporting, for the bees—especially in Oxfordshire—have developed a wariness not usual in bees and are very hard to catch. All this was explained to me by the man behind the bar in the *Red Lion Inn*.

"And so," he concluded, "you see that dibbling for chub is a fine sport."

"I say it's nonsense and the dibble with it," I ventured but no answering gleam came into his eye.

"Yes," he added thoughtfully, "around here we dibble for chub by day and we sniggle for eels at night. I would be glad to take you sniggling some night."

But that was too much. Dibbling? Sniggling? Madness lay that way. I left before I too became an addict of one or the other. Both dibbling and sniggling were popular sports a hundred years ago. As proof I offer a snatch from a song written in the last century by F. C. Burnard, one time editor of *Punch*. It begins:

> *Oh! The fisherman is a happy man*
> *He dibbles and sniggles and fills his can.*
> *With sharpened hook and a sharper eye,*
> *He sniggles and dibbles for what goes by.*
> *Oh, who so merry as he*
> *On the river or on the sea.*

There are other sports in the country which I have nick-named Merrie England but these samples should suffice for the time. Should in fact suffice for all time.

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A Shot in the Forest

Continued from page 23

saying, "How is the chess game getting on? Is it going to last much longer?"

Nicolaus immediately got up. "It is over now, if you like, my dear." He nodded to the head-forester. "Isn't it, Hansen?"

Hansen, who had also risen, bowed. "Of course."

"Are you tired? Don't you feel well?" There was tender concern in Nicolaus' voice.

"I feel perfectly well," Hermine protested. "I am just a little tired, that's all. And we will all have to get up very early tomorrow."

Nicolaus patted her hand. "Well, not so very early, not at this time of the year." He looked at the forester. "Half past six would do, wouldn't it?"

Hansen nodded assent.

Hermine insisted. "But I want to feel fresh tomorrow!" She was convinced that she could not stand Martin's shameless glance for another five minutes.

Nicolaus took her arm in his. "Why, darling, you really seem to have hunt fever!"

She said good-night to Raspi who pouted like a spoilt child.

At the door of her bedroom, Nicolaus gently put his arms around her. "Sleep well, dearest!"

While letting Nanni undress her, Hermine wondered whether her maid was especially clumsy tonight or whether it only seemed so as a reflection of her own nervousness and restlessness.

Once she imagined she could see Martin through the glass door, waiting in her dressing room. Impatiently, she ordered Nanni to lock the door and draw the curtains.

At last she stretched out under the warm blankets.

Nicolaus was in the room next to hers. That thought quieted her. And it was reassuring to know that the wooden shutters before her windows were securely locked and bolted.

Slowly, the sensation of happiness began to return to her. Then she thought of Tonio Raspi and again felt a little remorse. But sleep quickly wrapped her in his dark cloak.

III.

They drove through the forest which was heavy with the mist of early morning. Tonio Raspi sat beside Hermine. He still had his dinner jacket on under his greatcoat.

Hermine noticed it, but at the moment it did not strike her as particularly strange.

The barking of stags rent the air like short rolls of thunder, now near, now a long distance away.

Hermine shivered with cold. Nicolaus who sat facing her, breathed into her cupped hands to warm them.

Tonio Raspi remarked suddenly in a loud voice: "I am very curious!"

"Pst! Not so loud!" Nicolaus reminded him.

"Why not?" The violinist protested sulkily and without lowering his voice. "Because the stags are making love?"

The horses trotted over the narrow road through the forest which was beginning to clear a little in the first grey light of dawn.

Raspi explained: "I am in love, too! At the present moment I am in love with your wife."

He said that so naïvely that Hermine and Nicolaus had to laugh.

The carriage stopped at a deer path.

Nicolaus lifted Hermine out. "Do you mind going with Martin today. . . . I want to take our guest and see that he gets in a good shot."

Of course! Hermine understood fully. Nicolaus must try to help Tonio Raspi bag his first game.

She walked quickly along the deer path, treading carefully on the soft ground which deadened her footsteps.

The gamekeeper followed her closely, so closely in fact that she could feel his breath on her neck. It frightened her, and yet it was a pleasant, tingling sensation.

"We will be there in a minute," Martin whispered.

Hermine did not answer. A strange curiosity took possession of her.

As they proceeded toward the clearing in the forest, the tall trees began to get sparse and the thick underbrush prevailed. Finally they arrived at the clearing which extended all the way up a hill where timber had been cut. On the summit of the hill, the underbrush again closed off the clearing like a barricade.

Now they stood before the ladder leading up to the shooting stand.

Hermine reached for the rungs and climbed up to the platform which was fenced in with boards extending up to her shoulder. She looked around. "Like a ball room . . ." she thought as the clearing extended below her, surrounded and closed off by underbrush and young trees.

The faint light of early morning still had the paleness of the hour before sunrise. Deers were walking over the clearing, gracefully lifting their slim legs. A magnificent buck stood at the brink of the forest, motionless like a statue.

Meanwhile Martin had joined her. Again she found herself in close proximity to him, again she was forced to look into his light grey eyes with the greenish tinge which at once terrified and humiliated her.

A sudden terror gripped her. Martin had put down his rifle.

Hermine turned away from him, but at that moment he reached for her.

She pushed him back. Her anger was aroused and it proved stronger than her fear. She fought him with all her strength, but he seemed to have gone completely mad. He was so much stronger than she, and she realized that her resistance was hopeless. She also knew that even her screams would not save her. Nicolaus was too far away and he could not hear her, perhaps could not even hear a shot.

Martin pressed her close to his body. He did not say one word; they fought silently and breathlessly.

Suddenly Hermine felt his hand on her breast. In the mad excitement of her struggle she could not understand how he could have done it. But yet his hand was on her naked breast. In spite of her violent struggle, in spite of the force which he had to use against Hermine who fought him with all her strength, he caressed her breasts, first one and then the other, softly, gently, lovingly. A pleasant sensation which she tried to resist, began to stream through her body, mingling with her anger and tormenting her.

In some inexplicable way, he succeeded in keeping his eyes always before her, although she turned and twisted in his strong grip. And in spite of her violent struggle, he caressed her breast with his hand so gently and softly as if she were suffering his intimacies without a protest.

"What is going to happen?" she thought. "My strength is leaving me. What is going to happen?"

Now! Here! As she glanced over the edge of the board fence, frantically looking for help, she suddenly saw it.

A magnificent buck had stepped into the clearing and walked slowly across, his head close to the ground as if he were following a scent.

Hermine trembled violently. The hunter had also seen the stag and he released her at once.

She held her hand before her mouth to stifle her loud breathing.

Martin handed her the rifle.

She lifted it to her shoulder, supported it on the edge of the balustrade and aimed at the stag . . . now the hair-cross in her gun sight was aiming exactly at the shoulder blade, now she pulled the hair trigger . . . now the shot rang out through the quiet forest.

The tremendous force of the projectile lifted the stag off the ground. He jumped with all four legs at once, tried a few lame leaps toward the underbrush and collapsed. His proud antlered head rocked slowly back and forth, scraping the ground.

With a commanding gesture Hermine turned to her gamekeeper. "Climb down and get him, quick!"

Martin obediently climbed down the ladder and hurried across the clearing. The stag was still moving. The bullet might have only grazed him.

Now the gamekeeper arrived at the stag, now he bent over him. . . .

Hermine was too confused to think clearly . . . she only knew that she must use this opportunity and release herself from this man.

Again she lifted the rifle, supporting the barrel on the board fence, and took careful aim. This time the gun was aimed at Martin's back. He was occupied with the animal and did not suspect anything.

Quickly, a thought flashed through Hermine's brain: "The stag was innocent . . . but this man. . . ."

Once more a shot thundered through the forest.

Martin dropped to the ground without a sound. He remained there as if asleep, his face buried in the grass. He did not stir.

A cold terror gripped Hermine

"Murder!" she screamed. "Murder!" The word died in her mouth before she could finish it. She was only able to scream, without forming intelligible syllables. She knew that she wanted to shout "Murder" but at the same time she felt extremely sorry for herself.

She was still fully conscious, and yet her brain seemed confused.

What had happened to her? Was she having hallucinations? Nicolaus came running out of the forest, wringing his hands.

Tonio Raspi was standing on an enormous piano, fiddling.

Suddenly the forest was filled with police, armed with rifles. Lowering their bayonets, they surrounded the shooting stand and approached in a constantly narrowing circle.

The gamekeeper Martin raised himself from the ground and leaped up and down before her like a jumping jack, screaming: "She killed me!"

Then the trumpets of Judgement Day sounded their terrifying call into Hermine's ears.

She could still think: "I am going insane, I have become insane." She screamed. . . .

IV.

Mysterious seconds. . . .

Somebody shook Hermine. She opened her eyes, not yet fully conscious.

Nicolaus stood before her smiling.

Outside, under her windows, hunting horns called for the hunters to meet.

Slowly the terror within her soul ebbed and finally disappeared. She breathed a deep sigh of relief.

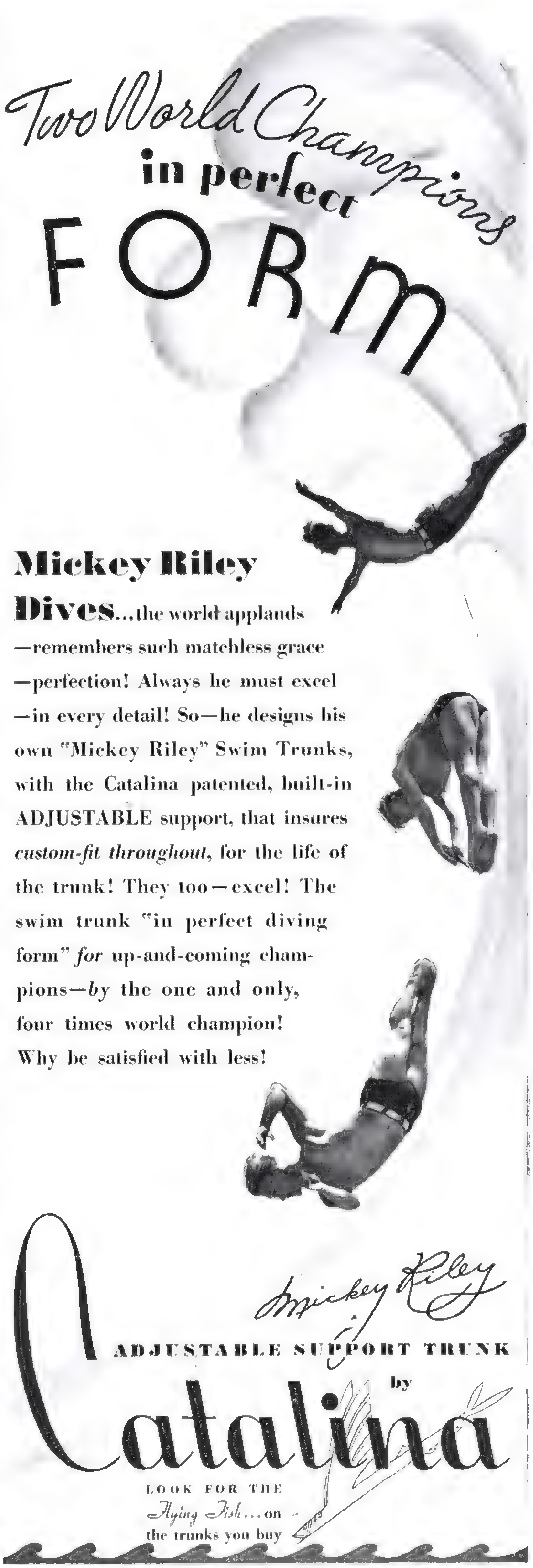
"What terrible things you must have dreamed!" Nicolaus asked.

Hermine laughed, sat up in bed and reached for the bell.

"It's no use," Nicolaus suggested. "There is no Nanni this morning!"

He sat down on the bed and explained: "Imagine the stupidity! She disappeared in the middle of the night . . . yes, really, . . . she ran away with my gamekeeper Martin."

Translated by Fritz Sallagar



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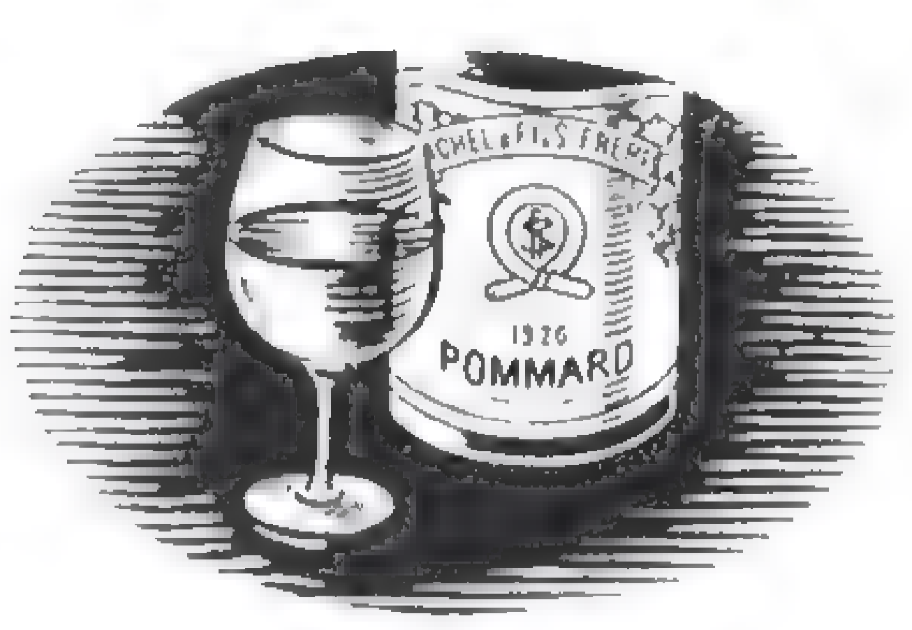

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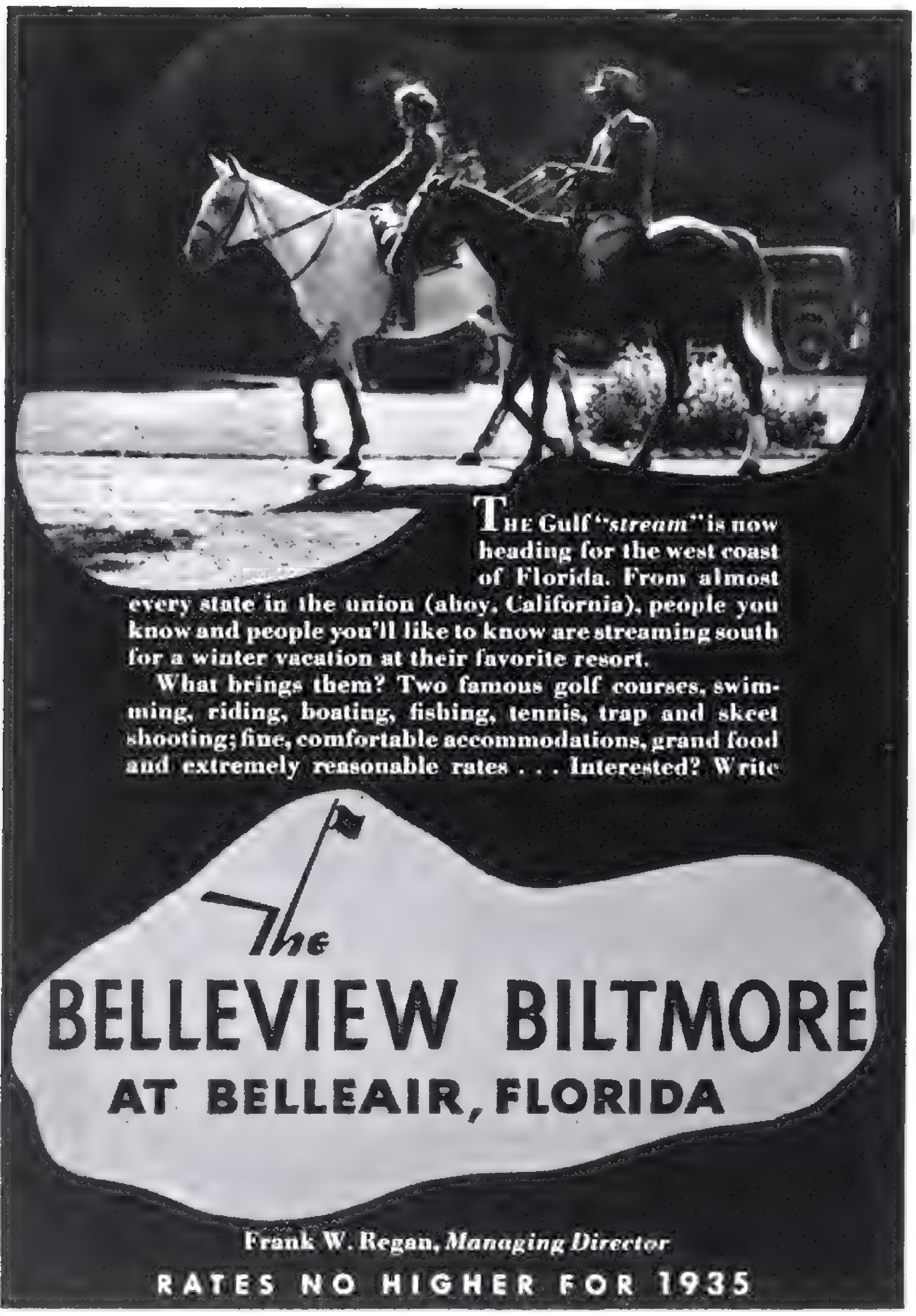

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Oh, les Crêpes Suzettes!

Continued from page 33

bother with little girls, till later.

Next, mix the batter for your cakes. Into a small pitcher break an egg and pour in a cup of milk. Mix the egg and the milk together with a spoon. Add flour and keep stirring until you have a thin batter. As to exactly *how* thin you will have to learn with a little practice. The cakes should be as thin as you can possibly get them without having them fall into shreds as soon as you touch them, and of course, the thinner the batter the thinner the cakes. But as I have said, you will have to do some work in secret to get this down pat.

With your batter mixed, wipe your *crêpe* pans lightly but thoroughly with butter, put them on the burners with the gas turned low and let them heat a little, but not too much. While they are heating, warm a plate. Now then, pour your cakes. They should just cover the bottom of the pans, without any lips or crinkles creeping up the sides. It is a good idea to pause briefly between pans, so the cakes don't all cook at the same time, else they may have you hopping around pretty lively. As soon as the first cake is done on the bottom, run the flexible knife under it and turn it. Do this carefully, or it will tear and you will have to throw it away. As to when it is done, I can't tell you very clearly. You will have to learn by experience. Small blisters appear on it, for one thing, and the top begins to look quite dry. As soon as Cake No. 1 is turned, turn the others. Let them cook a little, and then, with the knife, put them carefully, one on top of the other, on the warm plate. Pour four more. They cook quite rapidly once you get started and it might be a good idea, just to show you do things in a big way, to make an even dozen.

All right, your sauce is ready and a dozen cakes are on the plate. Put the chafing dish frame, with the lamp ready, the cakes, the sauce, the silver platter, knives, forks, plates, and a bottle of cognac, on a tray, go into the living-room with it and park it on the low table in front of the fireplace. Have her go ahead and open doors for you: this will keep her from sticking her finger in the sauce, although she has probably done this already.

Light the lamp. Put the platter on the frame of the chafing dish, so it heats a little. Pour into it the sauce. Now, with a knife and fork, take the top cake and fold it neatly, twice. That is, fold it so a quarter section is showing. Do *not* roll the cake. You roll French pancakes, which is an entirely different dish. Fold it neatly, put it on the platter and sop it thoroughly in the sauce. Then push it, still folded neatly, up toward the end. A good head waiter usually unfolds the cake while sopping it in the sauce, then refolds it, but if I were you I wouldn't bother with this or you are likely to tear all your cakes to pieces.

Proceed in the same way with the rest of your cakes, unless you find that you have too many cakes for the sauce, in which case let the rest of them go. Pile each cake neatly against the one before, so that when you are done, they look like so many folded handkerchiefs running down the length of the platter, with quite a little sauce swimming around their edges. Now then, pour on a good generous jigger of cognac and cut your room lights. Light the cognac. While it is still burning, serve her four or five cakes on her plate and hand them to her. Of course, they would taste better if you let the cognac burn itself out before you served them, but such is her nature that she likes to "blow out the fire" on her plate, so you had better have a little on it for her to blow out.

Serve your own plate. Smack your lips. Make one or two technical criticisms. Be evasive as to where you learned the art. Sit back. Look at her. Forget to turn on the lights. Estimate your chances. If you have done it right, you ought to rate an even break.

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 145

intolerable tricks of manner which Rhodes scholars imitate so sedulously. The authors are young Canadians who are spirited, bright and clever and who puncture the British pretenses with witty malice and good common sense.

Earth Conquerors (Simon & Schuster, $3.50) by J. Leslie Mitchell—This book is by the same man who wrote *Cloud Howe*, before mentioned. He uses the name, Lewis Grassic Gibbon for fiction and his own name on works of non-fiction. Here he treats of the careers and times of Lief Ericsson, Marco Polo, Christopher Columbus, Cabeza de Vaca, Vitus Bering, Mungo Park, Sir Richard Burton, and Nansen. There is no hero-worshipping in this series of biographical narratives, but no conscientious debunking either. Instead there is wit, shrewd character portrayal, and a style of distinction put to the service of narrating high adventure which usually ended drably diminuendo.

Molders of American Thought (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) edited by William H. Cordell—This collection of essays bears a heavy and unappetizing title, and one which is not strictly speaking accurate; but it is a most instructive and interesting series of unrelated and individual expressions of contemporary points of view. It is a catholic selection. There is for instance an essay by Henry Neumann criticizing the tenets of Bertrand Russell, Havelock Ellis and the Freudians and arguing for strict monogamy and stricter morals. It is followed by an anonymous essay by an unmarried woman in her thirties who is engaged in scientific research who relates candidly that she has had emotionally profitable if not altogether satisfying sexual relations with married men, with whom she has been in love, and that she does not think she has thereby deprived the wives of anything and has herself been content with only a share of the affections of the men she has loved. Then there is an essay by a young monk, Brother Cajetan, who explains why he is a religious.

There is a mystical essay on individuality by Theodore Dreiser and a very unmystical exposé of the munitions trade by the editors of "Fortune." There are essays on economics, history, literature, education, science, all honest, logical and interesting statements of divergent points of view. To read this book is good exercise for the mind.

In addition to the above items which have come to my attention since we foregathered here last month, there have been a number of books, heavy and light, which have made me thankful for good eyesight and for a natural capacity to roam the world vicariously through the medium of other men's use of the printed word. I am so constituted that I had rather read bad stuff than nothing. I have even been known to read every word of a trans-Atlantic ship's daily newspaper, than which there is no sorrier misuse of printer's ink and wood pulp. It is for this reason, perhaps, that I remain in a mild but almost perpetual state of astonishment that so many people who go in for book-reviewing whose aversion from the printed word screams from nearly everything they write and hatred for literature appears to be natal.

I speak without *parti-pris*, for my own words between covers are usually commented upon by the first-string reviewers and they are men and women of competence and training who have arrived at their posts of importance by having long given evidence that their attraction to books is not precisely that of a spaniel to a post. By these I have, at times, been bedecked with flattering garlands of praise. I have in mind not these, nor even those sincere, intelligent and well-endowed critics of the extreme left whose interests are predominantly economical and political rather than sociological or aesthetic, whose métiers are didactic and not expository, who obey the logic of their position by exposing the truth that what I write is not primarily dedicated to the furthering of the cause of the dictatorship of the proletariat.

I have in mind those niggardly opportunists whose hearts fester with envy for any one who has a regularly paid journalistic job and for any one who has the patience, industry and talent to write a publishable book. They toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his wisdom (they seem to think) is a fathead in comparison with these. They know all the answers. They can tell what will live and what won't; they know what posterity will cherish and what it will reject. They never speak with more assurance than when they are uttering the preposterous. These are the snips who are convinced that Cabell, Dreiser, Anderson, Lewis, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Caldwell, Faulkner, etc., are old hats and done for and that it was a great mistake for Proust and Joyce to fritter away their time at novel-writing when they might have been welcoming the revolution.

In this class of snips I should place John Strachey whose *Literature and Dialectical Materialism* (Covici, Freide, $1.) has just crystallized the absurdities of the less literate snips into about fifty pages wherein he tells us all just what's what. Mr. Strachey has a characteristic which is particularly offensive to me: he assumes that just because he is a limey he is superior to any other member of the human race. All limeys have this characteristic. It is so much a part of their nature, so unconscious with them, so ingrained in their stupidity that they are flabbergasted and uncomprehending when you tell them they are condescending. I suppose that if you told young Strachey that everything he writes in his passionate conversion to Communism is full of condescension and that it therefore strikingly invalidates his primary assumptions he would be surprised if not stupefied. His feeling of superiority is reflected in his articulation, in his vocabulary. I take a sample. He is discussing a poem by Archibald MacLeish which, Strachey says, with some reason, is an expression of the "Fascist Unconscious." He is analyzing a section of the poem which expresses a love for America, which Strachey says is not jingoistic and to which he does not, with reservations, object. But he continues, "One cannot help feeling that Mr. MacLeish is somehow being a little busy about being an American." I wonder if Mr. Strachey could ever be shown the exasperating British snobbery of that use of words. Mind you, Mr. Strachey is being extremely busy about being a Communist. But such is the thick-skinned stupidity of the intellectual limey that with him it is perfectly all right for a limey to be very busy about being a Communist, but if you want to set somebody in his place all you need to do is say with an air of condescension. "He is somehow being a little busy about being an American." This is of a piece with

Continued on page 176

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 175

these excerpts from the rules for Anglobehavia slyly drawn up in *Britannia Waives the Rules:*

> "Wet-Blanketing": Quite easy when you know how. It consists of muttering all but monosyllabic retorts to enthusiastic outbursts, e.g., "How Quaint" or "Quaite"—(You have been giving lurid details of the last infantile paralysis epidemic). Or, "How TOO Depressing!" (Comment on description of your favorite musical comedy.)
>
> "The Dead Fish": A form of handshake in widespread use. Extend forearm languidly, as though it terminated in a long-deceased herring, recently washed up by the sea. Allow herring to rest gently in your vis-avis' hand, and then to sag soggily out of it again.
>
> "The Profile Twist": This takes practice, and is employed to give how-d'you-do's the correct note of disinterest. Never face the person addressed, but turn the profile with an exceedingly bored expression.

Of course it answers nothing to say that somebody is "somehow being a little busy about being something," but to a limey it is a satisfaction like saying "How Quaint" in comment upon something that is not quaint at all. The limey's satisfaction is in acting like a limey. And it never occurs to him that it is not the proper, the superior way, to act.

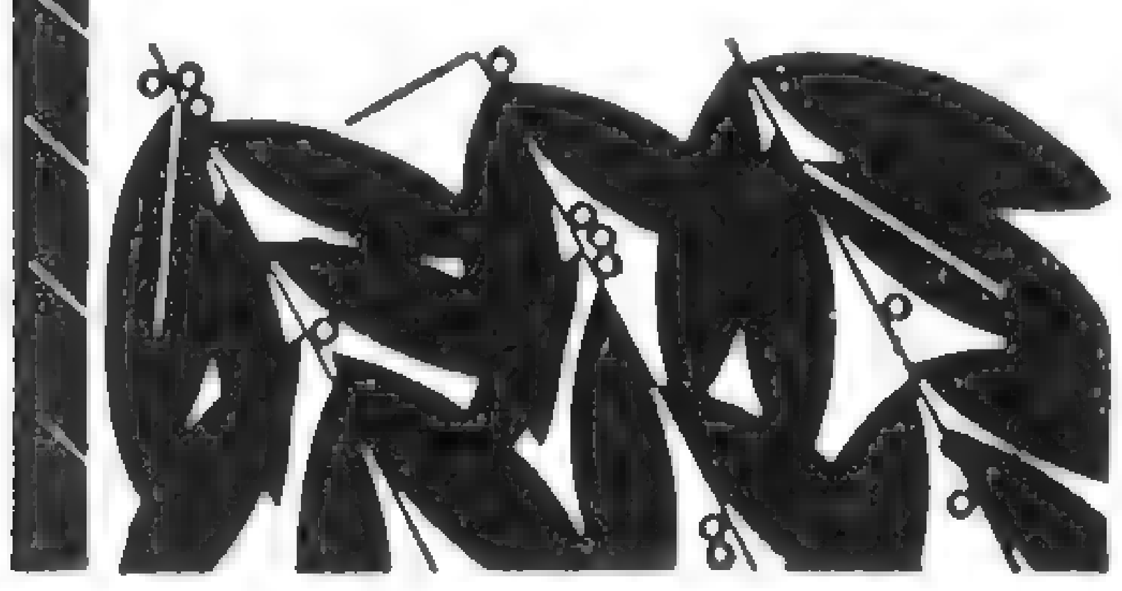
This British trait reveals itself in another way in Grant Richards' *Author Hunting* (Coward, McCann, $3.50), which is an enjoyable book of reminiscences by a famous English publisher, who was the first to publish Thomas Burke, G. K. Chesterton, Warwick Deeping, James Joyce, John Masefield, Alfred Noyes and Alec Waugh and who was the first to publish Dreiser in England and who financed the trip out of which Dreiser wrote *A Traveller at Forty*. The English are not reticent; it is a persistent fallacy to say that they are. Give an Englishman half a chance and he will unload upon you all the skeletons in his family closet, give you horrible details about his family life, and confess things you shudder to hear him confess. When the Cosmopolitan Magazine was running intimate confession stories some years ago, English celebrities told things about themselves you could not have got out of an American with rack and thumbscrew: one famous writer told the unpleasant details of his life as a confirmed drunkard who had taken the cure, unsuccessfully, on several occasions; a well-known woman novelist told about how her father's gambling mania kept their family in embittered poverty; and still another told about his marriages and divorces in great detail. But it is a current notion that the English are reticent and so they try to live up to it. Ostentatiously they decline to take notice of you in a railway carriage. Monosyllabically or boredly they answer you, if you presume to talk. And now and again, in print, they remember that it is British to be reticent about certain things and they draw up sharply. That is what Richards does all through his book. He is forever telling you just enough scandal to pique your curiosity and then declining to satisfy your curiosity on the grounds that it would not be proper to do so. He tells us something about that strange, unhappy creature, Roland Firbank, for instance and then speaks cryptically of Firbank's early death, as if to say he could tell you more but won't. Firbank was a suicide, as I understand it, and by hinting at "strange circumstances" Richards makes Firbank's death more mysterious than it need be.

But there is a lot of good stuff in these memoirs, much of it throwing light upon the trials and tribulations of publishing. The number of books Richards lost money on, including books by Maurice Maeterlinck, Leonard Merrick, Jane Austen, E. V. Lucas, Bernard Shaw, Alice Meynell and Laurence Binyon, is astounding. We learn that Bernard Shaw demands and gets a flat twenty per cent royalty on his books and exacts other conditions which make it almost impossible for a publisher to make money out of his books; that the first edition of *A Shropshire Lad* was of 500 copies and when Richards wanted to reprint it after the edition was finally exhausted in two years, Housman permitted him to do so but only on condition that no royalties be paid the author on it and that Housman send back to American magazine editors all the checks they sent him for the use of his poems; and that "Limehouse Nights" was turned down by twelve publishing houses before Richards brought it out and made a fortune out of it. The two sections on Dreiser are at variance with Dreiser's own accounts and with Dorothy Dudley's *Forgotten Frontiers*.

A book that hasn't had the sale it deserves is *Life a la Henri* (Simon & Schuster, $3) by Henri Charpentier and Boyden Sparks. These are the memoirs of the famous chef and restaurateur who invented (by accident) *crepes Suzette* for Edward VII when he was Prince of Wales and who has served renowned gourmets like the late King Leopold, "Diamond Jim" Brady, Sarah Bernhardt, David Belasco and J. P. Morgan. He now runs a restaurant in Rockefeller Center in New York. The reason why the book has not caught on, I suspect, is because there has been a great slough of cook-books and wine-cookery books lately and people probably think this is just another one of these. But the recipes are few and segregated in the back. The book is a lively delight, full of comical observations, witty braggadocio, piquant Gallicisms and humorous philosophy. It is great fun to read.

Cast down the Laurel

A NOVEL BY
ARNOLD GINGRICH
Editor of Esquire



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NO MORE TROUBLE FOR JEDWICK

by LOUIS PAUL

O. Henry Memorial Award First Prize 1931

A reprint of this story, which was published as Esquire's "discovery of the month" in March, 1934, will be sent gratis on request.

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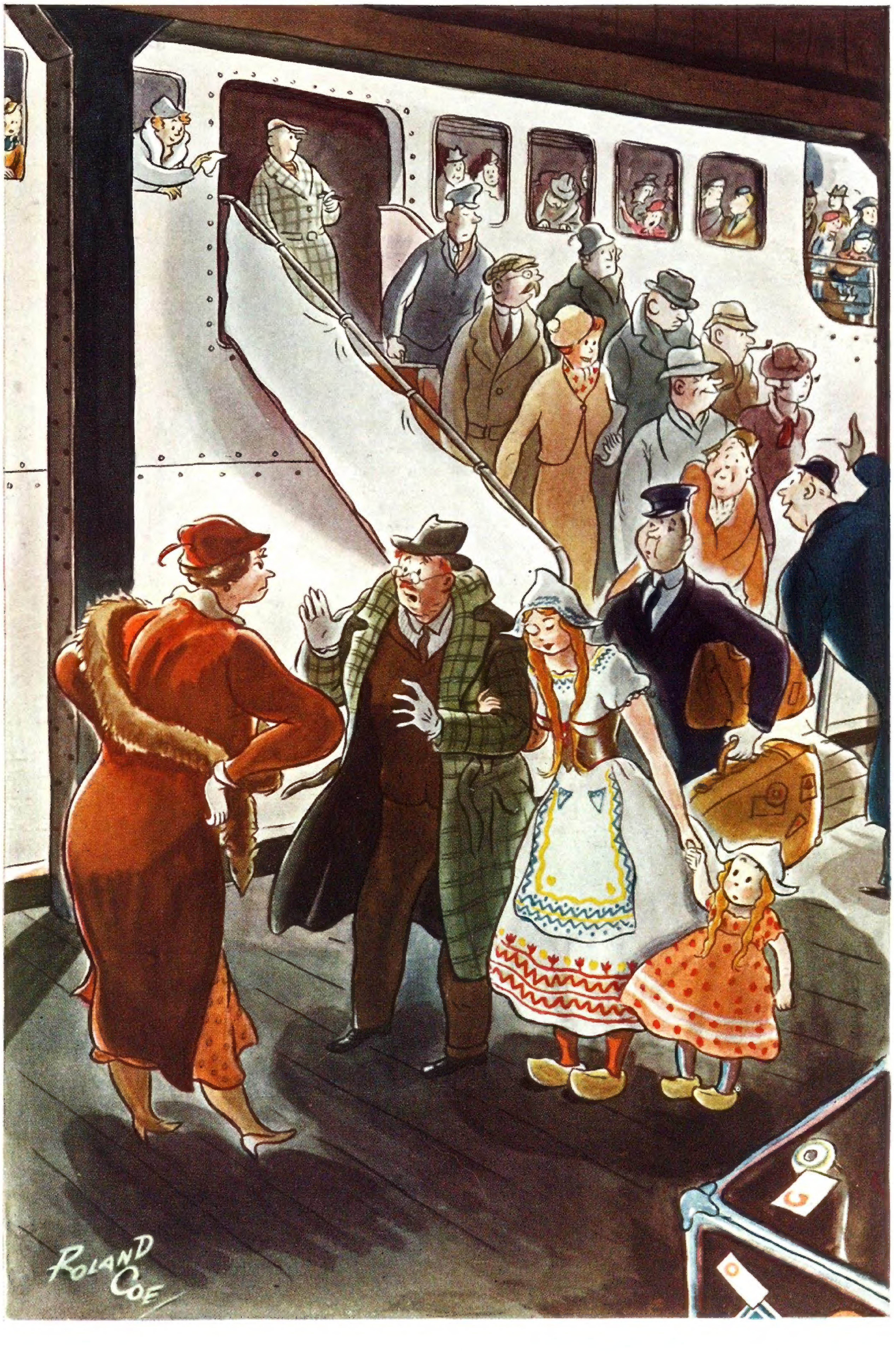


"Now, darling, don't get excited— —"

NOTE: Of itself, a "scoop" no longer makes news, or even journalistic gossip. Yet scoops are still the staff of a reporter's life and the stuff of newspaper making . . . and the kind and frequency of scoops has everything to do with the quality of newspaper produced. If this point seems subtle, the following may clarify things—but (fair warning) all the points in the argument are taken from just one edition of that nationally important and internationally known newspaper—the New York Herald Tribune.

Certain Men on the Rialto Whose Specialty Is Scoops

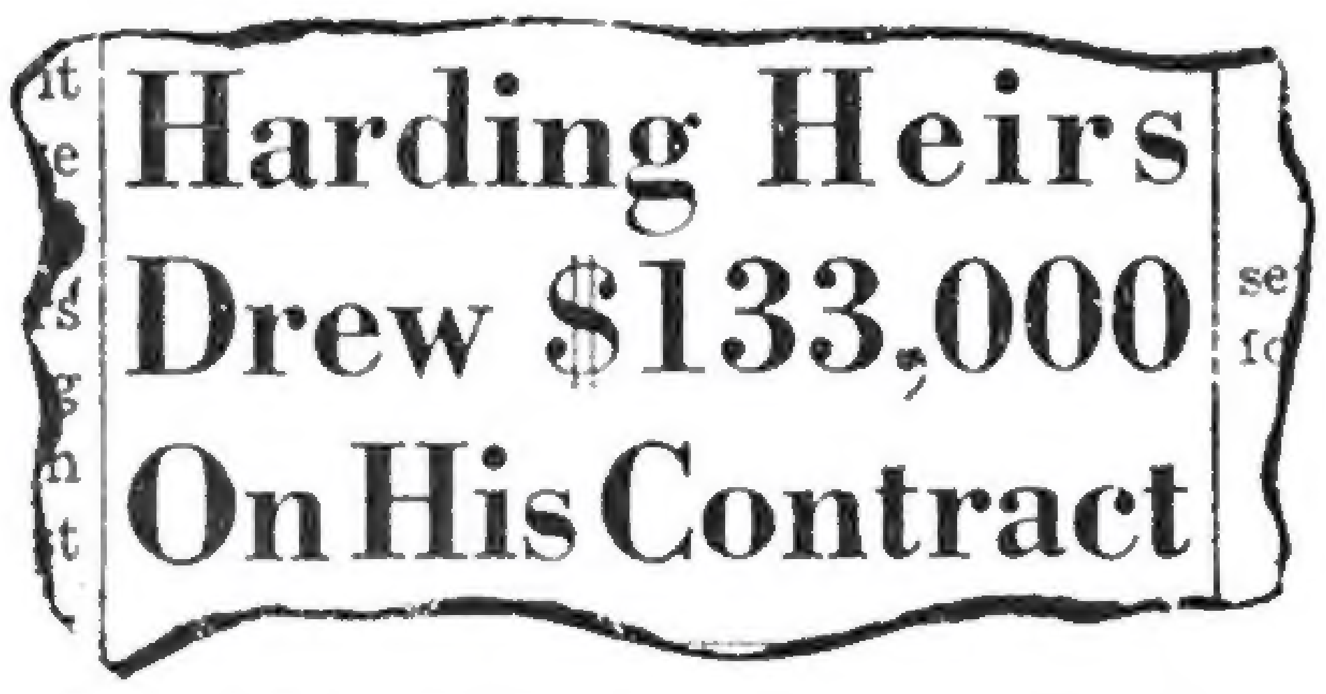
If you've read that newsprinty volume called "City Editor" by the New York Herald Tribune's Stanley Walker, you discovered, among other things, the mystic element that makes a news-chaser's life at once tolerable and terrific.

At this writing, at least, the be-all and end-all of a reporter's life is, as it has been and will be, the scoring of a scoop. Or, in the language of laity, the getting of an exclusive story.

But all this is common knowledge. So much so that the American image of a reporter is that brazen churl who bursts through a cordon of police into a house of murder—just in time to secure from the victim's lips the whispered name of the damsel responsible for the mess.

Such things still happen. And are taken largely for granted.

Yet just two months back, on Thanksgiving Day to be precise, as old a reporting hand as the Herald Tribune took stock of itself and found it had reason to be journalistically thankful. That particular Thursday's edition carried a stock of 31 exclusive stories. Twenty of them were national and local news. Seven were financial. Four were sports. On that Thursday, for example, the typographically trim front page of the Herald Tribune carried the news that the



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and no other newspaper in town had either the time or the luck to confirm a story of such nation-wide concern.

You'd think, wouldn't you, that the financial affairs of an ex-newspaperman-ex-president's estate would be next thing to common gossip . . . but they were not even news until a Herald Tribune man uncovered them.

You might also assume that the case of *Fred Perkins vs. The United States* in the Federal District Court at Harrisburg, Pa., would be matter not only of public record (which it was) but of wide public interest. Especially since Mr. Perkins, a storage battery maker who nets about $2500 a year, was also testing NRA's power to coerce millions of small business men.

Yet that ace Washington watcher, the Herald Tribune's Mark Sullivan, was the only news chaser around who immediately saw that the case wrapped up in one package the elements of intense human interest and sweeping national import.

* * *

That same day, an Italian gentleman described as an "affable giant" stalked into the news corridors of the nation with the statement that a million heads of Italian families (averaging between four and five children) receive a government dole of $25 a year to support them.

A lone Herald Tribune newsman sat in a suite of New York's Hotel Brevoort, watching this ex-deputy named Modigliani (a socialist exile, this time, not the ghost of that late great artist) paint "an Italian landscape that bore little resemblance to the approved Fascist picture of a thriving country."

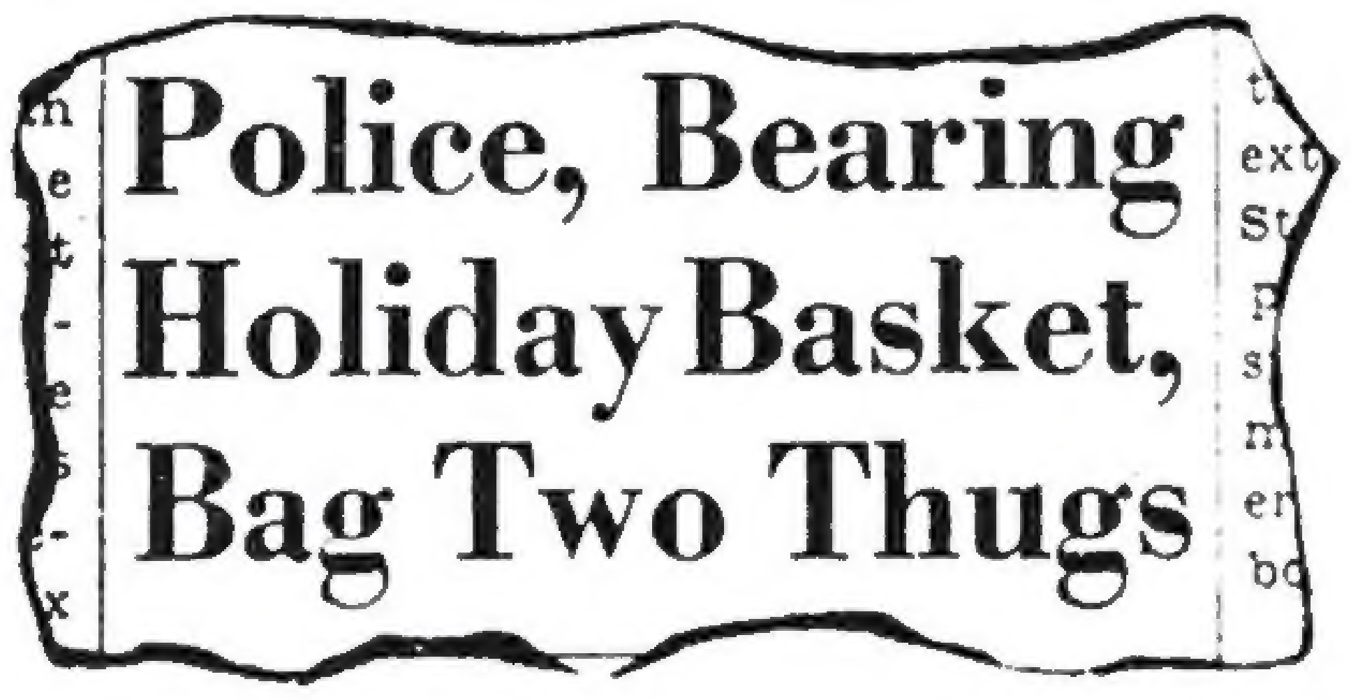
Even less surprising was it to find that the same newspaper's Paris Bureau had jumped on an interview between a left-winging French newspaperman and the rightest-of-right-winged Frenchmen . . . the son of the Pretender to the throne of France.

In that interview, mind you, a would-be-king threw himself upon the loyalty (of all people) of French peasants and French laboring men for support for his movement . . . another of those persistent Herald Tribune foreign correspondent *exclusives* that constitute a day's work.

* * *

Now the point of this record is not that this newspaper is a specialist in scoops, but that "scoops" as such are merely the vitamins in its menu. They get only passing mention or no mention at all when the Herald Tribune gathers its weekly inventory of the previous week's work . . .

What with the news of the world in general, and its biggest city in particular, popping like hell's little army. What with—



Police, Bearing
Holiday Basket,
Bag Two Thugs

—the story (one of those exclusives, again) of two Brooklyn cops who stopped long enough while gathering groceries to grab two hold-up artists who were gathering dollars at the butcher's across the street.

In short, though the grand days of eyebrow-raising scoops might be said to have passed, just a slight scratch on the surface reveals a newspaper actually living on a bread-and-butter diet of scoops.

But you don't get glory from routine.

The glory lies in producing a paper which not only writes *all* the important news perceptibly better, but also covers a considerable quota of *significant* news which other papers don't write up at all.

Since the days when Mr. Shylock asked Mr. Bassanio "What News on the Rialto" the business of news reporting has been perfecting a technique that by turns has tried to glorify the sublime and exaggerate the ridiculous.

The unfortunate result has been that the *getting* of news has too often been done at the expense of its *editing*.

Recognizing this, the New York Herald Tribune set up what it believes to be the uniquely happy balance of *news*paper values by which to weigh the millions of words that reporters pour into it.

If you pin a Herald Tribune man down, he'll confess to pride in a paper which manages to include more exclusives along with the general and important news of the day. And which writes, edits and trims it with just that fine edge that is making the paper one of the masterpieces of modern journalism . . . and a good newspaper for you to read regularly.

NEW YORK
Herald Tribune

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9:00 P. M. C. S. T.	7:00 P. M. P. S. T.	8:00 P. M. C. S. T.	8:30 P. M. P. S. T.

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